

DRUMMER

ISSUE 116

**WORKOUT
WORKDOWN
WORKUP
SHOOT!**

TEN YEARS OF
INTERNATIONAL
MR. LEATHER

DAS PORTRAIT
AN INTERVIEW WITH
**THOMAS
KARASCH**
INTERNATIONAL
MR. LEATHER 1987

WHEN PARTNERS
PLAY TOGETHER

**GUY
BALDWIN**
MS

FETISH
FEATURE

UNDERWEAR

JOCKSTRAPS
LONGJOHNS
JOCKEYS
BOXERS...

BEAUTIFUL BOUND BULGES
CROTCH BONDAGE



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LEATHER WEEKEND



REGIONAL MR. DRUMMER CONTESTS:

Mr. New England Drummer—July 24

The Underground—Portland, ME

Mr. Northeast Drummer—July 25

Tracks—New York, NY

Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer—July 3

QCQ, Charlotte, NC

Mr. Dixie Drummer—July 19

The Eagle—Atlanta, GA.

Mr. Southeast Drummer—April 16

Tacky's—Ft. Lauderdale, FL

Mr. Midwest Drummer—

The Dock—Cincinnati, OH

Mr. Great Lakes Drummer—

The Detroit Eagle—Detroit, MI

Mr. Great Plains Drummer—

Dixie Belle Saloon—Kansas City, MO

Mr. Southwest Drummer—July 3

Chutes—Houston, TX

Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer—June

Galerie Leon—Denver, CO

Mr. S. California Drummer—April 16

Probe—Los Angeles, CA

Mr. N. California Drummer—June 10

SF Eagle—San Francisco, CA

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Mack's Leathers—Vancouver, BC

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Up Your Alley is producing the contest and many of the collateral activities as a benefit for various (soon to be announced) Gay causes around the country. For information on tickets and/or tour packages (with or without lodging at the San Franciscan Hotel) contact: Up Your Alley Productions, 584 Castro St. #504, San Francisco, CA 94114, or phone Jerry Vallarie at (415) 864-6435.

And watch for updated information in *Drummer!*

DRUMMER

ISSUE 114

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau

DRUMMER

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Back Cover: CROTCH BONDAGE photo by Zeus Studios

Inset: Shan Carr, International Ms Leather '88, photo by Scott Martin.
"Print that on your cover, Drummer!"

OFF THE TOP

Kevin Scott
MR. GAY USA



PHOTO BY M. PRATT

Kevin Scott, Mr. Gay USA, will be one of the Masters of Ceremonies, and an entertainer, at the Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer contest to be held in Charlotte, North Carolina, July 1 through 3, 1988. See page 89 for more information on the Mr. Drummer contests.

The Man in the Mirror

Traveling across the country cannot only bring to light many of the injustices done to us as gay people, but can also open one's eyes to the many injustices we do to ourselves.

It seems with all of the advances we have made throughout the years in civil rights, the urge to be complacent overtakes the "normal" gay person. Indeed, if any time we should be on guard to protect our rights from sweeping and sometimes quiet legislation, it is now.

But, to our shame, the majority of gays are not actively concerned with these national issues. God bless the small percent of those who are actively out there in the confrontational trenches fighting for the majority of us who enjoy the freedoms they have fought for.

Instead, we continually fight among ourselves over small issues that in years to come will amount to nothing. So why do we do it? There is not one place across our country that is exempt from the battering and prejudices with which we fight one another.

It has always seemed deeply ironic to me that, of any one group of people, we as gay people have been the largest group by far to be discriminated against and criticized for being what we are.

Yet even among our own "family," we have created our own prejudices toward those who are different from ourselves. No, I'm not advocating trouncing our personal first amendment rights to freedom of speech, but something innately deeper that lies in each one of us which sometimes rears its ugly head. That is, our own prejudice toward other gays who are different from ourselves.

How many times have you heard someone, or have you yourself been the one, to lambast a fellow person because of the way he/she acted or talked because it didn't fit within your scope of likable things? Or have you observed or participated in a larger problem: the frequent "bar wars" that go on in almost every major city across the US.

My objective this year, as Mr. Gay

USA, is to make a difference somehow. If that only is to fight for the rights of each one of us to be who we are without worrying about outside degradation, let alone degradation from those who claim to be one of us, then so be it. Because under the leather gear, the impersonator's dress, the jock's uniform, the businessman's suit, or the preppie's cute outfit—we are all GAY. Further we are all unique and there is only one of us.

If we could learn to live and work together, then maybe somewhere down the line we could reach a goal of being united nationwide. It is then that we could make a difference and only then. But it must start with the "man in the mirror." We must get past our own personal prejudices first. When we accomplish this we could work citywide, statewide, and nationwide. I truly dream of a land where we can be who we are without any reservations. It is then that the pledge of allegiance becomes a reality and our country truly is a land where there is freedom and justice for all. □

CAUTION: Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept. Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person *must* understand the dangers.

While *Drummer* hopes to educate its

readers on a wide variety of topics, its main purpose is to entertain! Works of fiction presented in this magazine are just that—fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should—or often could—actually do. They are meant for entertainment only. In other than fictional pieces, we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities and will try to point out all activities which deviate from the generally recog-

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MALE CALL

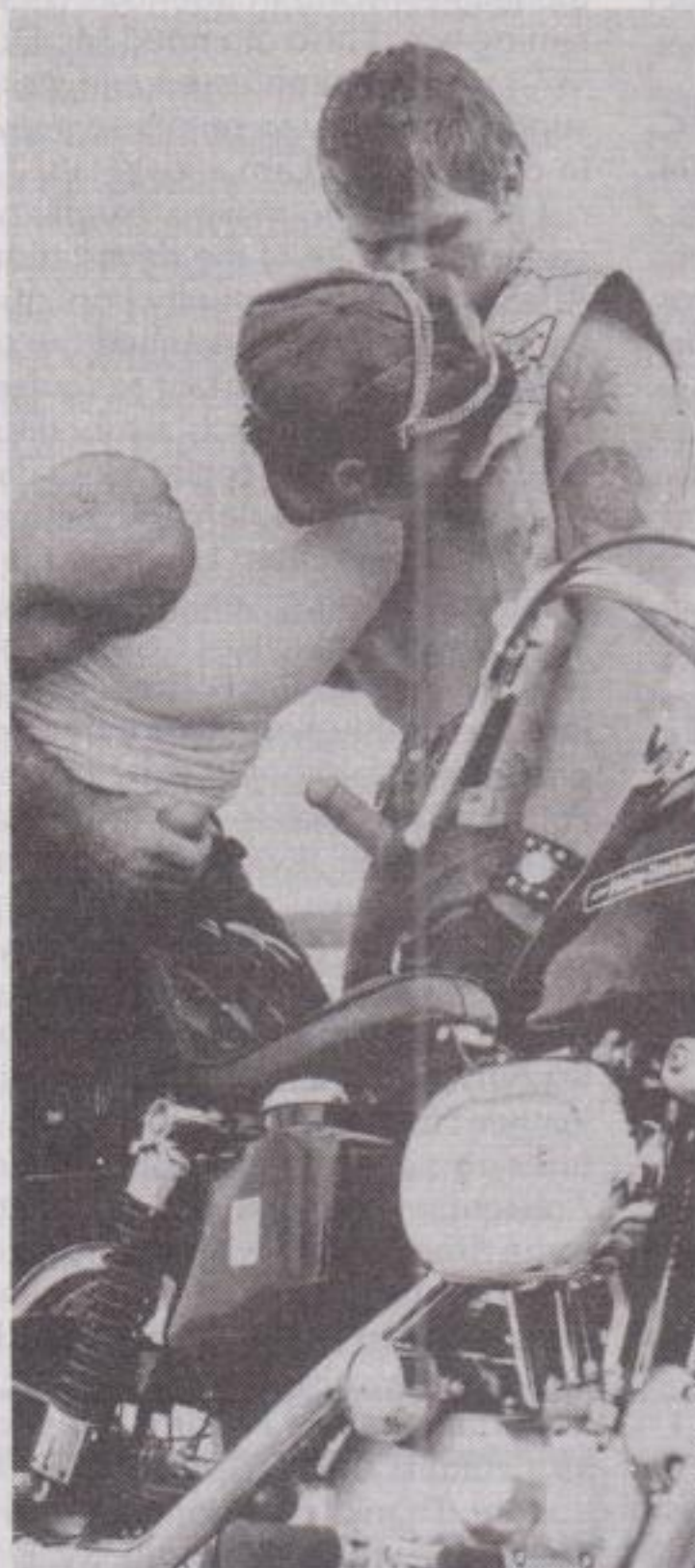


Photo from *DRUMMER* file

BIG MEN, BIG BIKES & BOOTS

I'm a Harley Biker into big men, big bikes, beards, and high BOOTS. I also like tattoos, black leather, piercings, and *Drummer*. Your pics of Steffan Livarno were a big turn-on. JET's comments to PR from Bridgeport were right to the point. *Drummer* is about a lot more than Xmas cards and tea socials. I want PR from Bridgeport to know that this is one FAG biker who wears his tattoos and leather openly, proudly, and I refuse to hide anything!

TG/Chico, CA

RIGHT ON!!!

—AFD

YET EVEN MORE KUDOS FOR TIES THAT BIND

I have been reading *Drummer* for several years. I think Guy Baldwin is the best! I hope you continue to use "Ties that Bind" for a long time. Baldwin makes sense. I also like the idea of focusing on different fetishes and would like to see more on Daddy/Son Lovers, Heavy Tit Techniques, and Kinky Experimentation in Unusual Fantasies.

FM/San Diego, CA

We are glad that "Ties That Bind" is being received so well. I felt there was a real need for the kind of information Guy is supplying, that's why I worked hard trying to convince him to do the column. Thanks to all of you writing in about it and helping convince him to keep up the good work!!

As for Daddy/son, *Drummer* #117 will feature Daddies. And as for Heavy Tit Techniques, *Drummer* #121 will feature Tits—send in YOUR techniques to share with others.

—AFD

MORE BLACK IMAGES

First, I'd like to say thanks for a terrific job you're doing with *Drummer*, however I do have a serious complaint. Why is it that in most gay publications there are very few pictures and news articles concerning blacks and other minorities? Since I started reading *Drummer* I've seen little photography in the magazine concerning black images. We Black Men are out there. We exist. Do you think that the leather community is as segregated as the rest of the gay community? Your opinion, please.

MF/Brooklyn, NY

I am a black slave who would like to see more black brothers on the pages of *Drummer*. I am very tired of seeing the same kind of vanilla sex stuff bullshit in the gay magazines over and over again. How about more photos that feature real-looking black slaves licking and polishing boots, cocksucking, with whippings, spanking, and bondage?

JS/Newport News, VA

It seems that the real charge, here, is one of implied racism. As someone whose work has appeared in every gay slick on the market, let me say this about that: the gay community IN GENERAL must become more sensitive to this issue. You're both right, we could and we must ALL improve on providing more positive (and erotic) black images within our reflection of our sexuality. This is an issue that extends into "straight" magazine publishing as well. However, *Drummer* is unique in that it's the ONE gay publication that consistently and erotically gives a positive image of gay life within the leather community. That community is extraordinarily diverse.

The men in *Drummer* and the men who read this publication are all sizes. All shapes. All colors. From all over the world. From within the military. From civilian life. Sometimes young. Sometimes we explore the eroticism of maturity. Often the men appearing

in *Drummer* are coming from a place of personal contribution and involvement within their scene—OUR SCENE(!)—versus *Drummer*'s being just another gay magazine focused on pretty vanilla models posing for yet another buck. The men featured in *Drummer* are real and many of them have, indeed, been black. Future issues will reflect brown men, red men, black men, large men, oriental men; real men from all walks of life because the MEN who are in *Drummer* are the men who read it.

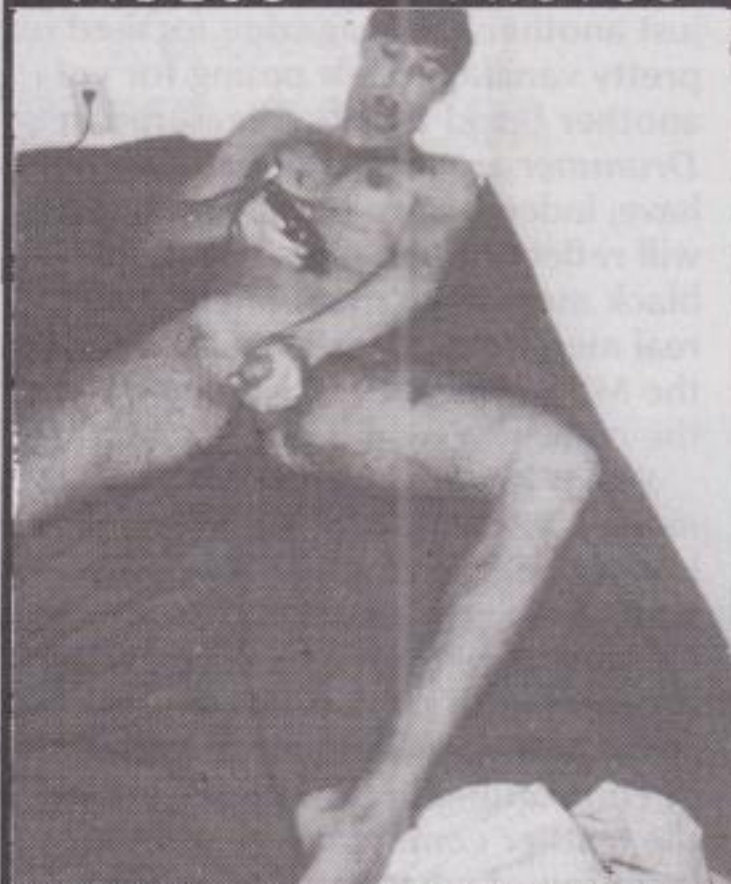
When it comes to dealing with racism, the reality is that it's the leather community that is out there in the forefront—way ahead of the pack. And, yes, we need to grow and do more. As a community we will grow. And we will do more in terms of confronting these issues. Certainly, the leather community values the inclusion of what black men are a part of the scene. Did you catch the recently published (*Drummer* #114) photo of Mitch Davis proudly representing the Centaurs as Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather 1988? Boston's *Bay Windows*, in a recently published interview with Mitch, asked whether or not as a black leatherman he gets treated differently within the leather community. "The stereotypes," Mitch responded, "only work to my advantage. There really aren't all that many black men into leather. Consequently, I'm in great demand." We need MORE black leathermen like Mitch Davis! What other scene so blatantly displays, shows off, and parades proud, beautiful, gorgeous black males dressed in leather in many of its contests and pageants all over the country?

Drummer recognizes and honors black male images. Our artists have historically portrayed HOT black men erotically. Artist Olaf Odgaard, as far back as issue #14, presented a centerfold where a naked black man was the central image. Other *Drummer* artists whose work has indigenously featured black males include Etienne (issues #113, 98), Bruce Rapp (#92), Buck (who contributes a drawing of a black Drill Sergeant #106), Al Shapiro (#107), Bill Ward (*DRUM* #88, 100, 108, 94, 96 just to name a few), Cavelo (#86).

Photography in *Drummer* has been replete with pics that present everything from magnificent black cock (#90 inside cover) to delicious-looking black butt (#88). Check out Old Reliable's photos (#84). And Zeus pics (#100). A photo spread labeled "Black Is More than Beautiful" appeared in issue #90. Some of the hottest photos published are of

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

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black men participating in leather events. Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer, Eric Johnson, stands out in Mr. Drummer '84. As does leather hunk, Mitch Davis, in issues #107, 108. Rusty Simms adds masculine symmetry to the Centaur MC Leather Weekend featured in issue #104. Black men appeared in our Texas issue #103. Bill Jefferson, Seattle Mr. Leather, walks off with honors in #96. Our photos of the Gay Games (#99) featured black athletes.

We can and will do more because black male images are erotic and black men are an important valued significant part of the leather scene. We encourage our readers to send us information, photographs, and articles that deal with black leathermen or any other group that adds to our strength and our solidarity.

—TPB

MEN IN UNIFORM

While walking past my unit mailroom last week, out of the corner of my eye I saw your magazine in a rack of non-forwardable mail. My heart skipped a beat as I thought about there being another leatherman in my unit. Keep up the good work and keep those hot issues coming over to "The Men In Green and Blue" on the other side of the Atlantic.

Major M./Kaiserslautern, W. Germany

I remember a similar incident when I was a college freshman. An envelope was in my mail slot from Royale Studios in London; it was their new catalog of, what was at that time, the hottest male S/M photos available anywhere. Stuck to the back of it was a second, identical envelope addressed to one of my professors, a department head at the college. I dropped his envelope into the mail slot and never said a word about it to him (he was one I did not like at all) or to anyone else. But it was VERY reassuring to this S/M novice to know that a department head at my small college shared my interests.

—AFD

NON-CONSENSUAL FICTION?

I would like to see a continuation of *Drummer* fiction that features non-consensual sexual situations (prison punishment, military interrogations, etc.). This is primarily where my fantasies lie. Such pieces as "Cop Crucifixion Derby" and "Some Wounds Don't Heal" have been greatly enjoyed!

RB/Ann Arbor, MI

LEATHER'S ROOTS

The first thing I'd like to do is commend you for the fine work you have done with *Drummer*. I have been a reader for ten years. I am also a collector. I have most issues and most of the

related annuals. I have especially liked the past ten issues. You have presented the leather world in a serious yet entertaining way. I also attended Mr. Drummer '87. I was very impressed and visited your supply company to purchase a few items. In other words, I am a loyal fan.

I would like to make a couple of suggestions. In spite of the devastation of AIDS, the gay community continues to make strides. We've reached the point where it's now important to understand the history of leather as a subculture. How did our roots begin? How did our games and rituals evolve? Who were the leaders in the scene? How did the leather bars evolve? What were the external forces and cultural influences from the outside world? How did the Folsom area grow into the leatherworld that it became at one time? I cannot tell you how exciting Folsom Street was to an outsider, a visitor such as myself. It was dangerous, thrilling, and mysterious.

But it wasn't only the street. It was our strength, intelligence, perseverance, artistry, and ability to innovate that created the leatherworld. Here, in New York, it was leather clubs and groups. Leather subcultures also evolved in West Germany, Amsterdam, and Los Angeles all at the same time. I really wish that someone who has the talent, the interest, and the knowledge to preserve and record this aspect of gay history would do so. It's important that we reaffirm our sexuality as a culture and respect and revere that culture. Thanks for listening to my comments. See you in '88 for the Mr. Drummer contest!

JA/Jackson Heights, NY

We couldn't agree more. There's a definite need to develop "keepers of the flame." As one beginning source you might find that Geoff Mains' *Urban Aborigines* celebrates leathersexuality with a probing insight into the anatomy of a sexual subculture. Mains describes his work more as a "journey into the aboriginal soul" than a historical analysis. More recently, Mark Thompson's *Gay Spirit: Reflections of our Inner Selves* looks at the "leather/pleasure" community but only in relation to how "it" fits into a more general context. We have some good "sparks" but as yet no blazing flame. There has yet to be created any in-depth comprehensive—and objective—examination of leather's roots. An awareness and understanding of our history will effectively help shape the momentum of our current and future struggles for sexual diversity.

—TPB

14 YEARS AS MASTER & SLAVE

I wanted to address the long-term S/M relationship, as PDP of Vancouver invites us Masters to do in issue 112. I do believe

the grateful slave, mike, in the same issue, proves these types of relationships do last: 10 years as mentioned in his letter is quite a long time.

I have had my slave tim for 14 years. I have been Top and Master all the time, with never a question about it. I have trained tim both physically and mentally to be my slave! That is exactly what he is. The burden of maintaining the control and sexual action becomes much easier the longer the relationship. The slave becomes more dependent and submissive to his Master during training and a good Master always has some new tricks up his sleeve for training sessions. The respect must always be maintained on both levels. I can only speak for myself but after 14 years there certainly is some love involved in this relationship.

Since I was mainly into cock and ball torture and bondage, tim was everything I wanted in a slave. I introduced his cock and balls to pain and pleasure he never dreamed existed. tim's cock is actually so long I can shove it up his own asshole and make him fuck himself. While he fucks himself, I shove my big stud's rod up his asshole at the same time. He goes wild and loves every minute of the pleasure I give him. I also keep his cock and balls in a special leather harness most of the time which keeps him horny and wanting me. I use a cock whip on him

almost everyday, first for my pleasure and to remind him he is my slave.

tim's cock has been pierced in several places. So has his ball sac. His crotch is kept shaved. His tits are pierced as are his ears. Mostly he wears a leather posing strap while in the house. tim has many household responsibilities: cleaning eleven rooms, laundry, cooking, maintaining our swimming pool, washing the cars, and repairing them mechanically. tim draws my bath in the evening and blows me at night. Every morning I am greeted with another blow job.

I know of three other Masters with long-term relationships. One has three slaves which run his farm and business for him. Yes, long term SM relationships are real and do exist!

A Very Satisfied Master

PISSED OFF AT BOSTON

Since *Drummer* seems to be one of the few gay magazines that appreciates a good man with a good cigar, I'd like to write to you and tell you about my recent experiences around smoking cigars in a bar in Boston. Right after the DC march I visited the Eagle and the Ramrod in Beantown. Had a great time. But then I made the mistake of visiting the 119 Merrimac; when I took out my cigar the management had pussy fits. I was told to either put the cigar away or leave. Careful inspection

showed that there were three other cigar smokers there at the time. I suppose that they were regulars and not put in the same position that I was.

I spent a lot of money in Boston, being there specifically to have a good time. 119 Merrimac ruined it. If the bars are going to prohibit cigars they should post notices to that effect. And they should include this information in their advertising as do other establishments. Cigars are a part of my leathersexuality, they say something about who I am, and I would appreciate knowing in advance if a bar is a leather bar or a pussy bar.

TS/New York City, NY

I sent a copy of this letter to the 119 Merrimac telling them I was going to publish it and offering them an opportunity to respond. That was over two months ago. No response has been received.

—AFD

SHAVE IT FIRST

JG's letter to Malecall (*Drummer* 114) requests "... if you must shave his head leave it till last." Let me respectfully disagree. If you must shave his head, please, Sir, do it right away! Thank you.

SK/Orlando, FL

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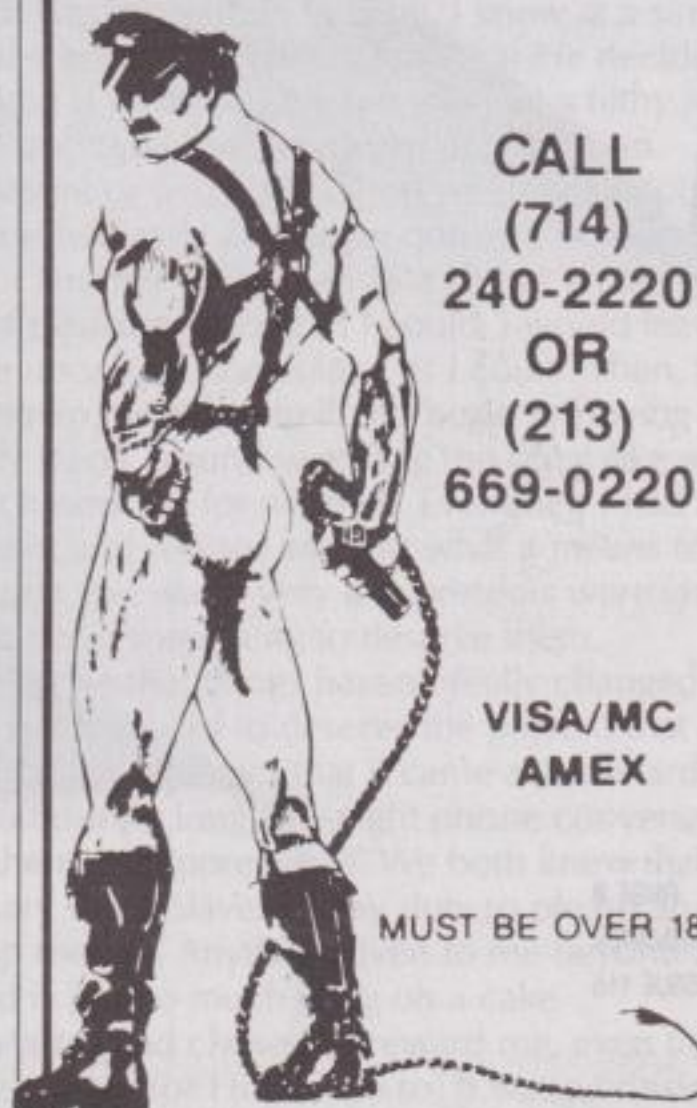


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A MASTER'S GIFT

**I felt my dick jump as I
thought about wearing His
initials permanently
inscribed on the cock
He had claimed
for His own.**

by Michael Agreve

It arrived in a plain brown mailing envelope. You know the kind I'm talking about: the one with the padding inside. As usual, getting the damn thing open seemed to take forever. For a minute or two I stared at the package, trying to figure out whether or not I should just rip it open. Then I saw the tiny dotted line on the underside of the envelope, and the even smaller words "Tear Along This Line." After struggling to work my fingers under the perforated tab I finally gave up and made a slit in the padded surface with a pair of scissors. A thick wad of compressed fiber spilled out from the slit. Like a surgeon reaching into the patient's body to remove a vital organ, I began to furiously gouge out more and more of the fiber with my hand. Finally, I could feel the layer of paper that kept me from the prize inside. I ripped through the paper quickly, then removed the envelope's contents.

Like an athlete who had just won a medal after a long, exhausting struggle, I held the clear plastic bag containing my present in the air triumphantly. It was so much more than just a used jock strap stuck into a Baggie. It was something I had worked hard to earn. But even more than that, it was something that came from my Master. The fact that I had never actually met the Man whose essence was wrapped in that plastic bag, didn't diminish the excitement at having received something that had been worn so close to his crotch for so long. I had seen a photo of Him. That was more than enough. I knew at a single glance that I would worship any part of Him that He decided to give me. It didn't matter if what he gave me was just a filthy jock. It was a part of Him and therefore worthy of my devotion.

For a moment or two I wondered whether or not I should just open it up immediately and begin drinking in its raunchy smells, or save it for another time. Even as a child I would try to hold moments of pleasure as long as I could. I would leave all the gifts given to me unopened for as long as I could. Then, I would slowly take them down from the shelf and begin removing the packaging as my family stood around watching the ritual-like way in which I claimed each new toy for my own. Even then I had a keen sense of punishment and reward and just what it means to earn something that you want. Very few presents were given to me unless I had done something to deserve them.

Well, I suppose that things haven't really changed much since then. I had worked hard to deserve the present that my Master had sent on to me. The fact that it came as a reward for helping him to get off during long late-night phone conversations made the gift all the more appreciated. We both knew that no reward was necessary. I'm a Slave. It's my duty to please any Man who wants to top me out. Anything given to me beyond a simple pat on the hand is just so much icing on a cake.

But my Master had chosen to reward me, even though it was totally unnecessary for Him to do so. It was a consideration that few Top Men had ever given to me. I knew just how precious His gift was. I also knew that if I ever got to meet with the Man I would pay a heavy price for His act of kindness. He had told me

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so often enough. As our voices over the telephone became heavy with groans of pleasure, He would describe in detail all those little tortures He had planned for our first encounter. I would be enslaved both physically and mentally. I would be His toy, his plaything, his object. His needs would come first and foremost. There would be no escaping from the web he would weave around my mind and body. Not that I would want any escape, even if it were possible. I had seen his photograph and knew that his looks alone could entrap me forever in his clutches. But I had also probed his mind in long jerk-off sessions that left us both deflated. It was His ability to weave a web of fantasy around me that made me determined to be the kind of Slave that He could mold me into. It was also that web-spinning ability that made me decide to open up the present He had sent me and begin to

I brought the jock back up to my lips and pressed against a white spot that held a pool of semen. I mixed my spittle with my Master's load as His cum slowly regained its milky richness.

discover the smells that were my Master's alone. I would need to learn to love those smells, no matter how raunchy or repulsive they could be. They were, after all, His smells, and therefore needed to be memorized by my nose and tongue.

With that thought in mind, I decided to prolong no further the first lesson in learning my Master's smells. I threw the ripped-open mailing envelope into the garbage and began focusing all my attention on the see-through bag that held his worn-out jock strap. But instead of just tearing into the plastic package, I decided to first set the stage for what was about to happen once the object of worship was in my hands. First, I moved into the tiny bedroom and opened up the closet door wide so that the full-length mirror reflected the bed. I threw the package on top of the bed, then started to slowly peel off my shirt, then my jeans. I watched the striptease in the mirror, certain that if my Master were here He would be pleased by the sight of my naked body. I knew that after years of constant exercise my body had become honed into something that any man would be proud to own. The fact that I had always hoped to find a Master to claim that ownership made the extra work all the more pleasurable. I would have been proud to let any Top Man show off my smooth-shaven body to any of His friends. I could only guess at the kind of pride that would show in His face as my long, uncut cock stood at attention to salute Him. I knew all too well that men turned on to my scrubbed looks and thick mane of blond hair. Now, all that remained was to know how it felt to have others marvel at the way this clean-cut, all-American Boy gave himself so willingly to the Man he loved to call Daddy and Master and Sir.

The thought of being able to see the pride in that Man's eyes made my cock swell. I watched the reflection of the half-hidden dickhead as it slowly began to trickle its juices down around the overhanging foreskin. For years I had hated the sight of that layer of cock flesh, so different from what all the other boys displayed in the showers. But as I thought about my Master's ad, and the demand for a slave with an uncut tool, I began to love the sight of the cock that would give Him so much pleasure to play with. He had described some of the ways that He would claim my meat for His own. He would wrap heavy ropes around the dangling skin, then pierce it so that a lock could be inserted into the newly created hole. He would make me piss through a locked cock even though the split stream of dick juice would spill out over my naked body. Then, after I had become accustomed to that humil-

iation, He would have His initials tattooed onto the shaft, forever branding me as His property.

I felt my dick jump as I thought about wearing His initials permanently inscribed on the cock He had claimed for His own. At the same time my nipples began to itch as I remembered everything He had told me about what He would do to get the swollen tit buds pulled out to even larger proportions. First, I would be forced to bind them tightly after they were pulled loose from rubber suction cups. Then, when they achieved some permanent growth, He would pierce them and insert a combination stud/ring into their newly enlarged flesh. I would have to wear nipple jewelry the rest of my life in tribute to His domination over my mind and body. There would always be a permanent reminder that I had given my will over to a Master. Nobody,

He would make me learn all the tastes and smells that came through His flesh.

I would memorize His scents and imprint them on my brain forever. Sometimes, He would even let me cum.

except the most oblivious person, could be mistaken about what I am: a Slave to a more potent spirit than my own.

Yes, it was that spirit of domination that had first drawn me closer and closer to a Man I had never even met. Long before he had sealed our mutual relationship by sending me that one incredibly hot photo of Himself, I knew that I was meant to be His alone. Few Men had ever managed to lock into my fantasies and needs so easily or completely. Even if he hadn't had the kinds of looks that I had always thought of when I dreamed about a Master, He would still have been able to claim me for His own. Just knowing that His mind could take me down corridors in my head that were unexplored for so long was reason enough to love Him. But as I drew His photo out from the dresser drawer where I kept it, I marveled once again at how much it resembled an icon to the God of Leather.

With one hand clutching at the bag containing His used jock strap and the other one reverently removing His photo, I suddenly realized how much He had replaced all the fantasy images in mind with the reality of His being. It wasn't just the mass of black curls circling His head that gave Him a special aura. Nor was it the thick black moustache set parallel to the square chin that made me want to study His features for hours on end. It was the way His face reflected dominance in the narrowed, dark eyes that sent shivers throughout my naked body. It was that look of absolute certainty about His chosen role that had made my heart beat faster the first time I watched his leather-clad body looking back at me from the photograph. Even with his body hidden under layers of animal hide, I knew that there was not an inch of it that I wouldn't bathe with my tongue. Small cock or not, I was prepared to pay obeisance to that spot between His legs where so much of my imagination lay focused. I had told Him that I would worship His meat as if it were a mountain of flesh that He had commanded me to climb. He had told me that I would have to start with that layer of elastic fabric that kept his dick hidden from sight for days on end. Now, with His photo placed on the bed and my mouth waiting to explore the crotch space between his legs, I was prepared to begin the ritual of passage that would hopefully lead me to the taste of His flesh sometime in the sweetly expected future.

Before I claimed the contents of the plastic Baggie for my own, I made sure that my body was prepared for the combination of pain and pleasure that was the jumping-off point for so much of

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my sexuality. First, I bound the smooth-shaven end of my crotch with a series of rope loops that pushed my cock and balls away from their hairless socket. I watched in the mirror as my dork began to take on the purplish color that came with the binding-off process. I could feel the numb ache in my balls as I wound more rope around the dangling nut sacs. Each globe was held separate by a twisted length of cord. I knew that as more and more blood was forced into my genitals, the rope would dig deeper and deeper into the flesh, sending spasms of pain upwards from the point where the skin was bearing the weight of the lacings. But I didn't care. Each spasm drew me closer to the Man whose photograph peeked out from the folds of the blankets. I stared into his steely eyes, then withdrew a set of tit clamps from the drawer and began to clamp each mound with the rubber-covered clips.

I concentrated on the folded-up jock strap as I felt the dull ache in my cock and balls being matched by the sensations running through my clamped tits. I imagined that my Master's mouth was locked around each nipple, his teeth biting into the flesh as he pulled on the ropes that held my sex organs under his control. I wanted to cry out for Him to make me His Slave forever. I wanted to beg Him to use my body in whatever way gave Him pleasure. I wanted Him to force my mouth open and take His small, fat cock in my mouth like it was a nine-inch shaft being plunged down my throat. I wanted Him to strut around the room, his thick-soled boots reverberating on the wooden floor as He denied His Slave every last ounce of physical freedom. And I wanted Him to know all the pleasures that come from ownership of another human being; one whose only freedom is the freedom to serve his Master.

My tits ached sweetly as I drew my fingers around the bag containing my Master's jock strap. I moved my leg slightly, sending sharp pains through my groin as the rope circling my crotch got caught under my leg. I decided to leave it there in the hope that the increased pressure on my nuts would drive my

brain into a frenzy of pain. I knew just how badly I needed that pain to balance out the pleasure gotten from slowly opening up the bag and letting my Master's crotch odors seep into my nostrils for the first time. I couldn't believe how many different smells had collected in that jock in only a week's time. The ripeness of the Man was revealed to me as I slowly removed the jock from the bag and began to unfold it as if it were a sacred shroud. I had never imagined that so much could be told about a Man just from the look and smell of his jock strap. But as I drew it closer to my face I knew that it could belong to one man and one man only: my Master.

The way His fat dick had stretched out the elastic fabric almost dead-center in the pouch told me in no uncertain terms that His cock was several inches shorter than my own. I could make out the outline of the oversized cockhead He had described in such graphic detail during our long J/O sessions. Even with the pouch stiff from repeated drenchings of cum and piss, there was no mistaking the way His cock had stamped its imprint on the surface. I could imagine how He looked as He stood over a urinal and let His pent-up juices flow down into the catch basin below. All I had to do was run my finger onto the yellowish-brown line that started dead center on the pouch to catch the flavor of His piss. But first, I decided to hold the pouch closer to my face so that I could begin to distinguish the different odors that lingered there.

And what odors they were. Slave's perfume, I would call them: the combination of sweat, piss, and stale cum that told me just how many times he had drenched the jock with his body juices before sending it on to me. Even with my eyes shut tightly I could separate the myrrh and frankincense of his body into distinct odors. First, there was the overriding smell of sweat that spoke to me of nights spent trapped under crotch-hugging jeans. Then, there was the stinging smell from the tiny drops of piss that leaked out every time He pushed his drained cock back under its covering. Finally, there was the soapy smell of His gism, shot night

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after night into the jock as I helped Him pump another load out of His dick. With my hands pushing the raunchy jock closer and closer towards my waiting nostrils, I could sniff out each spot where His spunk had landed. Then, just as I was about to reach my tongue out onto the reeking surface, my nose picked up something different and puzzling.

Like a well-trained bloodhound, I had learned to use my olfactory senses to sniff out manly odors with uncanny precision. Even blindfolded, I could sense the location of a man's armpit and bury my nose in that sweat-drenched thicket. I could also distinguish between one Man's smell and another's after only a few hours' practice. I knew every odor that could come from a human body, from the feet to the head. At least I thought I did. But as I held my breath under the stiffened pouch I realized that I was sniffing out something new and different in my Master's jock. Only after I held my nose there for what seemed like an eternity did I begin to understand what it was that I was picking up. It wasn't so much any one scent as a combination of scents that locked together to form something new and distinct. I groaned with pleasure as I realized that I was smelling the essence of the man, the nameless something that seeped out of every pore of His body and brought spasms of pleasure rushing through my brain. I wasn't just smelling His body odors. I was smelling Him. My nose had made contact with the distillation of everything that was my Master. Then, as I repositioned the jock over my face, I slowly began licking the inside of the pouch, searching out the flavors that lingered over the unwashed surface.

With the jock blocking my line of vision, I was like a blind man forced to use his other senses to discover the world around him. My whole world became an expanse of soiled elasticized cotton. I could only use the jock like a blank canvas to cover with mental pictures. My tongue became a paint brush as I ran it freely over that canvas, creating brilliant images. And what images: me lying prone at the booted feet of my Master, His muscular body towering over me as I licked at the grungy black leather boots. Then, as I

tasted the salt deposits just under the spot where His cock had rested, I could envision Him pulling out His cock and drenching my head with stream after hot stream of piss. He would force me to swallow that juice as it came spilling out from His cock, not caring whether or not its acrid taste would sicken me as I gulped it down greedily. And all the while I would be thinking about how beautiful it is to finally taste something that came from within my Master's body.

I could taste that special something as my lips passed over the ripe pouch slowly and methodically. Like a rare and sudden rain-storm in the desert, my spit reawakened all His dried-out juices and made them blossom. His piss began to flow again as I bit into the jock and brought it back to life. His cock took shape in my mind's eye and filled the pouch at the spot where my tongue rested. I could feel the shifting weight of His legs as He walked with His dick jutting out from His faded jeans. A thin line of pre-cum dripped from the dickhead as He thought about me, His Slave, waiting to receive a package in the mail that would release all those pent-up fantasies about His body. Now I was searching out those spots where He had deposited His loads, confident in the fact that my tongue could sense their presence among the static of other emissions. I knew that as I made contact with the dried-out spunk He had left there for me, my own load would move from its repository out through the covered slit that was my pisshole.

With that knowledge in mind, I tore the jock strap off my face and held it away at arm's length. I watched the tangled strap dangling snake-like in my hand, like an ancient statue of the Medusa's shorn-off head. Huge wet spots marked the places where my mouth had explored its rough surface. Moving my free hand towards that spot between my legs where my cut prick stood poised like a gladiator's spear, I lowered my eyes to where the icon of my Master rested on the sheets. Then I brought the jock back up to my lips and pressed against an ivory spot that held a pool of semen. I mixed my spittle with my Master's load as

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I held onto the full length of my cock. Slowly, His cum took on its milky richness once more. I imagined how it would look as it dripped out of his fat stiffer into my waiting mouth. Fixing my gaze on his photograph, I began the rough up-and-down pumping motions that would soon have me spurting my own juices.

I could almost hear His voice commanding me to cum in a deep, rich voice that seemed to swell up from the hairy, slightly paunched belly. He would be the Buddha whose stomach I would rub to grant all of my Slave wishes. One by one, He would feed me every part of His body until my mouth had known every inch of His being. He would make me learn all the tastes and smells that came through his flesh. I would memorize His scents and imprint them on my brain forever. Then, He would blindfold me and make me pick His fragrance out from a hundred others. Sometimes he would even let me cum. Like now, after I begged for release from my obsession with His jock strap.

"Please, Sir, may I shoot my load? Can I cum?"

The photo stared back at me, mute.

"I want to worship you, Sir. I want to be your piss-drinking cum-tasting pig. I want to sleep at your feet and wake up each morning with your dick in my mouth, waiting to taste whatever juices come out of that hole. I'll be a good Slave, Sir. I'll make you proud to own me. But please, Sir, let me shoot my load now. Let me do it just this one time. I swear I'll never beg for it again. Let me cum . . . let me . . ."

His face melted into a blur of hot white semen, as from deep within my body came spurt after spurt of milky juice. One thick, pasty glob landed between His legs and wiped away His crotch with its wetness. He lay there, disemboweled by my cumming. His face was distorted beyond recognition as another spurt of gism dislodged the thin layer of colored film that covered the specially treated paper. All that was left of my Master was an imprint on my brain. That, and a jock strap that I used to blot up the remnants of the Man in miniature.

What stared back at me from the bed was more an ink blot than a Man. With the simple act of cumming I had destroyed the thing that I most loved. His face was nothing more than a colored smear, His torso an equally distorted smudge creeping horizontally across the Polaroid image. Only his legs remained intact, like the disembodied lower half of a soldier blown to bits. But still I loved Him. Even as I sucked my own cum out of His jock strap, I knew that He would be whole for me forever. There would be other photos to take the place of the one destroyed. And someday, if the Gods of Love were willing, there would be Him in person, in the flesh, in control of the Slave who had made His image come alive by awakening the sleeping desert.

The obeisance ended, I placed my Shroud of Turin back inside its plastic Baggie. Tomorrow I would take it out again and search for my own smells inside its still damp surface. Someday maybe those smells, mine and His, would be forever blended. Or maybe they would be relegated to that stockpile of other would-be Masters' garments, needed now and then for the release they brought, but only worshipped as the raiments of Gods brought down a few pegs from their lofty mountains. So much of the solution to the unspoken problem rested with Him. He held my body in the creases of His brain. He could make me His with a word or a package sent innocuously enough through the mail. Or He could break the spell and send me racing through the ads again. The power rested in His hands and His alone; just the way it should be. He and I, and all the others out there, know the way the game gets replayed like a well-used recording you stop only now and then at a comfortable groove for repeated listenings. But when the game stops, when the noise becomes music, it's like an oasis in the desert: a spot where water lets the sand sprout palm trees. A spot where you can take salvation between a pair of spread-out thighs and lie contented. A spot where you can linger, letting forces greater than your own take over. A spot where Slaves can meet their Masters and finally end the search for that well in the desert. A spot where they can drink in odors, knowing that their journey begins and ends with that overriding scent of musk that seeps from a plastic bag buried deep inside a drawer. ☐

TOUGH SHIT



PHOTO BY PHRED'S PHYSIQUE PHOTOGRAPHY

WELCOME TO THE LEATHER HALL OF FAME

A leading Minnesota-based leather retailer, Bermans, has named six well-known personalities to its Leather Hall of Fame. Actors Mel Gibson and Eddie Murphy, along with rocker Jon Bon Jovi, lead the list of men they feel look "best in leather."

Tina Turner, Madonna and Cher took the honors for the best-leathered women. Michael Jackson was given an honorable mention. (Sure, but in which category?)

Berman's merchandise manager, Helmut Lange, said the award is their way of thanking those who have "made leather clothing a part of their life-style."

What about KISS, James Dean . . . and me?—JET

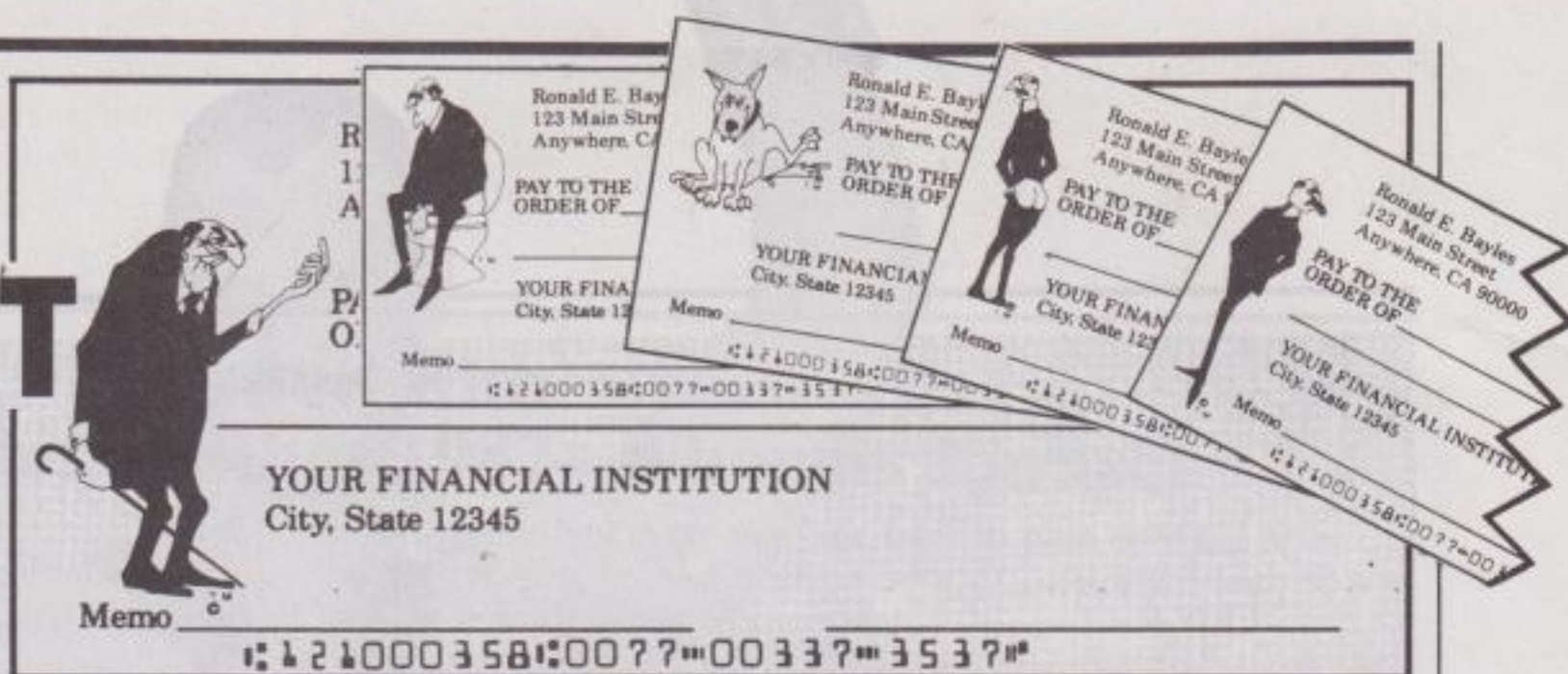
BLOODIED, BRUISED, AND PRACTICALLY BALD

The scandal-ridden British military has another problem. Eight Army officers up to the rank of major attacked a terrified Lt. Alexander, 20, pinned him down and attempted to shave his head.

One of the eight claimed Alexander had been taught a lesson for being "pompous." Major Ian Strong, then acting CO of the Royal Signals in West Germany, made no attempt to stop the humiliation of Lt. Alexander. The 39-year-old major actually supplied the scissors used for the haircut.

Alexander was celebrating his last night with the Royal Signals unit before being posted to Cyprus. During drinks in the officers' mess the other officers joked about giving him a farewell haircut.

Two men held Alexander in a chair while another slapped his face and held him from the front. A Captain Williams made crude attempts to hack off tufts of Alexander's hair with a razor.



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The Major visited the room three times during the ordeal—made no attempt to order the others to stop—even supplied a pair of scissors. The military police assumed the eight men would be court martialed; in reality Major Strong was carpeted by the General and the other officers were seen by officers of Brigadier rank or under. In other words, they were given a good talking to!

NAME THAT TUNE

In yet another case, the British press reports that Sergeant Brian Thomas, a commander assigned to the Royal Regiment of Wales, has been charged with 17 counts of abusing army recruits. The recruits in question were reportedly forced to kneel with their buttocks in the air and sing out musical notes every time their commander hit them with a baseball bat. The recruits objected to being used as a human xylophone. According to the abusees, they were forced to play a musical tune. Other charges in the court martial proceedings include: ordering the recruits to put their heads into rubbish bins, forcing them to lower their trousers and underpants prior to having their buttocks beaten, applying shaving foam and after shave to a recruit's genitals, hitting soldiers with brooms, and pushing recruits into a river. Those interested in applying to the Royal Regiment of Wales (entrance requirements are strict) should contact Clive Barracks, Tern Hill, Shropshire.

That's in England . . .

A NEW THRESHOLD OF SHOCK

A little-known heavy metal band from Florida, Agent Steel, did its utmost to best the blood-spewing past that has accompanied shock-rock acts such as Alice Cooper and Ozzy Os-

bourne. Agent Steel's members taped firecrackers to the chest of a 17-year-old "willing victim," tied him to a bed naked, doused his body with alcohol and then lit the firecrackers, which ignited the alcohol, said Phoenix police. Band members reportedly then extinguished the flames by urinating on the victim.

For more information, write R.E. Bayles Co., PO Box 31486, San Francisco, CA 94131.

The alleged actions of Agent Steel, which were said to have taken place in a motel room and not on stage, vividly illustrate the arrival of a generation of jaded rock fans who want to be taken to a new threshold of shock. A large portion of heavy rock audiences are bored with androgyny, Satanism and other gimmicks of shock-rock.

The article does not mention whether this scene will be available as a rock video . . . one can only hope.

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INTERNATIONAL MR. LEATHER DAS PORTRAIT

HE'S SO GOOD.

He's so deliciously leather and so deliciously bad.

He's darkly Germanic and broodingly beautiful. He's smart and seductive. He's Thomas Karasch, International Mr. Leather 1987. Tom Karasch is thirty years old, a Capricorn, and he lives in Hamburg, Germany. He was, he says, "surprised" to be the one selected. Surprised and pleased. When recently asked if he had a *Drummer* fantasy similar to the fantasies that come to life in the *Drummer* contests, he had to think about it. "It involves medieval castles, and dungeons, and instruments of torture," he said. "Do you want to know more?" And, of course, we did. Much, much more . . .

PAGE 16 Thomas Karasch has a vivid sense of who he is and what he wants. He describes the high point of the last year as being his visit to San Francisco during Gay Pride Week. "It was an honor," he

says. "The whole point to being International Mr. Leather was an opportunity to have a very high level of visibility so that we could raise the kind of monies we need in order to help finance our struggles with the health crisis."

When asked if he had any parting words of advice to whoever the new International Mr. Leather might be, Karasch did indeed have some parting insights, both to '88 contestant hopefuls and to leathersmen everywhere. "He will need to have a solid understanding of himself so that he can in turn express to the community that he is a *part* of that community. We must continue to show our pride. We must continue to have fun. What's important is that leathersmen focus on the joy of living our lives—even in difficult times—we must choose life."

Interview with International Mister Leather 1987—Thomas Karasch

—by Beat Ruedi, Editor of *Der Stiefel*, the official publication of the European Confederation of Motorcycle Clubs based in Zurich. Published in German. Interview translated by Thomas Karasch.

Der Stiefel: How did you come into the title?

Karasch: Like a virgin. In '86 I participated in the Mr. Europe election. I was the MC candidate from Hamburg—first prize was a flight to Chicago. The whole event was very professional, very Americanized. Like real show business. I saw that I couldn't take on the responsibilities, which included a lot of traveling. At this time I met Etienne and some other interesting people such as Fledermaus, the publisher of *Drummer*. The contest in itself was a big event—theatrical.

Der Stiefel: What was the procedure?

Karasch: For the participant it was a kind of stress. There had been judging—32 candidates taken to a disco for jury—20 finalists were elected. The jury consisted of 8 persons. There was last year's winner, Fledermaus; Mr. Marcus, a gay journalist; Etienne. And there were some other people. Each candidate had to answer questions like how long you've been in the scene. What would you do if you won? You were asked what the scene meant to you. The presentation of the scene was to show the body—the chest. No one except the jury knew who the 20 finalists were. There was a rehearsal. It was quite boring. It would have been better if we could have trained in a gym.

Der Stiefel: And then the contest came.

Karasch: Yes, first the 32 candidates were introduced on the stage. And then the 20 semifinalists—each one had to appear in swimwear. I didn't like that. Most of us would have drowned if we'd tried to swim in the boots and leather. It was mainly so the jury could see our bodies. Third appearance onstage was in full leather—fantasy costume—each candidate gave a short speech.

Der Stiefel: How many people were there?

Karasch: About two thousand, in Chicago. Big difference between contests in Europe and the States—for example in Hamburg the contest is only a part of a show within a leather meeting. In Chicago, people are coming to you because of the show.

Der Stiefel: What does the title mean to you?

Karasch: I think that the duty of the titleholders has changed in the last three or four years significantly. International Mr. Leather is supposed to be a kind of exposed personality who could then act for the gay community as a person who raises money for the AIDS foundation. It's more than just a beauty contest. The judging then was 40% the outfit, maybe 30% the body; your appearance on the stage, and the rest is personality. In the states the main thing is the fundraising. Private donations. I think that the leather scene has the best organized efforts. Sometimes I have to ask myself why we in Europe don't get into these kinds of fundraising activities?

Der Stiefel: There are people who say that your winning was only a kind of political thing for the people organizing the event—that the whole thing is very commercialized—that the organizers used this as an entrance into Europe.

Karasch: I will not exclude that. This could be one of the reasons. In selecting a foreigner from Europe it might be that it's kind of about making the scene more international. On the other hand, some years ago someone from Australia won.

Der Stiefel: This was a bad experience in that he was never

seen again. Not even one year later to pass over his title.

Karasch: Yes, he had his bike sent to Australia. And he was never seen or heard from again.

Der Stiefel: But the whole thing is very commercial, isn't it?

Karasch: Yes, this year it became more commercial in Hamburg, too. The motorcycle clubs have refused to hold contests officially. Without the initiative of the Hamburg MC the contest would not have been done at all. The MC in Hamburg staged the event. It could have been a political decision to elect me. There were new AIDS laws in Bavaria. We felt that it would be helpful to have International Mr. Leather exposed.

Der Stiefel: I would like to come back to the Mr. Europe Leather contest in Hamburg. From the clubs there is practically no support. No nothing. The clubs haven't shown very much interest until now. I have written to them. But no response until now. Probably some of that is my fault. As Secretary of CMC I haven't informed all clubs about your selection.

Karasch: Well, I have myself written to all the clubs. I've asked them to send some candidates to the contest in Hamburg.

Der Stiefel: Nearly at the same time there was the campaign of the *Drummer* where bars and clubs were asked to select regional Mr. Drummers. But the clubs decided that it was not possible financially. They had to pay some of the bills for the candidates. They had to send winners to Amsterdam where in summer '88 the Mr. *Drummer* Europe should be elected. There would be as well financing for travel to San Francisco from Amsterdam. When there are only little European organizations, it'd be very expensive for each one.

Karasch: Yes, that is the commercial part of the thing. But I think the clubs haven't been interested in the contest or kind of more publicity, themselves. One could have done something like that oneself. And not on a club basis.

Der Stiefel: Very often this is why there are no contestants. In 1971 we wanted to do a preliminary contest to send someone to Hamburg. But the contest was canceled as only two contestants turned up who could travel to Amsterdam.

Karasch: There is also a question of the prizes. This year there were interesting prizes given by shops and institutions. And there were a lot of contestants from different countries.

Der Stiefel: Most of the contestants in Hamburg had been delegated in that they did not go through a preliminary contest.

Karasch: Yes, that's true. Pity also.

Der Stiefel: That also goes back to the clubs. There must be something wrong on both sides. What do you think the problem with the clubs is—members or organization?

Karasch: I don't know why the clubs aren't working together. Building up some people from a bar or from some clubs. Each club and each bar should have its own contestant.

Der Stiefel: And we also kind of fear being onstage and losing. People don't want to be exposed. Being onstage also says that you're gay. For a lot of people this is equivalent to saying the word: AIDS. How is the situation in the States?

Karasch: In the States people are more willing to expose themselves. I have my own thoughts as to what might happen to me—I'm working with government people. Officials. But I have been informed by my colleagues that it's fully accepted. This was a very important experience for me.

Der Stiefel: What do you mean by that, exactly?

Karasch: For me it was a question of what would happen if my picture would be seen in the press or in newspapers. So I informed my firm. My firm even agreed upon dropping some contracts if I would have to do something for the AIDS Foundation. In this respect my firm was quite generous but you cannot expect that from everyone. But there were other people who competed for International Mr. Leather—there was a policeman who competed with his full name.

Der Stiefel: How often have you been in the States?

Karasch: I just spent 10 days in SF at the Gay Pride Parade.

Der Stiefel: What has your title brought you personally in terms of money?

Karasch: Not counting the prizes, I'd say from the point of traveling I've put my own money into it. The prizes are very attractive. I received a motorcycle. There've been gift certificates from shops. A weekend in a gay resort in Colorado. Photo dates. Personally, the most important thing has been the opportunity to meet people. I went to NYC and Washington, and people would recognize me and come up and talk to me. Very interesting. Even the people in Rotterdam came up to me. Congratulations and so on.

Der Stiefel: What does your future look like when you give away your crown next spring?

Karasch: I will go to the States in February. I also plan on going to the meeting in Montreal.

Der Stiefel: In Europe the contact between leather gays and political gays is very limited.

Karasch: Yes, but it's not only that. Within the structure of the leather organizations, the leather clubs, they're just not dealing with each other. Why shouldn't we be selecting a Mr. Europe who has a kind of integrated function so that the clubs could get in contact?

Der Stiefel: Yes, the main contacts from members are limited. There are difficulties even when the individual members have no problems with each other. When there are difficulties among the leaders, there are difficulties among the clubs. People should set aside their personal disagreements and work on a projects basis.

Der Stiefel: Example—this magazine, *Der Stiefel*, which has been created by the initiative of the MC Hamburg. I think that the product can be seen to bring people together and I think in the long run it'll be better. Another example—Montreal. There'll be a ten-day meeting with seminars and a workshop. And in '89 the same kind of event should take place in Washington. If possible, in '91 it'll be in Europe. And then it'll be in the States. Eventually Australia . . .

Karasch: I would really like that.

Der Stiefel: A lot of the energy which now gets wasted could be used for other things.

Karasch: The clubs all say that they don't want to be political.

Der Stiefel: In the times of AIDS we have to expect something from these organizations.

Karasch: Yes, it's schizophrenic when the clubs want to be more conservative than the politicians. They give up without fighting for their rights.

Der Stiefel: I think there are responsible people. And there's a guilty feeling in that we haven't addressed the problem of AIDS.

Karasch: Yes, we have to fight for our interests.

Der Stiefel: What do you think about the question: should there be backrooms or darkrooms at leather meetings, yes or no?

Karasch: This is not a question for me. I think we have to come together and celebrate our meetings. They've always been something of a social event. It's more than just a form of sex. You see people you haven't seen in a long time. People should be aware by now that safe sex is the only possible thing we can do. And all the other things are just stupid so it does not matter where you are doing this. For example in SF they have private clubs and now it—unsafe sex—happens somewhere else, like the parking lot. It won't stop the people from doing sexual things. In Amsterdam all the darkrooms are still open. They should do something to close down these clubs. But for me in this kind of an open scene there's a social control possible. In Amsterdam the people know who isn't doing safe things. If things are open, safe sex is much better. I think everyone has to live out his sexual life. If you inform people you can get your message across, versus forbidding things. I think the people who are not into safe sex—in the darkroom—won't do it in their own homes.

Der Stiefel: SF is not good example for me because there've never been darkrooms in the bars and AIDS has hit very drastically. Many people do not go out due to fear. That could be one of the reasons why the clubs closed—it didn't pay off anymore. The baths were closed by the government.

Karasch: I did scenes there in some of the bars when I was there in '79.

Der Stiefel: We think it doesn't play a role with how many partners you have sex with; it's important HOW you do it. But safe sex has to be practiced.

Karasch: Yes, I can only support safe sex.

Interview with *Der Stiefel*—Editor, Beat Ruedi

DRUMMER: What is *Der Stiefel*?

Ruedi: *Der Stiefel* is a European Confederation of Motorcycle Clubs magazine for, by, and about the European leather scene. We cover events. We have editorials. We do interviews with people active in the leather community. This is a scene that has changed a lot in the past few years in that we are now very much about a sense of real brotherhood.

DRUMMER: At this beginning point in our history, what would you say are the biggest strengths of the European leather community?

Ruedi: We are responding to the health crisis most assertively. You'd find that the strongest clubs are very involved with AIDS support groups. And not only are we involved with these support groups but we in essence at times function like a support group ourselves—hands-on, so to speak. We raise a lot of money, we even have club funds earmarked to financially assist club members with AIDS. We do a lot of safe sex education. Soon in Cologne the Zurich-based Lodge 70 will be sponsoring a safe sex/education seminar.

DRUMMER: Where are the most active groups?

Ruedi: The larger cities have the most active groups and clubs. London probably has the most members. When you're discussing the "European" leather scene you have to realize that there are many nationalities involved. Many languages. Many different types of customs. It's difficult to maintain any sense of shared communication between clubs because of all the language barriers. For instance, there is a leather scene in Scandinavia and Finland. But they are somewhat isolated from the other clubs because the other clubs do not speak Scandinavian. There are many, many German clubs.

DRUMMER: In past publications *Der Stiefel* has come out against what you call darkrooms. In the States we'd call them backrooms. What is this about?

Ruedi: In the past few years one of the problems was that all of the clubs seemed to have these places for, of course, sex. Much of what happened, here, in these places, during our meetings, was not safe sex. It is one thing to talk about safe sex during a meeting but another thing not to practice it in a darkroom. My own club in

Zurich has a darkroom, but we do not call it that—what happens there is safe.

DRUMMER: So whether a club had a place for sex became an issue . . .

Ruedi: A controversy, yes. And most of the clubs now do not have these darkrooms. You know, the whole darkroom controversy was good in that it brought these things, these decisions, out into the open. People who are not going to have safe sex can do it and will do it whether the darkroom is there or not. If not they can do this in the trees, anywhere they want, but not in our leather club.

DRUMMER: *Der Stiefel* has also voiced some complaints about leather contests being what you refer to as "commercial." What do you mean, commercial?

Ruedi: Many of the clubs have very distinct differences. They are fiercely individualistic and they are composed of individuals. This is good. This must be maintained—local leather customs must be maintained. What I suppose I mean by "commercial" is another word for "Western." In our attempt to be "Western" or "American" we stand to lose that which makes us individualistic. We should strive to be who we are and not set up our affairs or contests or customs to be either too commercial or too Western. We are European. And you will find many of the clubs do not want to be dictated to by anything or anyone who wants to promote simply an Americanized or "commercial" leather sensibility.

DRUMMER: It sounds as if the European community has a certain amount of momentum to its development—that it knows who it is and what it wants.

Ruedi: It's a struggle. There have been divisions. But in the past couple of years we have experienced a coming together that we had never previously had. Our memberships are growing. Our members are directly involved. Attendance is good.

DRUMMER: What would you say is your greatest need?

Ruedi: Strong leadership! No question. We are becoming more and more public all of the time. It's easier for most members to be open, to wear leather in the urban areas. We get noticed. And as we become more public we will need a very focused leadership. We will need to be coming together even more than we already have.

DRUMMER: You've published articles and comments that discuss what's happening with repressive AIDS legislation that is coming out of Bavaria. What is happening with this today?

Ruedi: This is a situation that must be monitored. There are a few politicians in the region who are taking political advantage of the crisis to play on public fear. It's obvious that while they may have the support of a legislative minority they have yet to enlist the support of the people. As far as the leather clubs are concerned, we are not really political and our constitutions say that in political issues we are neutral. Yet in gay issues we are involved. And we are keeping a close eye on what happens with repressive measures in Bavaria.

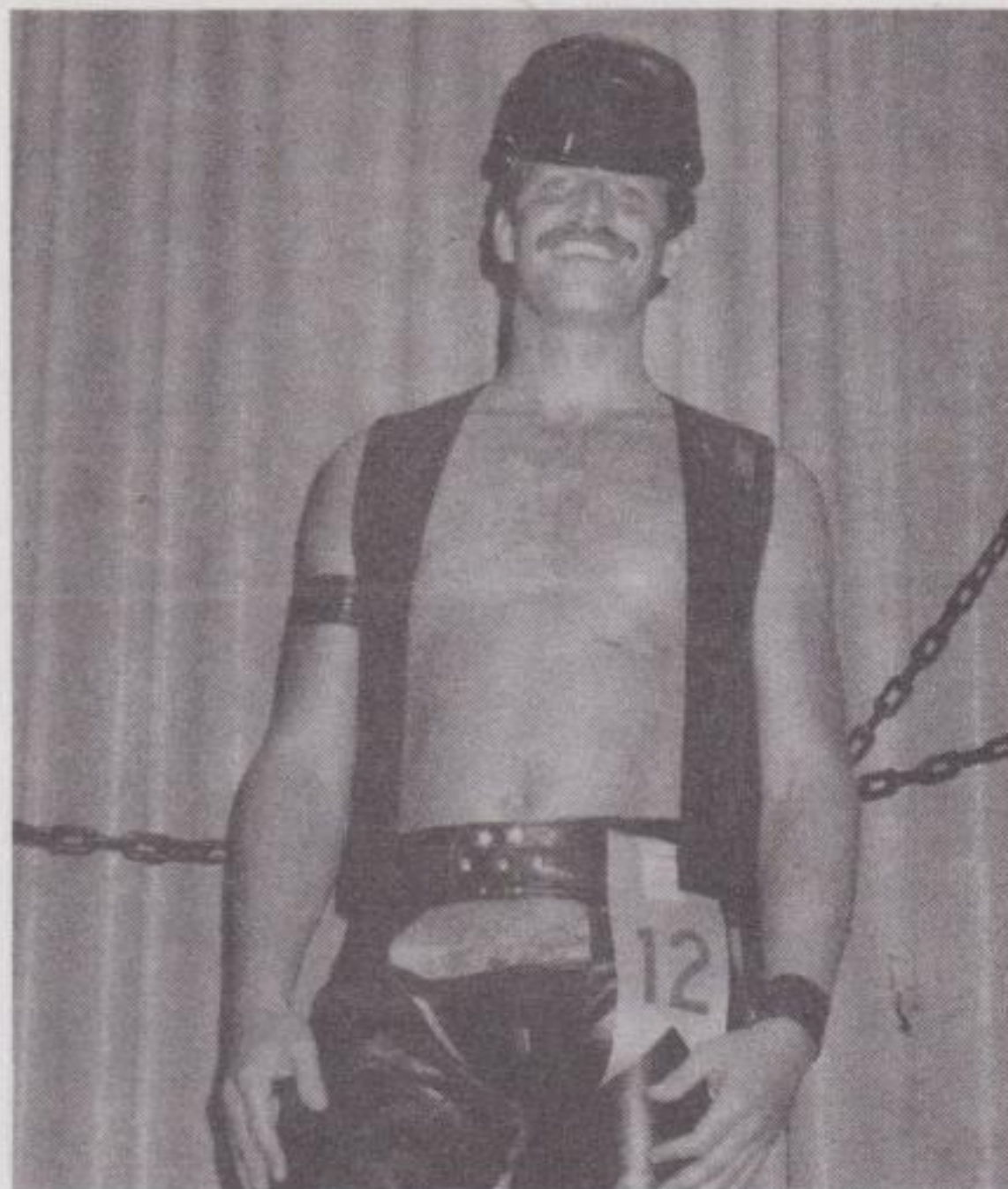
DRUMMER: Has the leather scene in Europe been invaded by "fashion"? In other words, has leather become something that the gay community of Europe (in general) experiments with? Something that gets checked out—out of curiosity—versus the scene being something that people make any kind of a commitment to?

Ruedi: Oh, yes. This is everywhere. People are curious. They stay for awhile. And then they leave. Perhaps before they leave we can educate them that brotherhood exists in many forms; many forms of expression.

DRUMMER: Where do you see the future going—where are the leather clubs of Europe going to be in a few years?

Ruedi: Larger and stronger than ever. Lodge 70 itself now has over 140 members. The more rural clubs have perhaps 20 members. Yet even in this day and age we continue to derive strength from our leather solidarity.

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POSTFACH 725
CH-8025 ZURICH



DAVID KLOFF

International Mr. Leather

1979

Representing The Brig, San Francisco

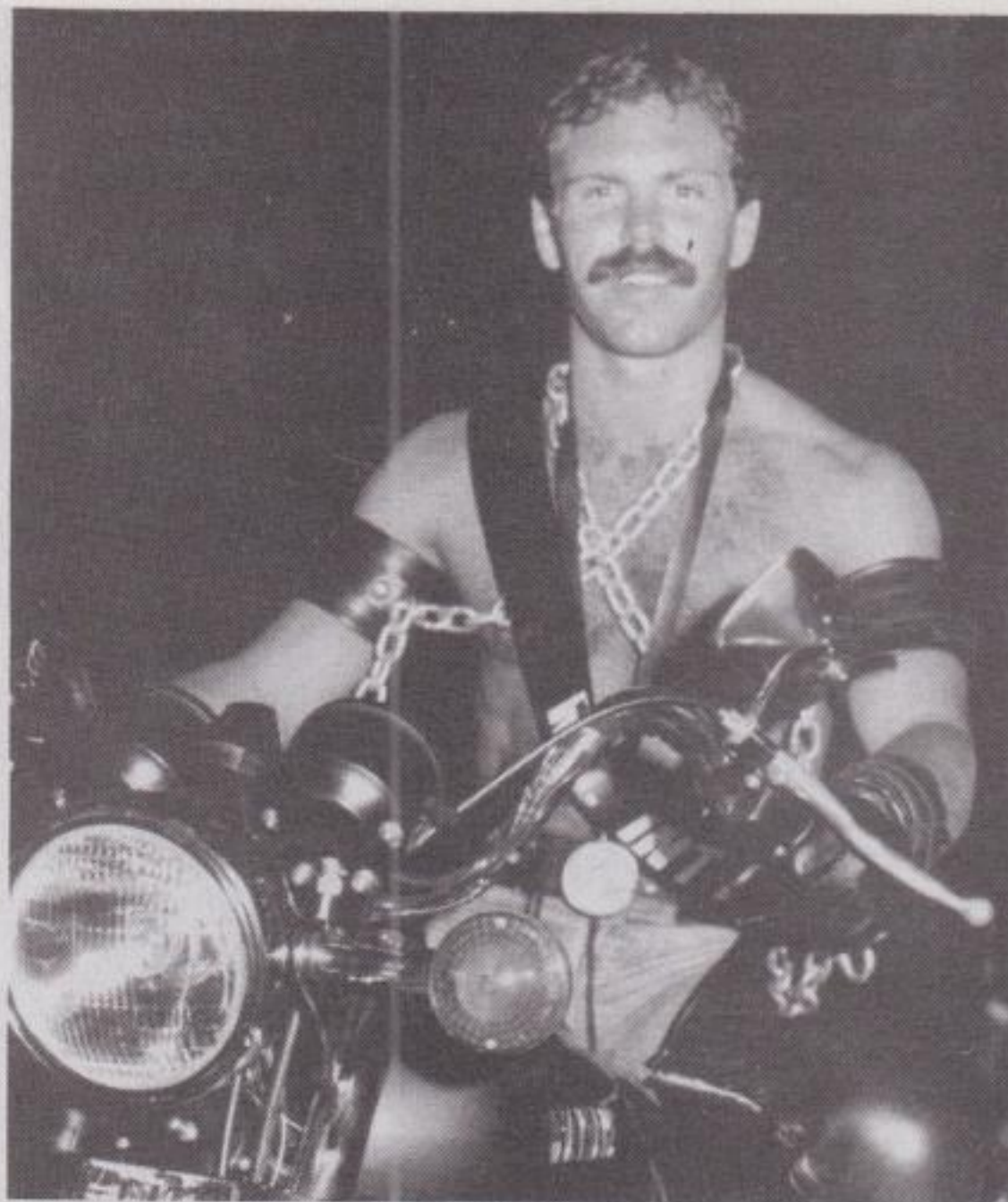


PATRICK BROOKS

International Mr. Leather

1980

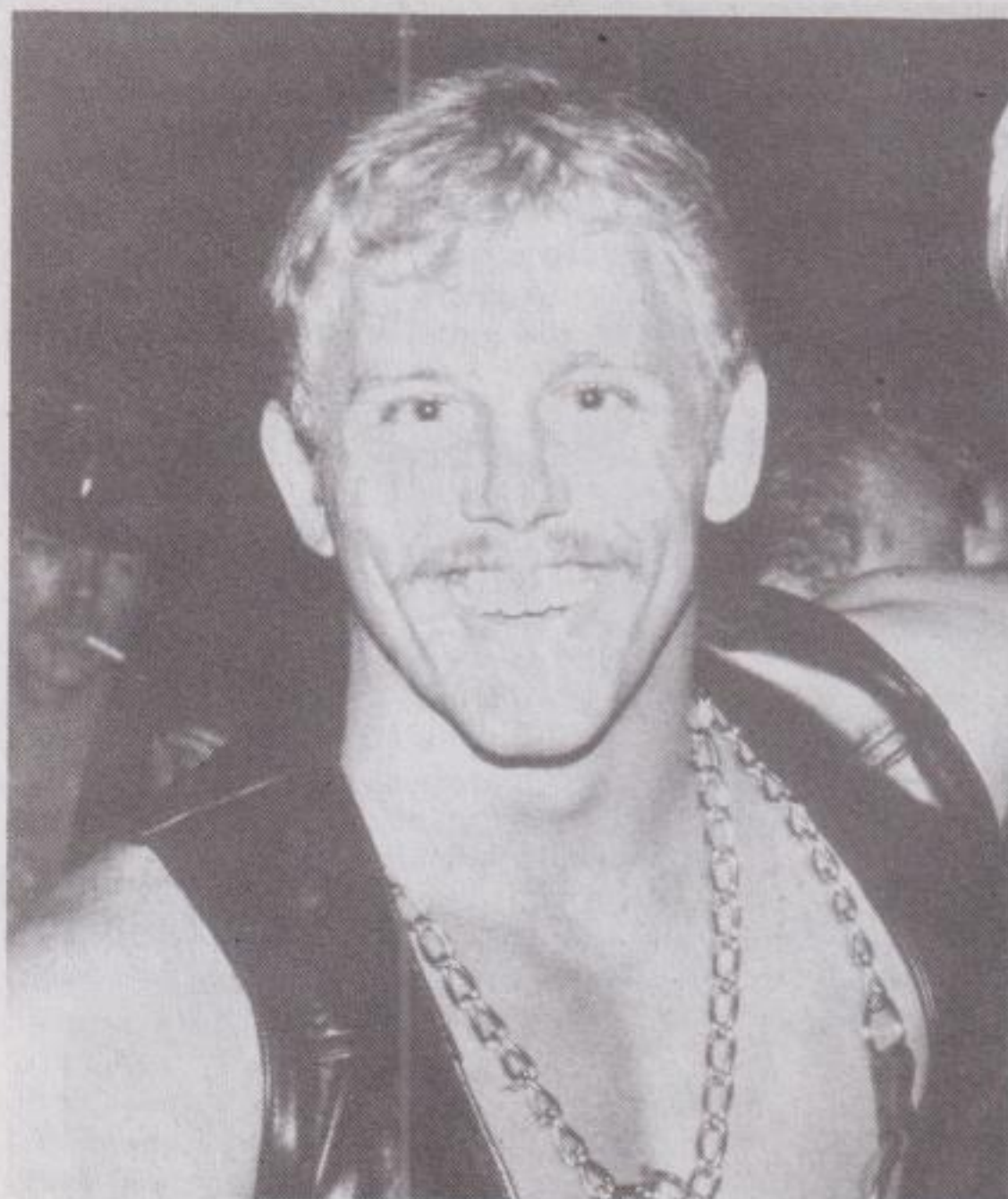
Representing Mr. Leather Australia



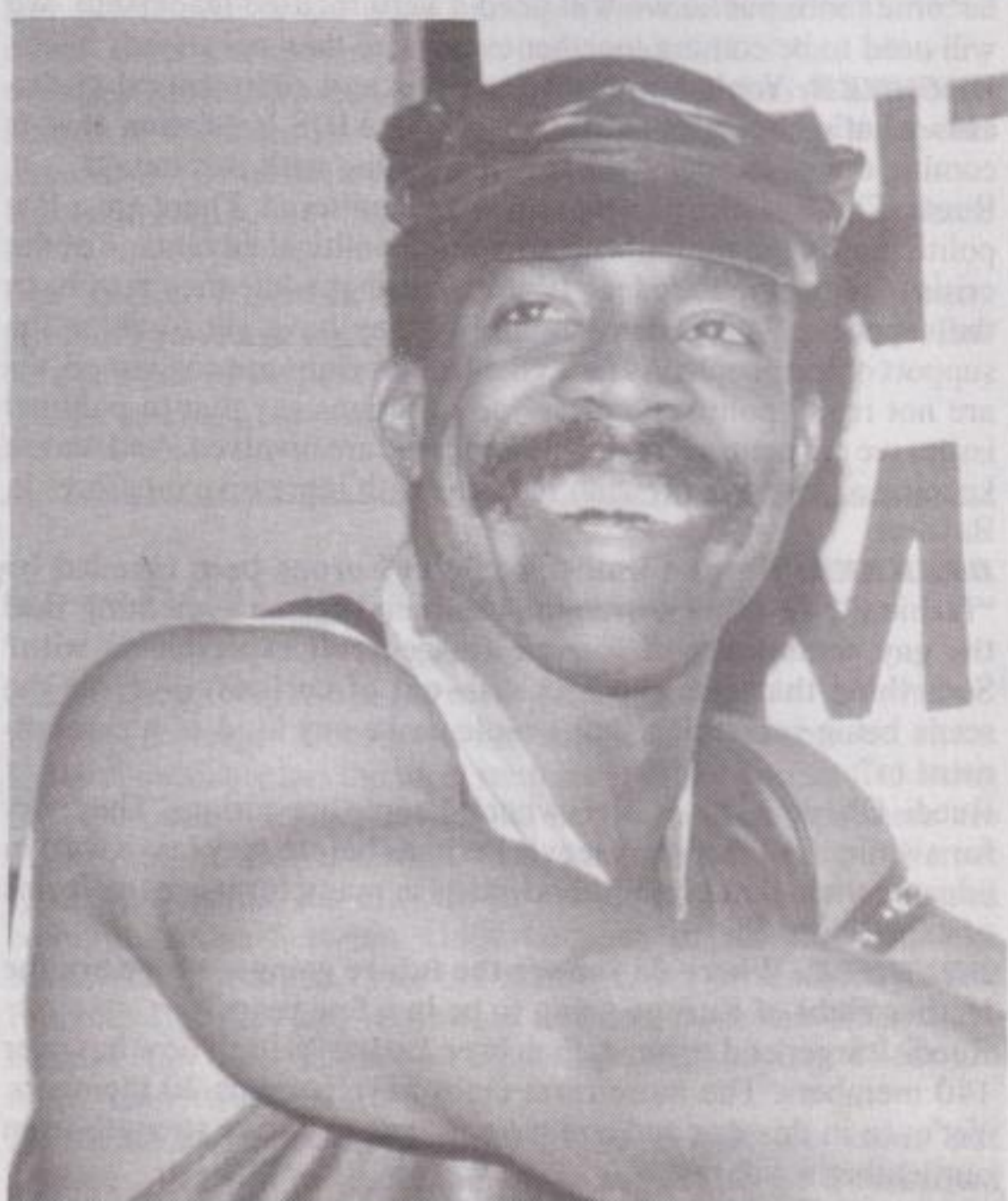
MARTY KIKER
International Mr. Leather
1981
Representing Phoenix Bar, San Francisco



LUKE DANIEL
International Mr. Leather
1982
Representing *Drummer Magazine*, Los Angeles



COLT THOMAS
International Mr. Leather
1983
Representing The Officer's Club, Houston



RON MOORE
International Mr. Leather
1984
Representing Mr. Leather Colorado, Colorado



PATRICK TONER
International Mr. Leather
1985
Representing Chaps Bar, San Francisco



SCOTT TUCKER
International Mr. Leather
1986
Representing Bike Stop, Philadelphia



TOM KARASCH
International Mr. Leather
1987
Representing MSC Hamburg, Germany

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International Mr. Leather

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In recent years the title has become more than a recognition of masculine beauty. It has also become a platform from which men like Patrick Toner and Scott Tucker have gone on to actively promote good will towards the kinky leather types in the vanilla gay community, and to help all of us kinks be even more proud of our kinkiness.

This year I will once again be among the judges assembling in Chicago to participate in the selection of one of gay leatherdom's major representatives to the world. It will be difficult, and it will be fun.

Join us at International Mr. Leather 1988, May 26 through 30, 1988. For more information contact IML, 5025 N. Clark St., Chicago, IL 60640. Phone: (312) 878-6360.

—AFD

TIES THAT BIND

Guy Baldwin, M.S.



PHOTO BY ZEUS

WHEN PARTNERS PLAY TOGETHER

"Remember, if you don't give it to him, he will find it somewhere else."

—Mr. Kane

One of the more common complaints that I hear from SM partners who have relationship troubles is that they often have a hard time getting down to a scene. Actually, when you think about it, it is not surprising that a relationship with troubles would include problems in the playroom. Quite frequently, troubles in the relationship will express themselves in the sexuality of the partnership. Likewise, when the relationship issues get resolved, bingo, the sexual stuff often clears up almost as if by magic.

My inquiries about these difficulties usually reveal that the problems began when the courtship phase of the relationship ended, and the commitment phase began. This may happen because scenes start to count for more in the context of a relationship than just a romp in the playroom with a hot stranger.

A scene between men in a healthy relationship functions as a bonding agent; it's one of the "glues" that helps hold things together. When partners play together, the scene becomes a

"you still turn me on" message.

Consequently, scenes between partners have risks that scenes between strangers don't have. Hitting rough spots with a partner usually hurts more than with a stranger (which can be plenty bad enough). One of the scariest moments in any relationship is that first time we wonder if the sexual part might be slipping away forever. Ironically, for some, the fear of the thing can make the thing itself happen. Put simply, fear of failure is a soft-on.

There are many ways by which the playing together part of the relationship gets into trouble. Partners who pressure themselves to have a successful scene stop being able to be spontaneous with their sexuality. This fear is commonly known as "performance anxiety."

Bottoms can worry that they are not "heavy" enough or that the Top will stumble across the one play activity where their true "wimpiness" will be revealed at last. Tops can worry about the need they may feel to produce constantly escalating scenes, or that they are approaching the edge of their technical competence. If a Top has made a serious technical error in a scene recently, he may be feeling "gun shy" about playing for a while. These are just a few examples to give you the idea—opportunities for developing performance anxiety are infinite.

When anybody in the relationship has performance anxiety, there will often be subtle attempts to sabotage making a scene happen. One or the other might pick a fight on play night so as to make himself unattractive. Or he might develop a headache, or hurt himself in the garden, or ruin dinner—the list of possible ploys is endless, but the objective is to carefully obstruct movement toward a scene. Most often, this is all unconscious, but sometimes he knows just what he is up to, and is powerless to stop himself. Both Tops and bottoms do it.

These are good times to talk: "I'm not feeling much like a scene tonight because . . ." ("I look fat and feel unattractive—I watched you cruising today, and I'm worried that maybe you are getting tired of me—your Mother is coming to visit, and that pisses me off—I'm afraid you will want to do such and such to me, and it scares me—"). Whatever, but tell the truth, or at least as much truth as you can stand.

This gets the feelings about the relationship out in the open, where they can be dealt with. It is usually much harder for most men to get into a scene when there is unfinished relationship business lying around all over the place. I am not saying that playing at such times is impossible, but the

scenes may feel flatter or merely technical exercises rather than flights of ecstasy for both.

Work with my clients has taught me that the worst times to play with your partner(s) are when anyone is angry or depressed. S&M can be wonderful stuff, but it does not have the power to cure these ailments any more than "love conquers all."

Men who decide to play, rather than talk about problems, can most often expect the scene not to be wonderful. SM was never designed to carry the burden of solving relationship problems. Men who try to make it do so will come away feeling that SM has let them down in some way. This will make it even harder to play the next time.

How sex works physiologically is not much of a mystery any more. How it works psychologically is now partly known, but mostly not. The psychology of an S&M scene as it is unfolding has never been studied to my knowledge (volunteers?). What I have learned about it comes from extending information about sexuality in general into the realm of S&M, and from many long conversations with gay sadomasochists both in and out of the therapy room.

One of the concepts from sexuality research that I think men in SM relationships will be able to make much good use of is "cuing." The idea is that we constantly send each other signals about what we want or what we don't want. Cues may be verbal (with words), visual (movements), or sonic (sounds). Some Tops may not know it, but one reason for using a blindfold is to eliminate visual cues and focus the bottom on touch or sound.

Cues inform without actually having to make a speech or draw a diagram. This cuing thing is something that we all do all the time when we are with others. It is very subtle, but with conscious effort, anyone can learn more about it, and improve his cuing skills. In general, the sexual part of people's relationships tends to be most satisfying when the giving and receiving of cues is smoothly worked out, so this stuff is important.

Not all cuing has sexual purposes. When we are hungry, we may signal the fact by rubbing our stomach and appearing to be in discomfort. Our hope is that the person for whom the cue is intended will say something like, "Are you hungry yet?" Another example: a quick glance toward the sky with an exasperated look is the nonverbal way of saying, "Gimme a break."

To make this idea concrete for you,

let's think about some common cues that Tops and bottoms exchange. When bottoms cruise boots in a way that is sure to be seen by the wearer, that is a cue saying, "I want closer contact with your boots, Mister." It is a more powerful erotic signal than simply reporting to someone you think is hot that "one thing I like is boots."

My belief about successful playing is that Tops and bottoms relay cues to each other in rapidfire succession which are loaded with information about preferences, taste in stimulation, intentions and responses to various stimulations.

In a way, a scene is a mutual feedback loop in which the bottom's response to a Top's stimulations becomes the next cue to the Top about where to go next. A bottom's reaction to the stroke of a whip will influence (but not necessarily control) the Top's next stroke (if the Top is the responsive variety, that is).

When bottoms refuse to react to anything, Tops are forced to draw their own conclusions about just where the bottom is at. Without reactions (one type of cue), Tops are generally playing in the dark so to speak, because there are no cues to read. This is partly why Tops complain about what I call "grin-and-bear-it bottoms."

When you are horny and want to get into a scene, you must cue your partner

as to your readiness to play. He cannot read your mind after all. If you think about it, that is what we do when we cruise in bars and other places—we find ways to code our readiness to get it on. If we determine through cuing that the interest is mutual, then we move toward negotiations. If the negotiations are successful, a scene happens, either right then or later.

We often assume that once partnered, the need to cruise is over. Not true. The content of the cruising changes—we must start using different cues. In a bar, you might stare at a stranger to signal your interest. If you did that in a relationship, he would ask if anything was wrong. The meaning of the cue has been changed by the different context.

In a relationship you might sit at his feet after dinner to send the same message. Tops might just decide that it is a good time to saddle soap their favorite whip, or send for their leather.

Some partnerships have worked out very explicit and detailed cuing that helps them move into playing. One might shower after dinner to signal interest. Or put on special music. Or offer to bring a drink. Or, "Would you like it if I polished your boots now?" The list of possibilities is endless. Be creative.

One way to cue your partner is to take your suit off when you get home and go

naked in boots or maybe a favorite jock or the vest you like—he will get your message is he wants to. If not, you still get to be in your favorite things anyway. It doesn't take two to be sexy—you were sexy before you were together, weren't you?

In relationships it is easy to forget that everyone likes to be seduced. One advantage of being in a relationship is that we don't have to start from ignorance every time we play. Good S&M takes practice. In relationships, we learn how to turn our partner(s) on—what works and what doesn't. All of this is not an excuse to skip the seduction part of having a scene. If you want to keep things hot, remember to turn each other on when you are horny.

Moving toward a scene will be more successful if you keep two things in mind: first, work hard and often to keep the unfinished emotional business in the relationship to a minimum. Second, remember that when you are sexy and seductive (whatever those words mean to YOU) you will get to play more often. Learn what cues work and use them. Play well. □

Guy Baldwin, M.S. is a psychotherapist in private practice in Los Angeles, where he works primarily with those on the sexual frontier.

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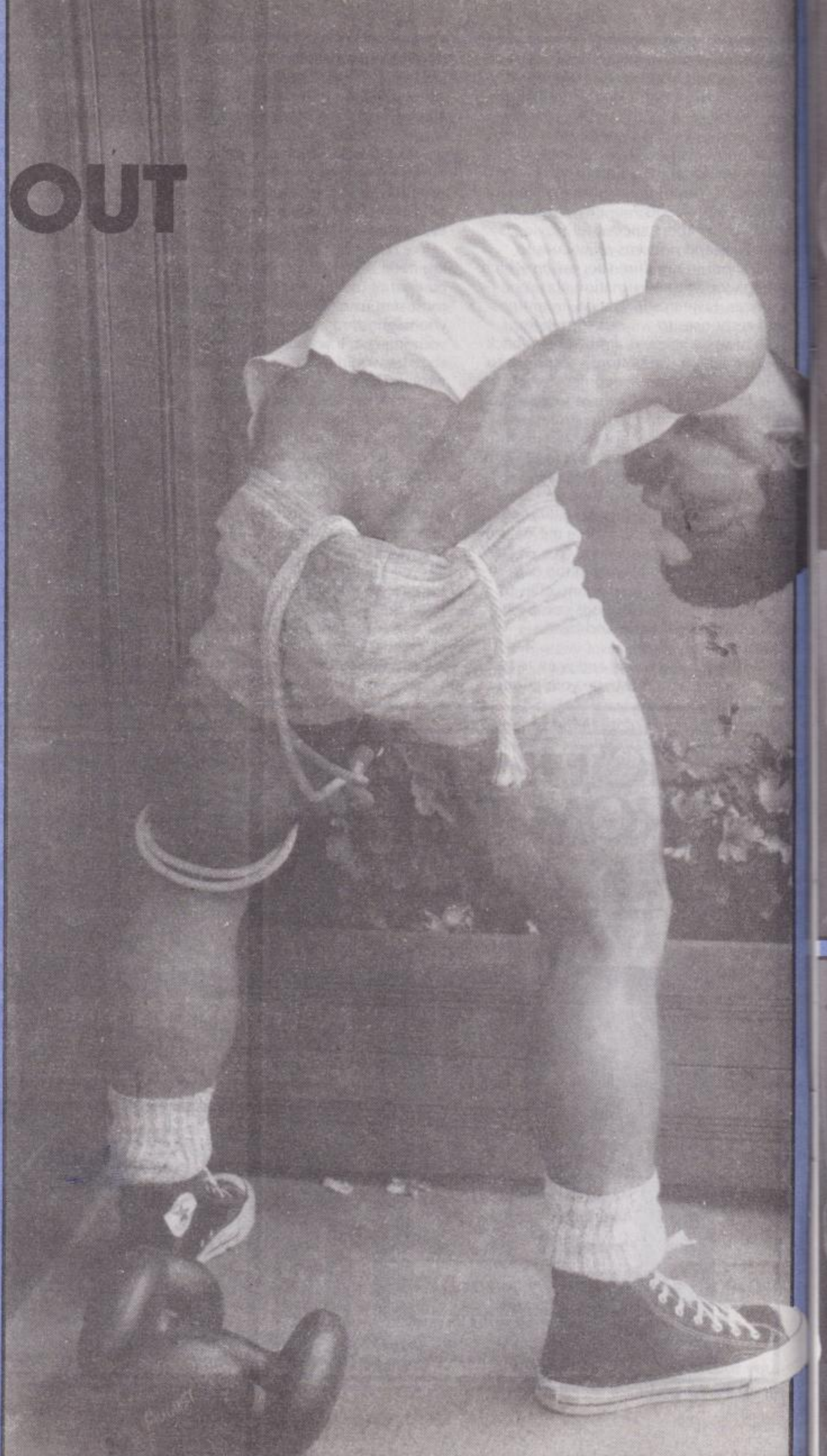
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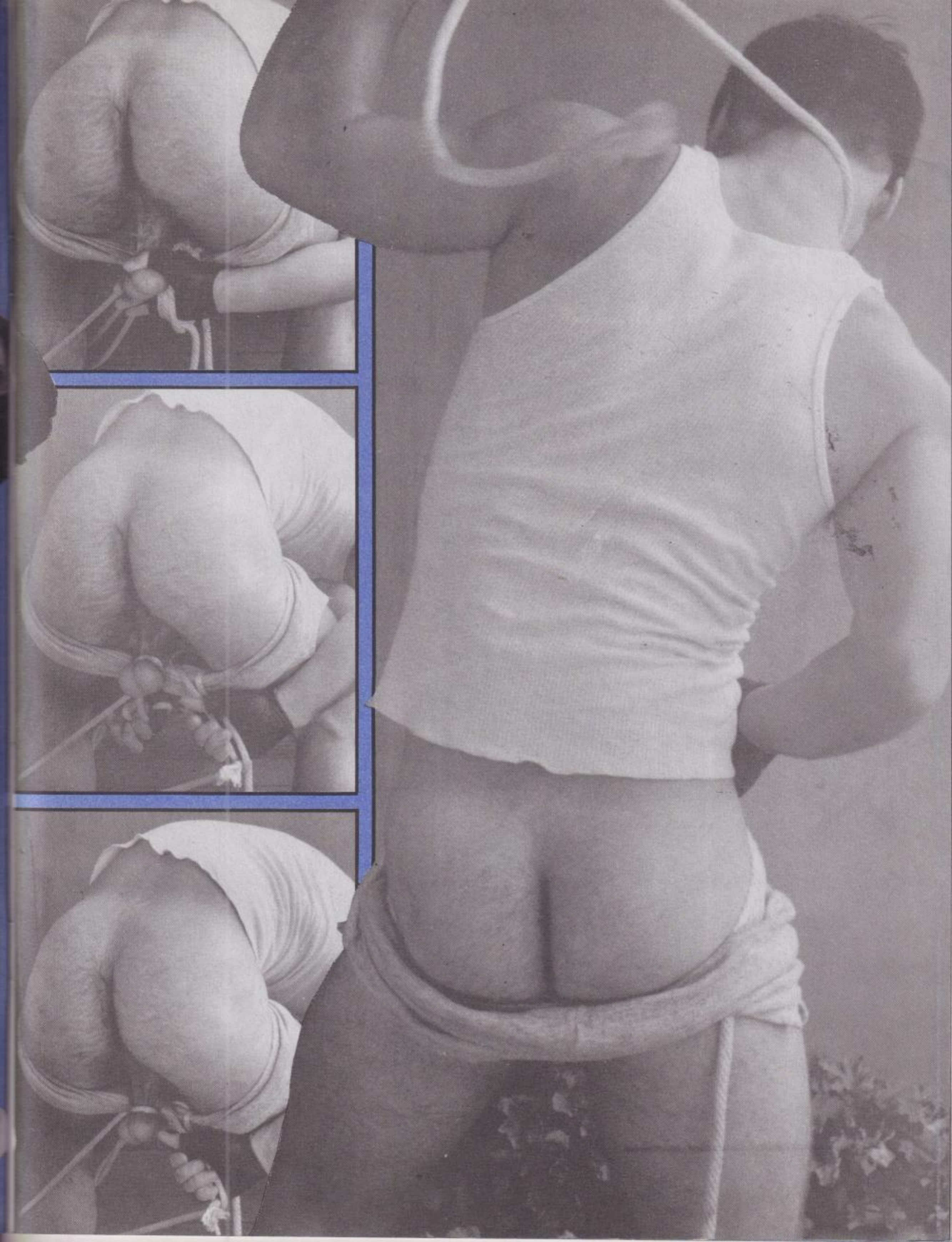
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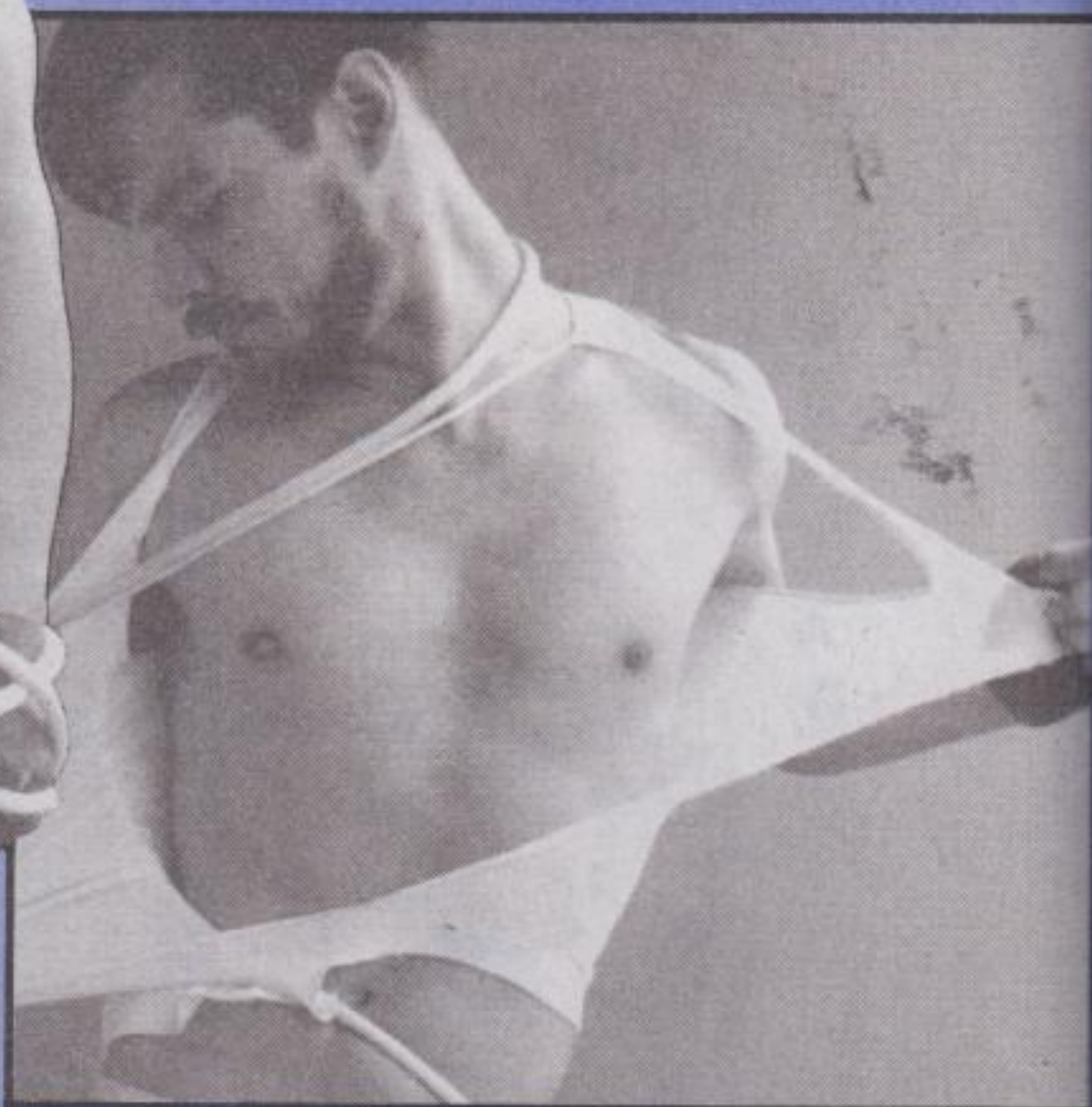
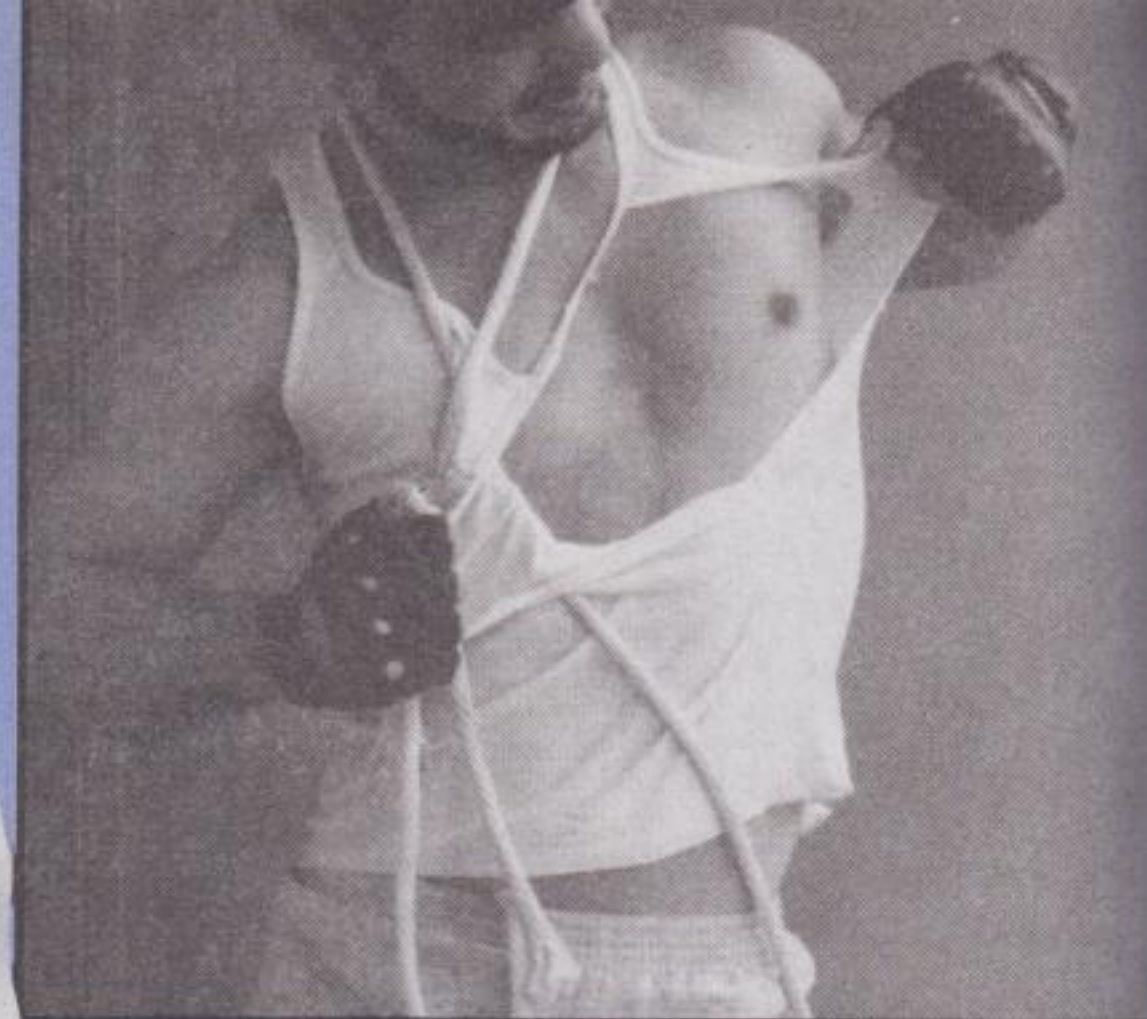
I AM OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE (SIGNATURE)

WORK OUT

Photos
by
Jack Scott



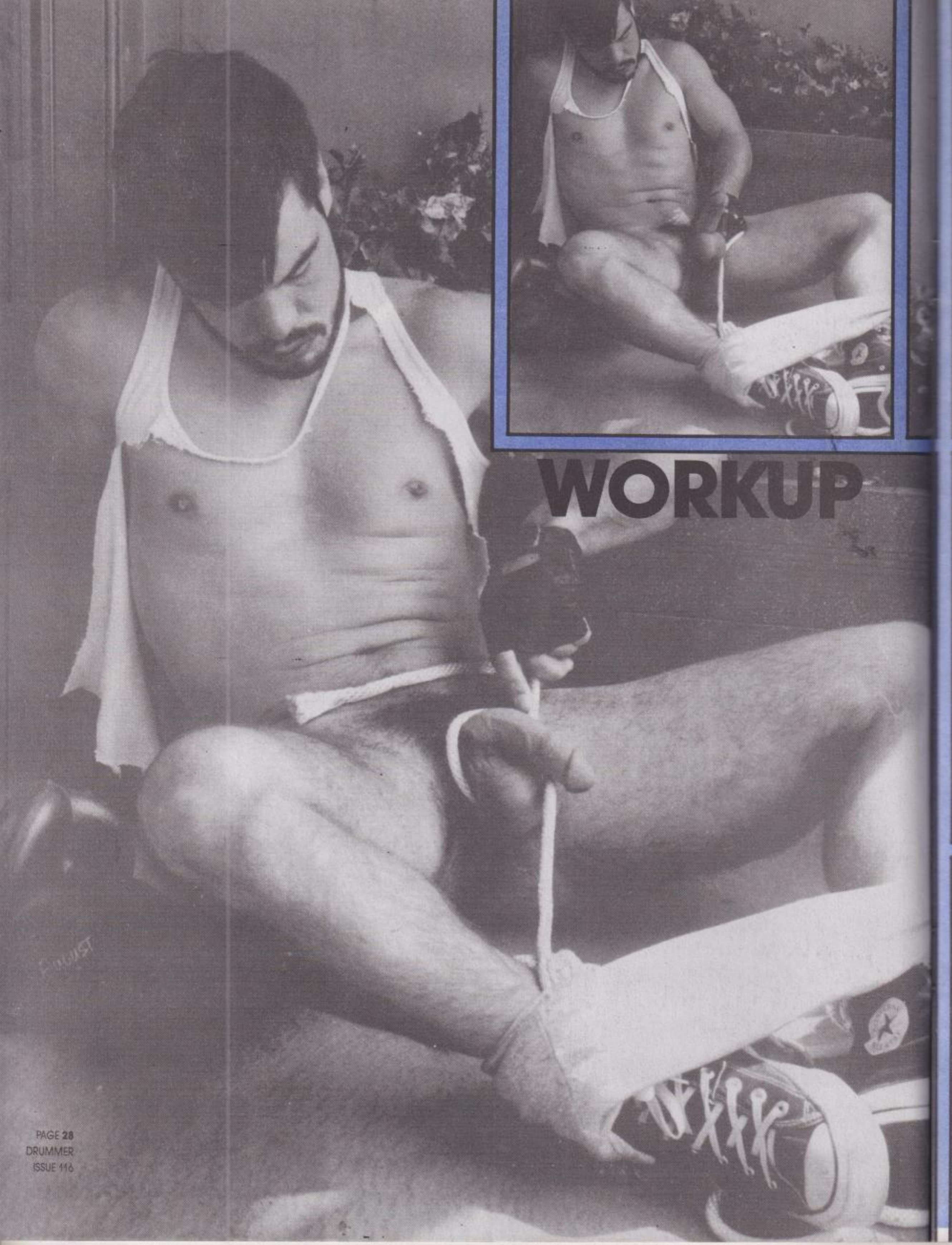




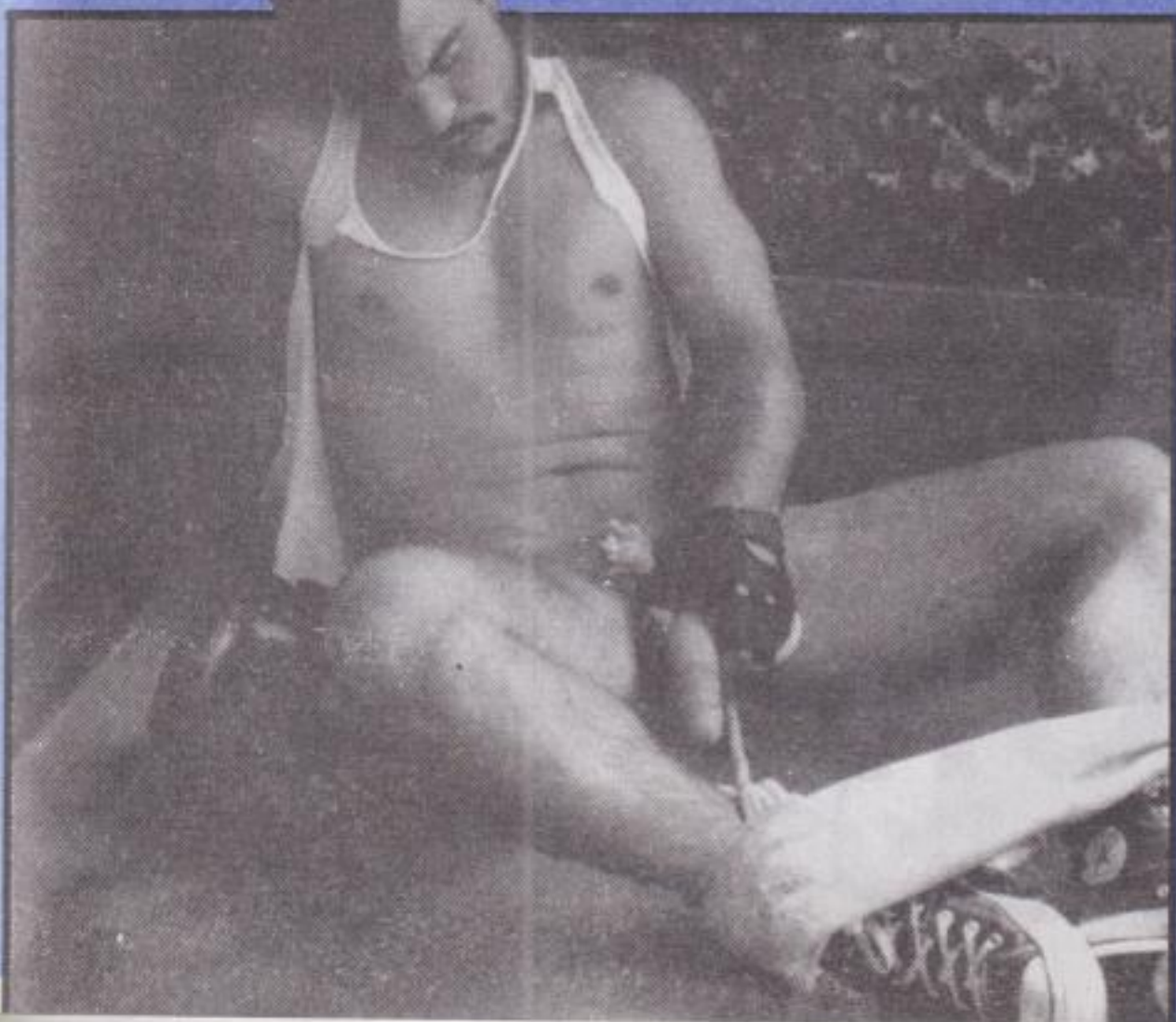
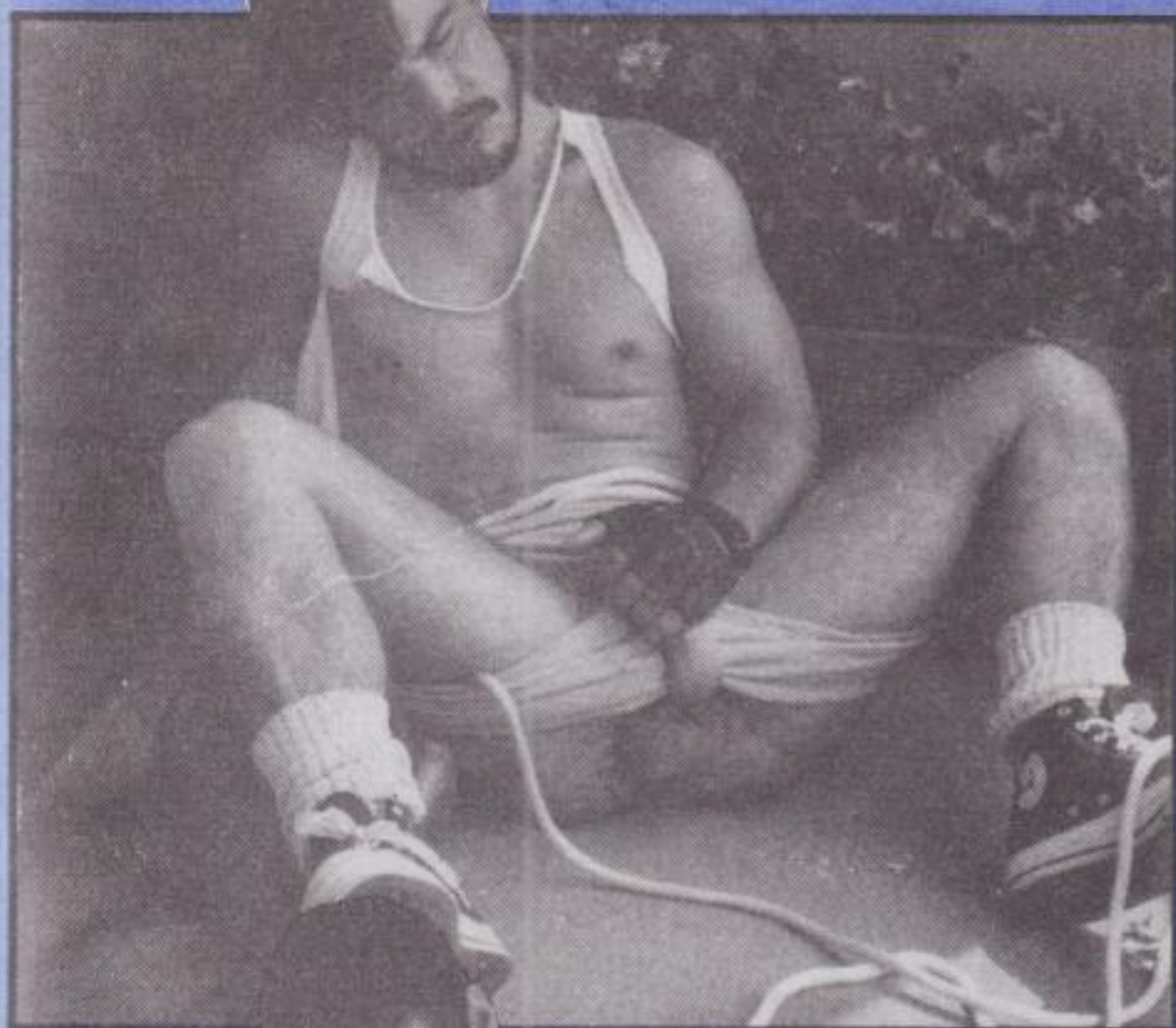


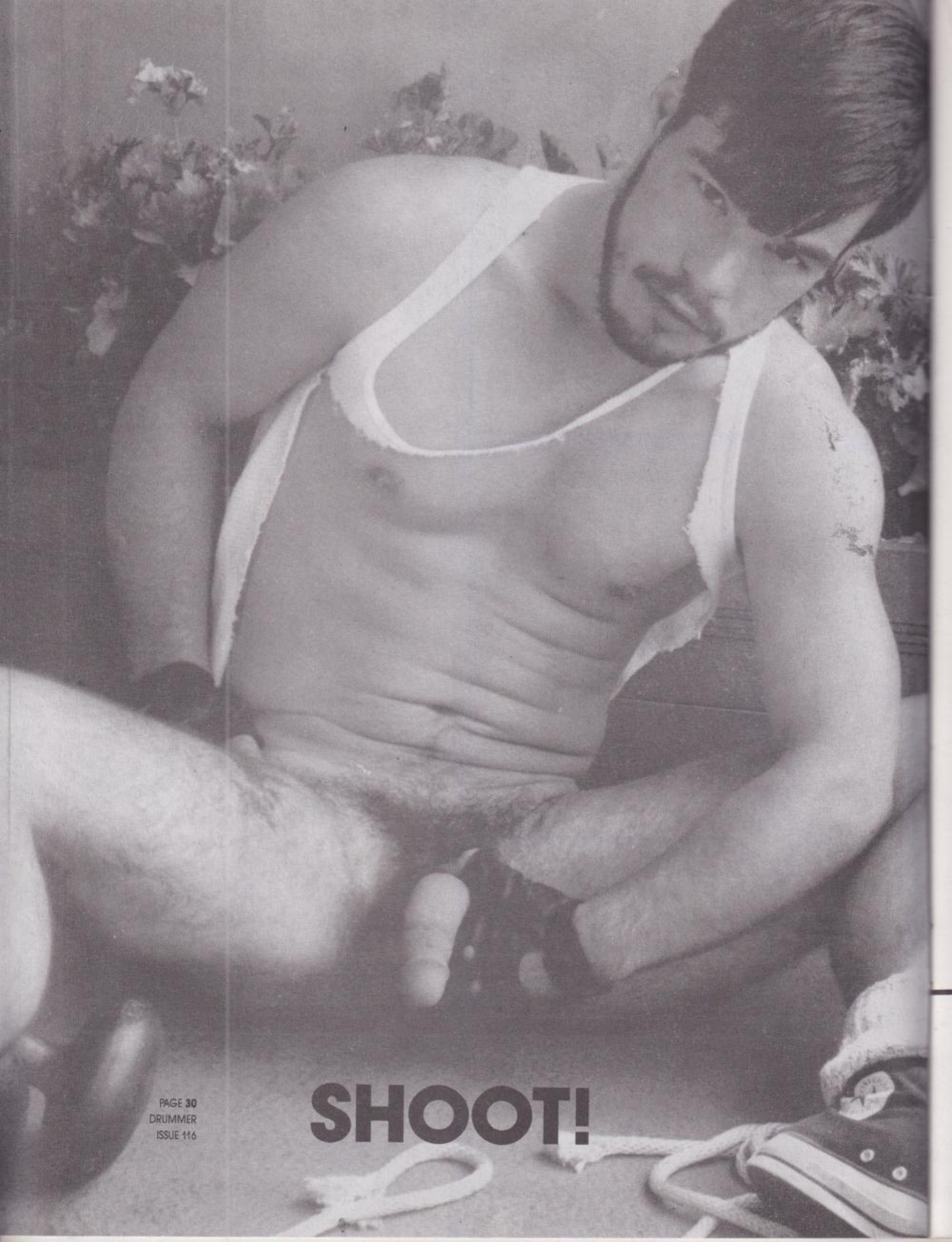
WORKDOWN





WORKUP





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DRUMMER
ISSUE 116

SHOOT!

COPS & BOXERS

by Joel Gillis

I lingered for awhile after finishing my salad, sipping on a glass of iced tea and staring at the cop's reflection in the mirror over the counter. He'd come into the cafe about ten minutes ago and now sat behind me at one of those little tables by the window. He must have been a regular, for the waitress had brought him a ham sandwich and a cup of coffee without even bothering to ask for his order.

The cop ate his sandwich quickly, only occasionally glancing out at the passing traffic. Then, after a few bread crumbs from his bristly mustache, he emptied his cup of coffee and pulled out a cigarette. I knew the time had come for me to act.

I paid for my meal at the register before walking over and sitting down across from the cop. He gave me a wary look: "You got a problem?" he growled.

I didn't say anything, but simply pulled a \$100 bill halfway out of my shirt pocket.

"I don't usually do this," the cop said, "but taking that shit in front of you got me all horny, so how'd you like to help me out by sucking my dick?" He didn't have to ask twice.

"So?" the cop said.

"I want to buy something from you," I told him, dropping the \$100 bill back into my pocket.

"Is this a bribe?" the cop asked.

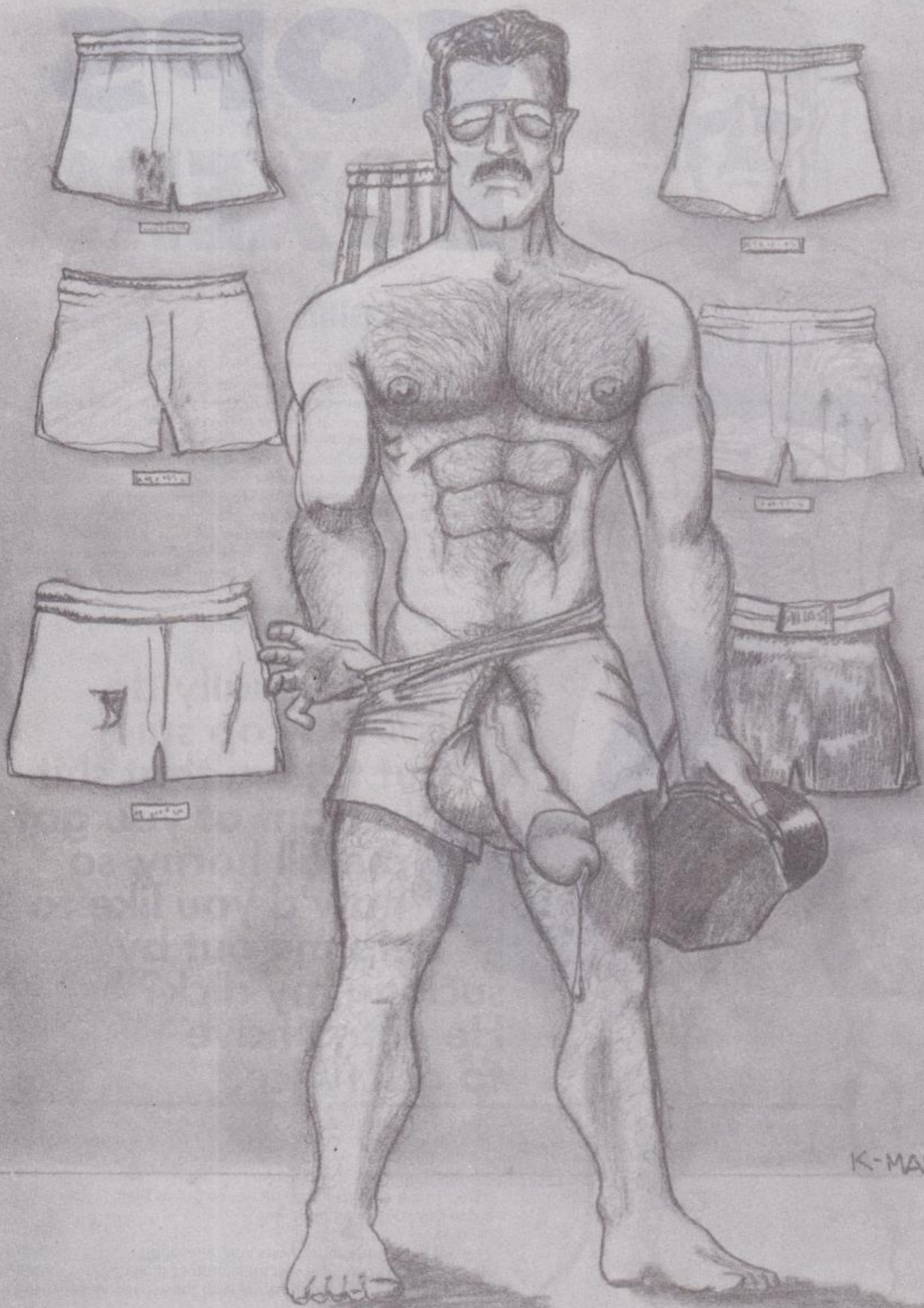
"No," I said, not sounding half as nervous as I felt. "I just want to buy something from you."

"Go on."

"I want to buy the undershorts you're wearing."

The cop didn't react. He just took another drag on his cigarette, all the while watching me with those dark, suspi-





K-MANN

cious eyes of his.

I gained courage from this silence, figuring that if the cop were going to hit me or arrest me, he'd have done so by now.

"You could go in the men's room," I suggested. "It'd only take a minute."

The cop glanced around the cafe with studied casualness. Then he stubbed out his cigarette and picked up his uniform cap.

"Wait here," he said.

I watched the big cop make his way to the john. About two minutes later he came back, carrying something wrapped in a paper towel. As he laid this makeshift package before me on the table, I glimpsed inside it part of an elastic waistband from a pair of men's boxer shorts.

"Slide the money under here," the policeman said in a low voice as he put his cap down next to the package.

I took the \$100 bill from my pocket and placed it under the cap.

"See you around," the policeman said as he picked up his cap and headed for the door.

When I got home, I unwrapped my package and laid out its contents for closer inspection. I discovered that the cop wore J.C. Penney boxer shorts, size 36, light blue in color. The seat of these shorts looked clean enough, but there seemed to be a few dribbles of dried urine around the edges of the fly.

I then held the cop's shorts to my nose and smelled the faint aroma of Safeguard soap mingled with the unmistakable scent of male sweat. Next, I wrapped these shorts around my cock and proceeded to masturbate while I thought about the policeman back at the cafe. I knew he was 43 years old, twice divorced, and in constant need of money to keep up with his gambling habits.

Exactly nine days later I saw the cop again, sitting at that same table by the window. I hesitated for a moment and then sat down across from him.

"Still got a problem?" he asked.

I nodded and pulled another \$100 bill halfway out of my shirt pocket.

"OK, wait here," the cop said, stubbing out his cigarette.

"No deal," I replied. "This time I get to watch you take 'em off."

The cop looked me over for a long moment. "That'll cost you more," he countered.

I pulled a second \$100 bill out of my pocket.

The policeman nodded and said, "Follow me."

After we stepped inside the cafe's men's room, the cop locked the door behind us. Then he unbuckled his gunbelt and hung it over the top of one of the stalls.

"You must have liked the last pair I sold you," the policeman said as he opened up the front of his blue uniform pants.

"They smelled good," I agreed. "Real masculine."

"You jack off in 'em?" the cop asked nonchalantly, pulling his pants off over his shoes and socks.

I nodded, noting that the shorts worn today by the cop were light gray in color.

The policeman now draped his pants over the top of the stall. Then he turned away from me and slid his boxer shorts down his legs, revealing a pale but firmly muscled butt. As he stepped out of his shorts and kicked them back toward me, I even caught a glimpse of his hairy ballsac hanging down between his thighs. It looked as big as a coconut.

"Get a good look at my rear end?" the cop asked, still facing away from me, as he pulled his uniform pants back on.

"I'd rather have seen you from the front."

The cop just chuckled as he turned and took the pair of \$100 bills out of my hand.

Two more weeks went by before I again saw the cop in the cafe.

"Back for more?" the cop asked with the trace of a smile.

I nodded.

"Still want to watch?" he went on.

"More than that," I said. "This time, I want to take 'em off myself."

The cop considered my offer for a moment. "OK," he agreed, "but it'll cost you \$300, and you can't touch my privates while you're doing it—understand?"

"You jack off in that gray pair I sold you?" the cop asked, after we'd gone to the men's room.

"About twenty times," I replied.

"What do you think about when you jack off?" the cop said as he took off his uniform pants.

"I think about your ass, and I think about what your dick must look like."

"How do you think it looks?" the cop asked, tossing his pants over the top of the stall.

"Long and thick."

"Well, you're about to find out," he said, turning to face me.

I saw that the cop had on another pair of light blue boxer shorts. This pair seemed to bulge out in the crotch slightly more than they should have under ordinary circumstances.

"Remember, don't touch the meat," the cop warned me as I took hold of his shorts' waistband.

I pulled the shorts down slowly, revealing first a dark thatch of pubic hair and then the thick root of an organ.

"Like it so far?" the cop asked.

I didn't say anything but simply pulled the cop's shorts a little lower. Soon, his entire organ sprang into view, followed by a heavy, hair-covered ballsac. A musky male odor now reached my nose.

"Meet your expectations?" the cop asked in a confident tone.

"Yes," I replied, pulling the shorts all the way to the floor.

The policeman shrugged. "All of us cops are big between the legs," he said, matter-of-factly.

When I got home, I discovered one of the policeman's pubic hairs stuck to the fly of his undershorts. It was black in color, curly in shape, and as tough as a steel wire.

Only five days passed before I saw the cop again at the cafe. This time someone already occupied the men's room, so the cop pointed to the back exit which led into the alley. Once outside, the cop looked around to make sure no one was observing us. Then he stepped into a recessed doorway and began to unbuckle his gunbelt.

"I suppose you want to take 'em off me again," he sighed.

"Not this time. I want you to take 'em off, and then I want you to piss all over 'em till they're sopping wet. I'll pay you \$400."

The cop gave an indulgent shake of the head. "Always something different," he said, hanging his gunbelt over the side of a nearby trash bin.

A minute or so later, I watched the policeman hold his undershorts in his right hand while his left hand aimed his cock like a fire-hose. Then a stream of piss came out of his cock—dark yellow in color—which splattered all over the policeman's tan-colored shorts.

When I got home, I took these shorts out of the plastic bag I'd dropped them in. Then I wiped them back and forth across my face, smelling and tasting the content of the policeman's bladder.

The cop didn't seem surprised to see me when I next sat down across from him at the cafe.

"What's the gimmick this time?" he asked, staring at the five \$100 bills I'd pulled halfway out of my shirt pocket.

"I want you to take off your shorts and shoot your cum into 'em while I watch."

The cop blew a stream of cigarette smoke out of his nose.

"You're getting pretty nervy," he finally said.

"If you can't get a hard-on," I retorted, "just say so."

The cop shrugged his shoulders, apparently unangered by my words. "I'm not going to beat my meat in the john," he said, "and I'm sure as hell not going to do it in the alley,

either."

"Pick a place," I suggested.

The cop thought a moment. "OK, come with me," he said, rising from the table.

I followed the cop out of the cafe and across the street where his black-and-white squad car had been parked.

"We're going for a little ride," the cop said, opening his door. He then drove me across town to the top floor of a large parking ramp.

"We won't be bothered here," the cop promised, shutting off his car engine. "The attendants won't let anything but squad cars up on top."

"Policemen come here often to masturbate?" I asked.

"Fuck you," the cop replied, opening his car door.

I watched the policeman climb outside and take off his gunbelt and pants. Then I watched as he stepped out of his pale-yellow undershorts.

"What do you do with all these things?" the policeman asked as he tossed his gunbelt and trousers into the back seat of the car.

"I'm building a collection."

The cop shook his head and slid his bare ass back into the car. Then he slammed the door.

"You're still limp," I said, looking over between the cop's legs.

"I haven't started yet," the cop replied, a bit irritably. Then he curled his right hand around his pecker and began to gently tug on it. At the same time, he took the shorts in his left hand in order to wipe the sweat from his balls.

"I'll get 'em real smelly for you," he said.

I didn't reply but simply watched in silence as the policeman's tool grew longer and thicker and more rigid. Soon, it jutted straight up from his groin, its blue veins throbbing with pulses of blood and its piss-hole oozing out a drop of clear liquid.

"Can I touch it this time?" I asked, not really expecting the

cop to consent.

"In a minute," the cop grunted as he jerked harder and harder on his rod.

Barely believing my good fortune, I leaned closer to the action, noting how the cop spread his legs and raised his hips in preparation for his climax.

"Now!" the policeman ordered, pulling his hand away.

I immediately curled my fingers around the shaft of the policeman's organ, feeling both its heat and its moisture. Then I jerked upward, causing the cop to let out a groan.

"Harder!" he commanded.

I gave a few more jerks, as streams of pre-cum fluid oozed down over my hand. Then the cop thrust himself upward as a ribbon of white lava suddenly came shooting from the tip of his manhood.

"Harder!" the cop said again, louder than before.

I jerked and squeezed as hard as I could as I pulled on the policeman's column of gristle. All this time he kept shooting out pellets of semen which now drenched the wadded-up shorts held in his hand.

Finally the cop's explosive climax came to an end, and I reluctantly let go of his limp but still drooling organ.

"Allow me," I suggested, taking the shorts from the cop's hand.

Since the policeman didn't object, I wiped his tool with his shorts and then ran them once more between his sweaty legs. If the cop didn't like me coming into contact with his balls, he certainly didn't say so.

"There's plenty more where that came from," the cop remarked when he saw me examining the stickiness on his undershorts. "Plenty more."

Because of a business trip, I didn't see the cop again for several weeks. However, when I returned to the cafe, I once more found him sitting at his usual place by the window.

"Been saving up lots of jism for you," he said as I sat down

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across from him.

"That's odd," I retorted, feeling increasingly at ease with this man. "I thought police-balls were usually empty from too much fucking around."

The cop smiled. Obviously the thought of earning some more "easy money" had put him in a good mood.

"What'll it be this time?" he asked, lighting a cigarette. "Piss or jism or something else?"

"Something else," I said. "This time I want to watch you shit in your shorts."

The cop glanced uneasily around the cafe, perhaps fearing we might be overheard.

"I don't know," he said in a low voice. "This is getting pretty kinky."

"But you'll earn \$100 more than last time," I pointed out. "Besides, you take a shit every morning anyway, don't you?"

"Every morning," he agreed. "I'm real regular. But where would you want to go to—"

"Pick a place," I interrupted.

Early on the following Saturday, the cop drove me in his own car to the Police Gymnasium on 14th Street. He was off-duty but, according to my instructions, wore his blue uniform.

"We'll have the place to ourselves for the next three hours," the cop assured me as he unlocked the gym's side door.

Inside, he showed me the locker and shower rooms which formed the east end of the gymnasium. These rooms smelled strongly of after-shave, jock-itch power, and—most of all—masculine sweat. Then he showed me the toilets, where a heavy dose of disinfectant couldn't quite cover the accumulated stench of cop-excrement.

"I can do it in here," the policeman offered "but I'd rather do it back in the shower room. Make it easier to clean up."

"Fine with me," I said, "just as long as you do it like I told you to."

The policeman led me back to the showers where he hooked his gunbelt over one of the nozzles mounted high in the wall. Then he removed his shoes, socks, and uniform pants till he stood naked from the waist down except for a pair of plain white boxer shorts.

"How long will this take?" I asked.

"Not long," the policeman said. "I'm about an hour past my usual time."

The policeman then turned and placed his hands flat against the wall as if he were being frisked.

"Spread your legs a little wider, please," I instructed, noting the way the seat of the cop's shorts fitted snugly across his buttocks.

After several minutes of silent waiting, I heard a splashing sound as a stream of urine began to run down the inside of the cop's left leg. This stream soon created a yellow puddle on the white tile of the shower-room floor.

The policeman then farted, loudly, followed by a grunting noise from deep inside his throat. The seat of his boxer shorts began to soak through with a moist brown stain.

Soon I had the cop's shitty underwear safely sealed inside a plastic bag.

"Should have charged you by the turd," the policeman chuckled, his bare legs still glistening with brown trails.

"Would have made more money that way."

I handed the cop six \$100 bills and watched as he walked over to tuck them inside his wallet.

"Want to look at me in the shower?" the cop bantered, starting to unbutton his uniform shirt. "No extra charge."

I nodded and waited for the cop to take off his light-blue shirt, seeing for the first time his broad, hair-covered chest and his large, sharply-pointed nipples. I also saw a white scar which ran horizontally across the left side of his belly.

"A knife wound," the policeman said, noting the direction of my gaze. "Got it in a back-alley brawl, my first month on



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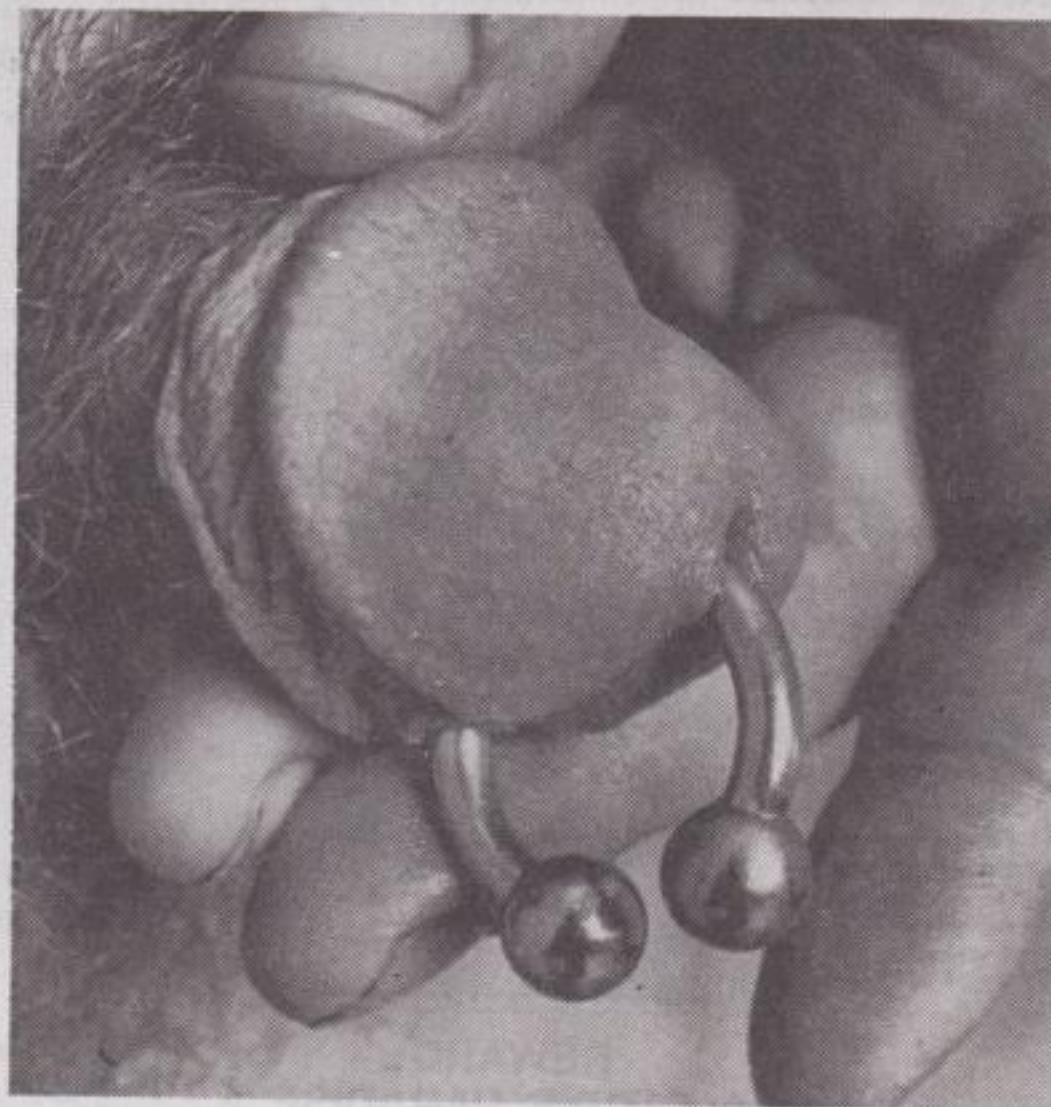
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the job."

He reached up and turned on the shower.

"Mind if I join you?" I blurted out.

"Sure, come on in," the cop said, after only the slightest of pauses.

Moments later I stood naked with the policeman under the stream of hot water, helping to wash all traces of shit from his skin.

"You certainly went to a lot of trouble just to get your hands on my ass," the cop said as I rubbed soapy fingers into that hairy crack between his buns.

Later, as we dried ourselves off with towels, I saw that the policeman's cock now surged up from his groin in a rising erection. Thus I wasn't too surprised when the policeman suddenly grabbed me by the arm and pulled me, still naked, out of the shower room.

"Want to show you something," he growled as he tossed my towel to the floor.

Soon I found myself with the cop in a small storeroom, virtually empty except for a metal-framed cot covered by a thin mattress.

"Sit down," he said, so I settled myself on the edge of the cot.

"I don't usually do this," he went on, moving into position in front of me, "but taking that shit in front of you's gotten me all horny, so how'd you like to help me out by sucking on my dick?"

The man didn't have to ask twice. I leaned forward and licked the cop's balls, prompting him to let out a groan of satisfaction. Then I closed my mouth around the crown of his organ, causing him to groan even louder.

"Put your fingers inside me," he said, so I reached around and began to probe the velvety center of his anus. Seconds later, I felt a scalding tide of cop-sperm cascading down the lining of my throat.

I deliberately avoided the cop for the next month or so,

hoping that his gambling debts would cause him to become increasingly anxious for more of my money. Then I went to the cafe, sat at the counter, and waited for his arrival.

The cop had his usual sandwich and coffee, followed by a cigarette, and while he didn't look over at me, I figured he must be wondering why I didn't join him at his table. Finally he put out his cigarette in an ashtray and ambled casually over to the counter.

"Haven't seen you in a while," he said, sliding into the seat beside me.

"Been busy," I replied.

The cop nodded, seemingly undisturbed by my long absence.

"Sure is a hot day," he said, after a half-minute's silence.

"Must have worked up a real sweat directing traffic down by the Courthouse."

I didn't respond, but the thought of the salty dampness now coating the policeman's crotch filled me with undeniable hunger.

"If you want to," the cop went on, lowering his voice, "I'll let you pull off my shorts with your teeth."

"Well," I finally remarked, "there is one thing needed to complete my collection, but I doubt if you'd be willing to provide it."

I paid my bill and headed outside with the policeman close behind me. Then, on the cafe's front sidewalk, I stopped and pulled from my wallet a folded-up newspaper clipping about the trial of a man accused of shooting a cop in the groin. According to an underlined paragraph in this clipping, the man's trial had to be postponed because a key piece of evidence—namely, the cop's bloody underwear—had been stolen from the local evidence-room.

The policeman's face reddened as he looked over the clipping.

"Let me get this straight," he said, handing back the piece of paper. "You want me to steal the shorts off some wounded

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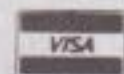
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police officer so you can—"

"No, no," I interrupted. "I want your shorts with your blood on 'em."

"Burn in hell," the cop muttered, pushing roughly past me.

"You can earn \$2000," I called after him.

The cop turned, walked back to me, and thrust his face close enough to my own that I could smell the tobacco on his breath. "You think getting my balls blown off is worth a fuckin' \$2000?!" he hissed.

"Hell, no. Your balls are priceless," I replied, but the cop's anger didn't seem to lessen. "Look," I went on, "there's this man I know who's always wanted to shoot a cop between the legs, and since he's an expert marksman, there's not much danger of—"

The cop snorted, spraying tiny droplets of saliva into my face.

"The bullet will graze the right side of your scrotum and the inside of your upper right thigh," I resumed as calmly as I could. "There'll be some blood and some pain, but no permanent damage, and we'll arrange it so you'll look like a hero in the press. POLICEMAN WOUNDED BY FLEEING BURGLAR, or something like that."

The cop's face grew even redder.

"My friend will get to shoot a policeman, I'll get your blood-stained shorts, and you'll get a fast \$2000," I continued. "Maybe even a medal and a whole week of sick-leave."

Without even blinking his eyes, the cop jerked his knee up between my legs, mashing my testicles and causing a bolt of pain to shoot through my body. Then he turned and walked across the street toward his squad car, leaving me bent over and gasping on the sidewalk.

Several customers heading for the cafe gave me nervous glances, but none of them stopped to help.

I didn't expect to hear from him for at least ten days, but when three weeks passed without so much as a word from

the cop, I began to think I'd pushed my luck too far.

Then, on a rainy night in mid-September, he called me at home on my private line—the one that was supposedly "unlisted."

"Listen, you goddamned pervert," he snarled, "that friend of yours better be a crack shot, 'cause if he misses by even an eighth of an inch, so help me, I'm gonna make you wish—"

"Everything will be fine," I interrupted. "Don't worry."

"And it'll cost you twice as much as you said it would," the cop continued.

"No, it won't," I replied.

"But shooting a policeman in the—"

"I'll call you over the weekend to work out details," I interrupted again. Then I hung up.

I knew the cop wouldn't dare call back. I also knew I'd now succeeded in making him so dependent on my money, he'd do anything I asked him to. Anything.

I walked to the cabinet and opened the drawer which contained my toys: tit-clamps, dildoes, cattle-prods, whips, branding-irons, etc. The policeman had probably never seen half of these items before, but in the course of the next few months, I planned to introduce him to each and every one of them.

After all, buying a cop's undershorts is one thing, but the real pleasure a policeman can provide lies in his ability to absorb great amounts of pain over long periods of time.

I pulled a pair of ball-crushers from the drawer and turned them over in my hand, imagining how they'd look when attached to that hairy sac between the cop's legs. Then I went to my bedroom and masturbated, shooting my cum into that pair of light blue boxer shorts the cop had sold me for \$100 at our first meeting. Maybe they weren't as interesting as some of the shorts he'd sold me later, but—being the first—they had a certain sentimental value to them, and despite what you might think of me, I place a great deal of value on that sort of thing. □

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VIDEO

CURRENT RELEASE!!

ROUGH STUFF

David Stein

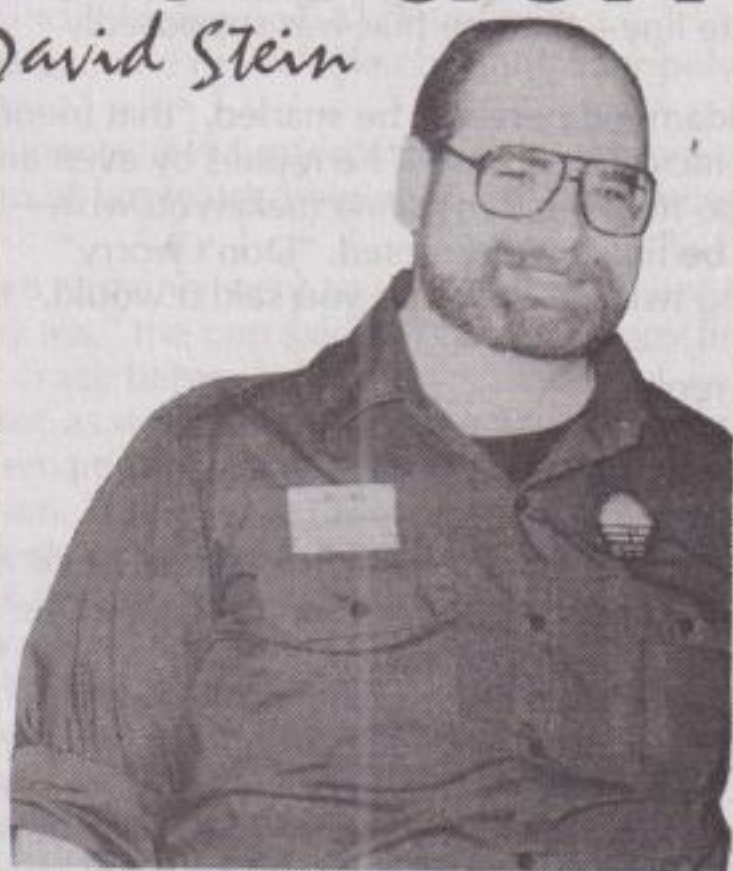


Photo by John Kenney

BUILDING A COMMUNITY

Thirty years ago, there was a real S/M community in this country. It wasn't very large, several hundred people at most, and it was virtually all male. But it was a close-knit group. Most of its members knew most of the others, at least by reputation. It was not an easy group to join; it could take years before a newcomer was accepted and taken seriously. But in the process of earning acceptance, those who persevered absorbed a common set of standards and a common code of conduct. An elaborate etiquette helped everyone find his place and know what was expected of him in different situations. I know of this community only second-hand, from the testimony of men who were part of it. By the time I was coming out in S/M twelve years ago, it had ceased to exist. America's original S/M community was, ironically, a casualty of the sexual revolution. S/M and leather were "discovered" by those outside the ranks of aficionados, and the trappings of the scene, stripped of its essence, became fashion. Leather bars, at least for men, proliferated (and even advertised), and publications featuring fetishes and kinks began to be sold openly. The real S/M community was overwhelmed by the hordes of the curious, the voyeurs, and the poseurs. Thousands, then tens of thousands, adopted a carefully studied Tom of Finland look, but once out of their clothes, for the vast majority the sexual flavor of choice was still plain vanilla.

There were also, however, hundreds of men—and, finally, more and more women—who looked at magazines like *Drummer* or cautiously walked into their first leather bars and felt that the gates of heaven had opened for them—hundreds of us who might have spent a lifetime of puzzled frustration and guilt searching for we knew not what, fight-

ing feelings we couldn't acknowledge, if S/M and leather had not been dragged out of the closet.

Nonetheless, the old S/M community was undone by the scene's newfound popularity. There was no way that its small-town virtues of personal loyalty and trust, its slow transmission of techniques from each Master to his peers or hand-picked disciples, or its unwritten code of honor, which weeded out unrelies through ostracism, could be translated into a community ten or a hundred times its size.

New institutions had to be created, and, to our credit, we have been creating them. Most of the organizations listed in *Drummer's* "Leather Bulletin Board" or classified ads did not exist ten years ago. Some did not exist two years ago. Yet some of our organizations today have mailing lists larger than the entire national S/M community thirty years ago. That is not to say that everyone reached and served by large groups such as Gay-Male-S/M Activists or the National Leather Association or the Society of Janus is equally committed, equally experienced, or equally accomplished. They cannot be, for these groups are intended to be nonjudgmental entry points into the scene, welcoming novices and those still learning what they want. Anyone can join who meets their age, gender, and dues requirements (which are often waived in hardship cases).

But we also have hundreds of smaller groups, and many of these are more selective or more focused. Whether your tastes run to bondage or ass play, to rubber or piercings or boots, whether you prefer to meet for discussions or orgies, there is almost certainly a group or a contact club or a publication somewhere to help meet your needs.

S/M no longer belongs to just a small fraternity. The genie is out of the bottle, and it's no use wishing that people wouldn't pick up a whip or buy a cattle prod or pair of handcuffs without serving several years' apprenticeship first. Everyone wants a chance to play. If everyone is to know how to play safely and sanely, observing the principles of informed consent, we need to create a new community on a much vaster scale than the one that was lost.

That community will consist of individuals, of course, but the only thing that can hold it together is organizations and institutions. Individuals come and go, taking what they need, giving what they have to or want to, then burning out or passing on to other interests and concerns. Organizations certainly have their limits as well, but successful ones can endure to become more than the sum of their members. The best organizations embody visions—whether visions

of social change or just of a safe venue for the fulfillment of sexual fantasies—that can inspire people to achieve and contribute more than they would have thought possible. In the 1950's, an individual wishing to become active in S/M had to earn acceptance by an inner circle of "exemplars": highly experienced and respected Tops and bottoms who decided what was done and what was not done, who could be trusted and who was to be shunned. Today the role of exemplar, of standard setter, is taken more and more by organizations.

Last October, I saw a new S/M community in the making in the huge S/M and Leather Contingent at the National March on Washington, and especially at the exhilarating S/M-Leather Conference held in the capital the day before. Nearly a thousand individuals participated in the conference and marched with the contingent, but it was organizations that provided the money, the planning, the publicity, and the motivation to insure a strong turnout. More than ninety organizations were represented at the conference, and I saw people who hadn't even known each other's groups existed excitedly comparing ideas and experiences, finding common ground. It quickly became clear that we needed an ongoing national network to enable all of our existing local and regional and even national groups, and the new ones that will be formed in the future, to communicate, share with, and help each other.

Unfortunately, at the meeting held in Dallas this past February to create that network (see report in *Drummer* #115), hopes for a true community nearly died as factionalism and mistrust undermined what had been accomplished in October. The dream of a network created by and for independent organizations, each representing and directly serving its own individual members, was shattered when individuals who had not been in Washington, some of whom had not previously been involved with community groups at all, demanded—and received—a big piece of a pie that hadn't been baked yet.

Instead of building on the strength of our hundreds of existing organizations, which represent thousands of men and women all over the country, resources will be squandered on a quixotic effort to recruit "GDI's," individuals who have not hitherto found (or founded) an organization to their liking. Under the guise of providing a haven for isolated individuals, the new "network" organization will find itself competing for individual members with its own member groups.

Sadly, a number of veteran activists joined in the trashing, and even led it. At the Dallas meeting they asserted that

our existing organizations are not to be trusted, that organizations cannot represent the interests of individuals—not even the organizations they themselves belong to and claimed to speak for. And the bigger the organization, the longer established, the more widely known, the more these self-appointed tribunes of the people were determined to deny it a leading role in the network being formed. Two days of backbiting and rumor-mongering had their effect, and when the time came to choose members of a temporary steering committee, in the name of “democracy” several of the nation’s largest cities and most of our community’s largest organizations were disenfranchised.

Now it is up to the temporary steering committee to repair the damage, if it can. One way is to make itself more representative by inviting the excluded regions and major organizations to name additional committee members. Another is by including in the bylaws of the new network organization a more rational means of insuring a voice for both organizational and individual members than the compromise formula voted in Dallas, according to which two-thirds of the seats on the governing body must be elected by organizational members and one-third by individual members.

That arbitrary formula was the result of exhaustion and deadline pressure, not of any thoughtful examination of the consequences or of the community’s real needs. It appears to give greater weight to organizations than to individual members, but if, as seems likely, many groups and relatively few individuals join—simply because organizations need to belong to a national network much more than most individuals do—the latter’s influence will be exaggerated far out of proportion to their numbers. Assuming that individual members are retained in the final form of the network at all, it is obvious that their relative share in its governance should reflect their actual presence on its roster, not be dictated in advance. But even if the organization founded in Dallas proves a false start, the time is ripe for a truly cooperative effort. The need for an effective national S/M-Leather network is clear, and I am confident that before the end of this decade we will create one.

David Stein is a co-founder and past president of New York’s Gay-Male-S/M Activists, now in its eighth year of service to the community, as well as a member of the National Leather Association and an associate member of the Chicago Hellfire Club. He has been active in gay journalism and the gay-rights movement for many years.



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PAGE 39
DRUMMER

ISSUE 116

Fetish Feature is a special section that will be found in most issues of *Drummer*. Each issue will focus on a special turn-on, including news and information, fiction, photos, art, etc. for each fetish. A special feature will be the Fetish Tough Customers section. Send in your special photos for the Fetish TCs and send in your letters, stories, likes, dislikes, etc. for these upcoming fetishes:

Drummer	Fetish Feature	Deadline
#118	Rubber	Too Late
#119	Bears & Mountain Men	June 1
#120	Mud, Oil, Grease & Grunge	July 1
#121	Tits	August 1

Have you missed getting into the Fetish Feature that is your particular turn-on? You don't have to wait until the subject rolls around again. Send us your photos, letters, club news, etc. There are regular columns in *Drummer* that carry these every month and we'll be happy to include yours for tattoos, boots, shaving, wrestling, or whatever you have missed! □

UNDERWEAR

FETISH FEATURE

I didn't get much sleep last night thinking about underwear.

—Lawrence Ferlinghetti

IN PRAISE OF UNDERWEAR

Some men experience their first sexual turn-on to the male image when as "innocents" they take the Sears Catalogue with them out to the outhouse. The end of innocence. In that magazine bastion of middle-class decency, the Sears Catalogue, that place where every household owns a new washer and a new dryer because respectability at the very least implies that you are deodorized and clean, we find—gasp (!)—men dressed in nothing but underwear. Certainly, standing around in front of your brothers in your underwear was not a very "respectable" or a very "clean" thing to do, and doing it—everyone wearing their underwear like that as you wrestled with your brothers—frequently made your dick hard.

And there they were—HUNKS—doing it (sort of: it was more like the suggestion of sexuality) on the pages of the Sears Catalogue. Not your average place to look for erotica. Men lounging around half-nekked. It was the most decadent thing your inexperienced consciousness had ever seen. Innocence lost. You sat in the john, you played with your meat, you flipped through the underwear pages;

you came in waves of disrupted agonized orgasm.

Sears advertising is often the first image many boys jerk off to. And those sort of stiff (everything is stiff in these photographs except what should be stiff) images of those somewhat uncomfortable-looking men tend to stay with you the way your first not-so-innocent fuck stays with you. You remember how surprised you were to see male models dressed in underwear. You wondered if the Sears models got it on. Dressed in underwear, of course. You thought, probably. You thought, NO! You thought, oh, probably. You looked for bulges. You found nada. You remember how you wanted those men in their underwear. You wanted to touch them. You wanted to feel the softness of the underwear.

You liked the way the model's balls seemed encased by all that cotton. You wanted to smell. Taste. You wanted to rub your face into the model's crotch. The Sears Catalogue became required reading. And from that point forward you began to secretly notice—underwear.

Beasty BVDs, Beguiling Bikinis, Spectacular Speedos, Gyromagnetic G-strings, Skimpy Skivvies, Nylon Naughties, Bwana Boxers, Lecherous Longjohns, Jazzy Jockies, and Bargain Basement Briefs—underwear! It comes in all sizes, all designs, all colors, and it made Frederick's of Hollywood disgusting filthy rich. Underwear goes

way back. It has a history. It has an anthropology. We do not live during the only period in time where the human animal has bound his genitals.

Greek runners carrying messages between generals wore jockstrap-like affairs which kept their cock and balls from being pulverized during long-distance marathons. Early Greek soldiers during Alexander's reign wore skirts and no underwear. Persian soldiers wore pants and no underwear—Mediterranean cultures were too warm and too busy slaughtering each other to invent underwear. Nordic cultures traditionally wore layers of clothing and every Viking wore clean underwear because the Viking mothers were big on it and if you went to the hospital you wanted to have clean Viking underwear because in the Viking hospitals they always made you take your clothes off. Ironically, during the Bourbon rule in France, a period very much concerned with elaborate costume, many men and many women did not wear underwear. Which explains why the French have exceptionally dirty minds and why extraordinarily tight silk pants were a favorite among the male of the species. You could see every French vein on every French cock.

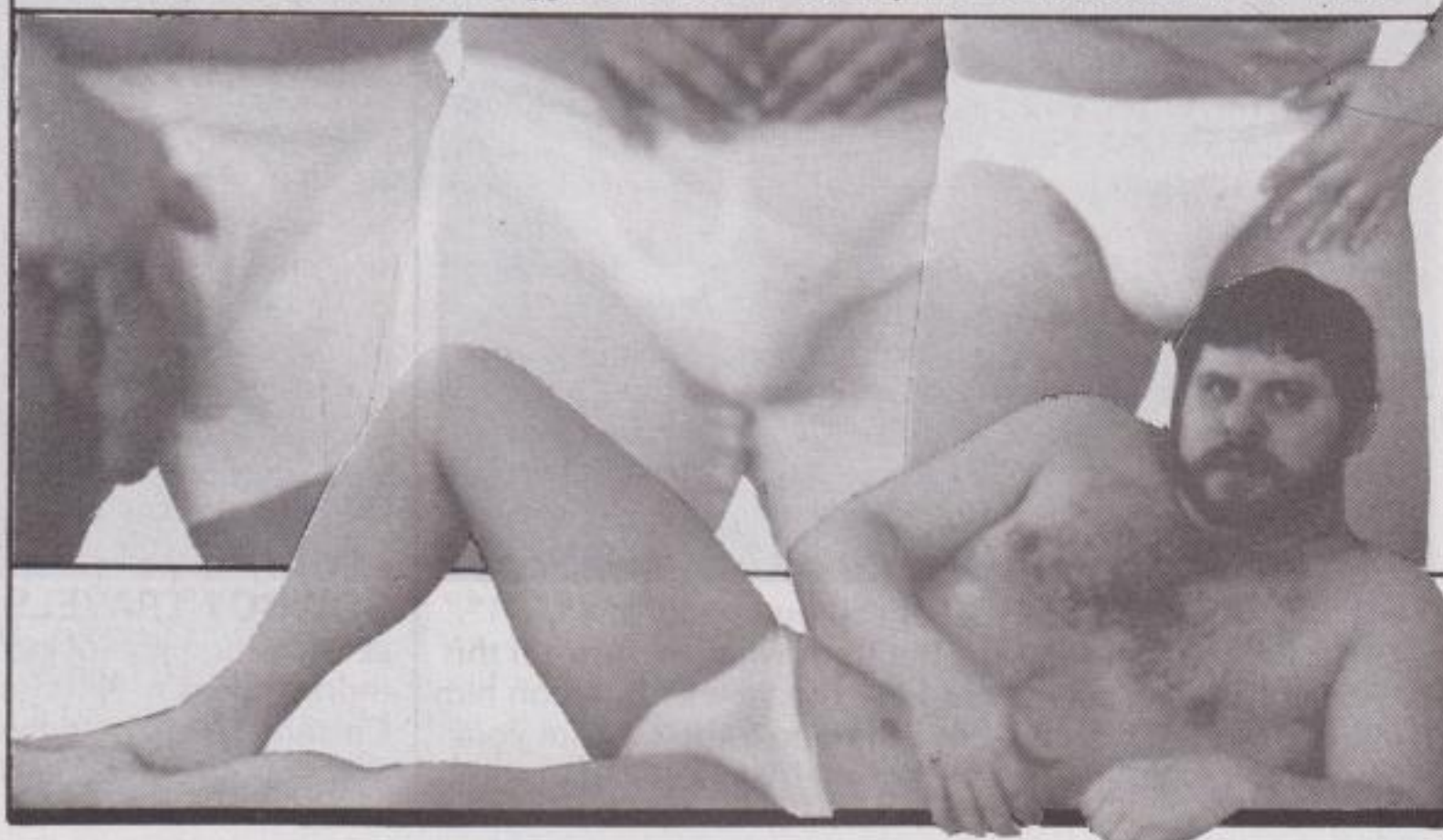
Where Americans on the average change their underwear with frightening frequency, the average German pair of panties gets somewhat ripe with age—about a week's worth of

UNDERWEAR

TOUGH CUSTOMER



MAN OF TASTE AND DISTINCTION: This longjohn has a thing for Colorado tops into underwear—the bigger and burlier the top the better. Contact TC 1273.



sweat—before they get tossed into the wash.

The French Foreign Legion used to wear underwear designed with deep side pockets and a drawstring. They looked like very serious boxer shorts. It was assumed that at some time or another a situation might present itself to a legionnaire where he might find himself sans trousers. And you never know when pockets in your shorts will come in handy. Australian troops used to wear underwear with a certain amount of wool in it. Australian troops were famous for the fact that they were always scratching their ass and they were always in ill temper. English troops now wear a design of boxer-type undershorts that has over the years seen fit to enlarge the hole one opens to put one's cock through so that one may pee. It seems that the average size of the average Brit cock has increased and the size of the hole used in WWI simply will not accommodate a recruit's piece of meat today.

Smell it. Shine Daddy's boots with it. Have it cut off your ass slowly with a knife. Put the tip of your tongue on the one curled black pubic hair you find in your boy's jockies. Inhale Daddy's sweat smell mixed with the aroma of lascivious nylon. Run around the roof in your panties. Impregnate your face into your Master's cotton covered buns. Close your eyes, let loose, and piss into them . . .

Underwear.

—TPB

UNDERWEAR

TOUGH CUSTOMERS



TURN THE TABLES: Experienced butt paddler, 45, 6'1", 175 lbs., will stretch your tits. But from what we hear on this boy what he really needs is to have the tables turned on him by someone with balls big enough to go for it. Get out your boots. Is this a cigar or do you sit on it? Write TC 1274.



COWBOY TRAVELS: This tough 5'10" Texan is looking to get into the right jockstraps, bikinis, Speedos, G-strings, thongs, Skimpy Skivvies, Crotch Covers, Dick Doilies, Cock Costumers, chaps, tights, and longjohns—shows off crotchwad and butt-crease. Write TC 1275.

UNDERWEAR

MEDIA

FETISH FEATURE

BULGING JOCKSTRAPS

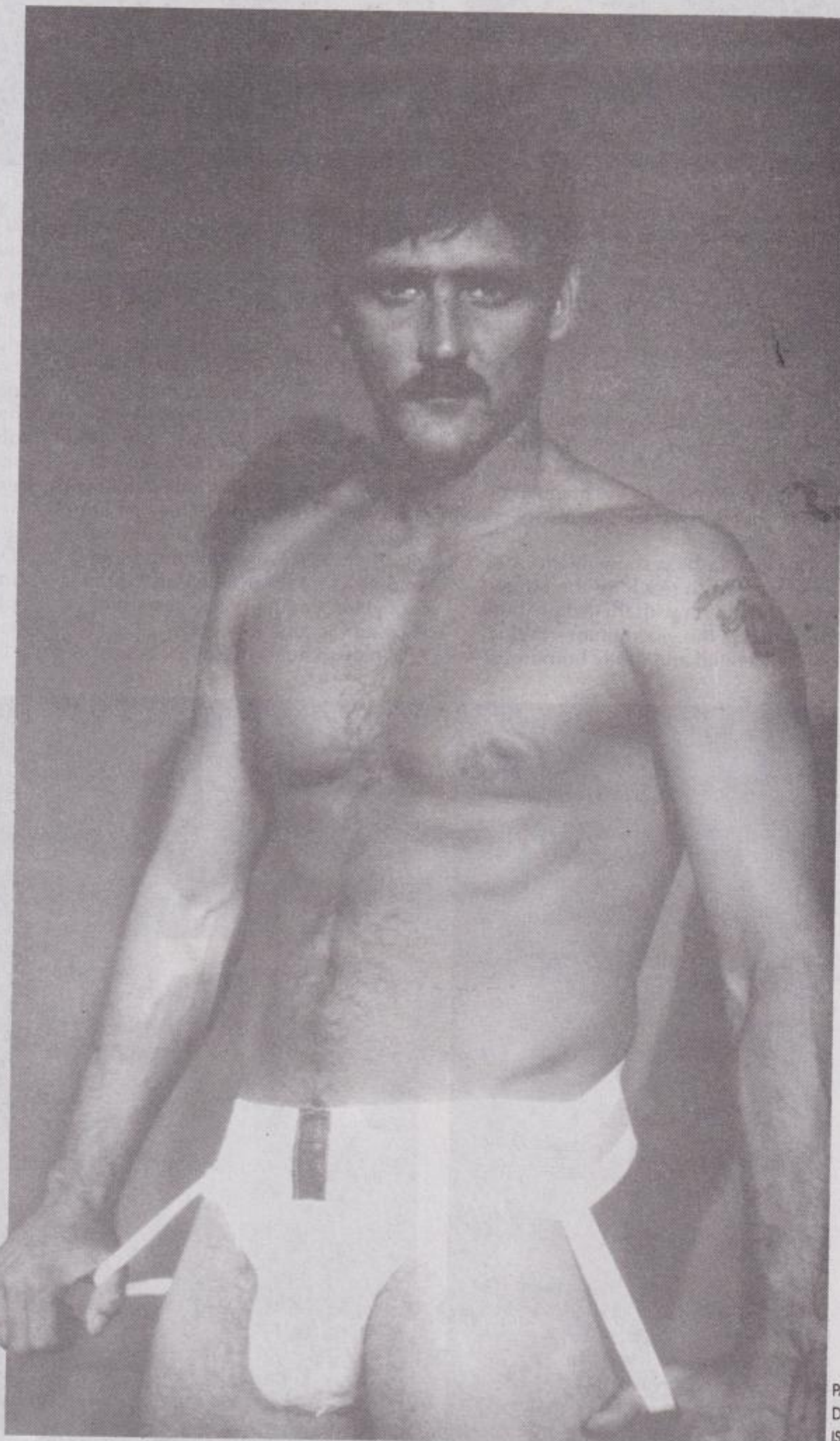
I was already semi-hard with anticipation the afternoon I brought home the review copy of Bijou Video's *Bulging Jockstraps*. Despite the unfortunate box-cover artwork (they've painted on the model's eyes, giving him the glassy stare of Damien Omen II), the title seemed . . . well, alive with possibilities. I myself was an athletic supporter way back in high school—but I digress. *Bulging Jockstraps* just sounds like my kind of movie.

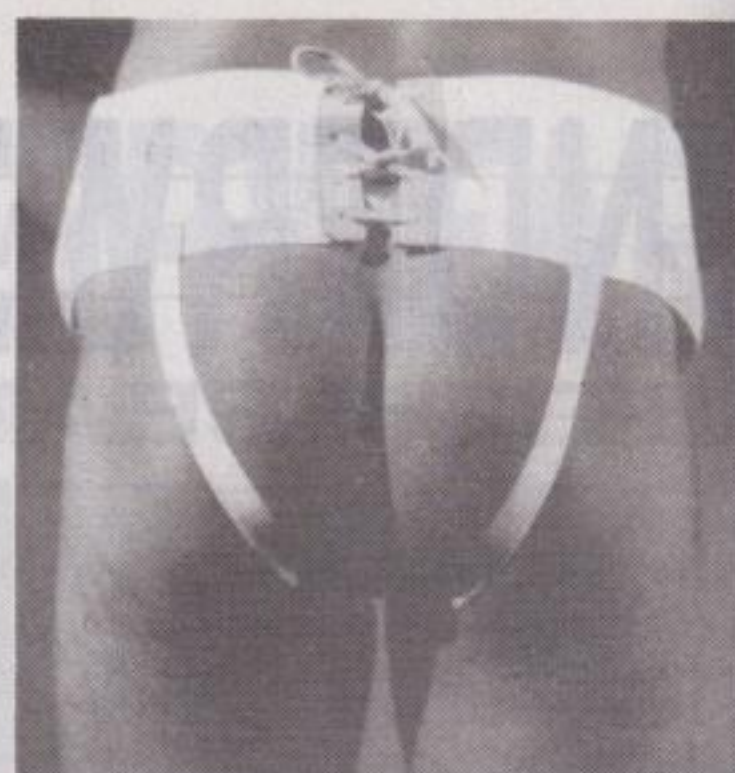
And it is. Bijou has delivered on the protuberant promise of the title, serving up a veritable bonanza filled with more tube steak than they had on the Ponderosa, without ever becoming dull or ponderous. For the jockstrap and underwear fetishist, the tape is ninety well-packed minutes of a few of your favorite things: big dicks being pumped dry by an uninhibited cast of attractive men who seem to enjoy their work.

From the opening shot, as a stud peels off his snug supporter (Bike Model #10 to you connoisseurs) to reveal a throbbing hard-on, the viewer is offered the first course of a very lavish banquet. Director David White should be applauded for the video's successful pacing. This is a long porn film, and it moves adroitly along several paths while sustaining the viewer's interest (not to mention his erection).

We are introduced to a series of guys comfortably stroking and caressing their jock-clad selves, as they confide their earliest experiences and how their jocks are their friends. This could be pretty tedious, if the actors were not so sincere. Their dirty talk is erotic to me because it's real, and not scripted or acted, but seems to come straight from the wellspring of adolescent fantasy that is the stuff of which erotic dreams are made.

From this we segue into an amusing documentary featurette, tracing the humble beginnings of the athletic supporter. Cleverly assembled, and complete with still photographs of Greek athletes on urns and in statuary, as well as some flickering archival footage, it's just like PBS would do it! Our earnest (but not too) narrator describes the first modern jock, or suspensory bandage, as a "sort of brassiere for the balls." From this pioneer effort, we are treated to a Jockstrap March Through





Time, a parade of more underwear and jocks than the entire country of India has ever seen, climaxing in those special-effects g-strings from Chippen- dales with cartoon faces embroidered on the pouches. But that's not all! We are also shown an array of novelty jockey shorts (you know, Home of the Whopper) and there are more than you would have believed could exist. Fortunately, the models later foresake these gaudy numbers for Calvin Klein briefs—perhaps in homage to the man who put jockey shorts in Times Square while the world salivated.

This little fashion show might cause some viewers to reach for the fast forward and get on with the action, but I feel it makes the video unique and is skillfully edited and drolly humorous. A

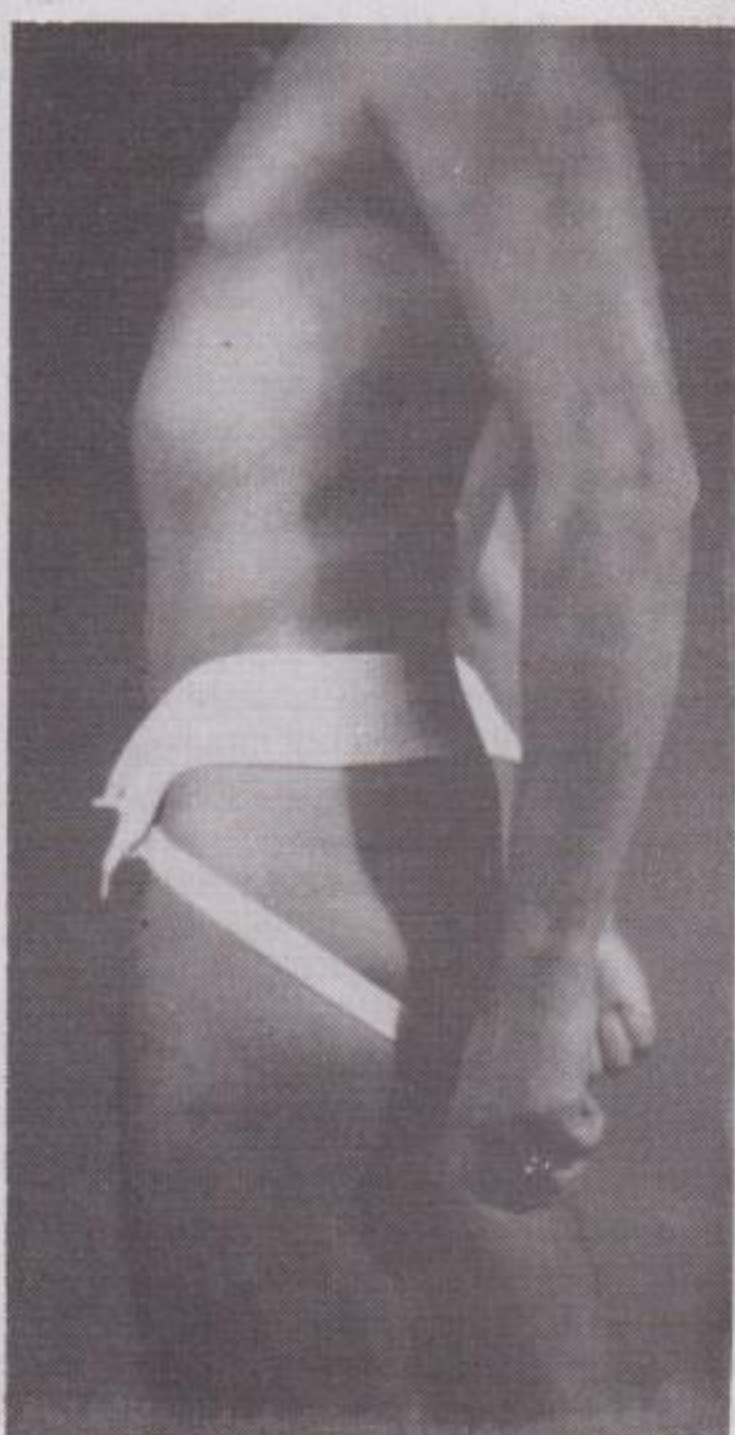
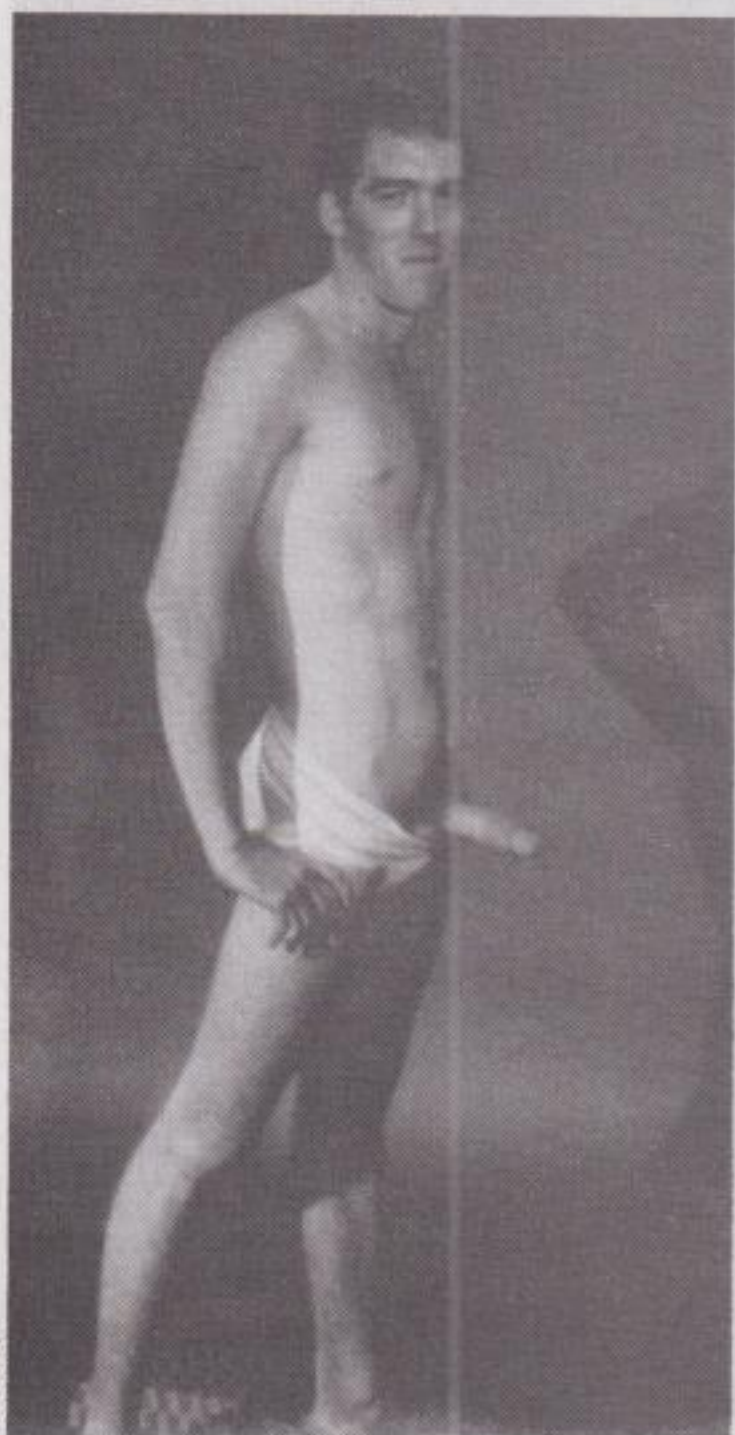
sense of humor never hurts! However, for those not seeking a history lesson, rest assured that there is still a whole hour of action to come, all performed by an able-bodied crew of average-looking (not models with hairdos) guys, "lending support where a man needs it most." What little talk there is from this point on is mostly more reflections on the guys' favorite jock experiences, setting up more extended two-man scenes where the jocks come off! I really like the sense of these guys telling their own stories, but I must admit that one line, "I really wanted a jock, but I could never afford one, so I went down to Montgomery Wards and stole one," routinely brought down the house every time I showed the tape to friends.

Ninety minutes of just jocks sounds

like it could be deadly dull, but the acting is nicely varied and occasionally quite wild. I particularly enjoyed watching one young kid cram his balls into his asshole. Tiring of this, he pulls them out and hops on a sturdy dildo for the ride of his life, all the while sucking like crazy on his own jock. The fellow doesn't seem at all shy of the camera, and he carries on with more frenzied abandon than I've recently seen from the pumped-up Adonises one often encounters in porn.

All in all, this is a very likable and generous effort indeed, and I salute David White and Bijou Video for delivering exactly what the title implies—and plenty of it. Don't expect a lot of pretty faces, but there's more than enough dick here to satisfy anyone.

—Ken Kissonoff



UNDERWEAR

MEDIA

FETISH FEATURE



UNDERWEAR

FETISH PHOTOS

UNDERWEAR

FETISH FEATURE

All photos by **DRUMMER** except where indicated

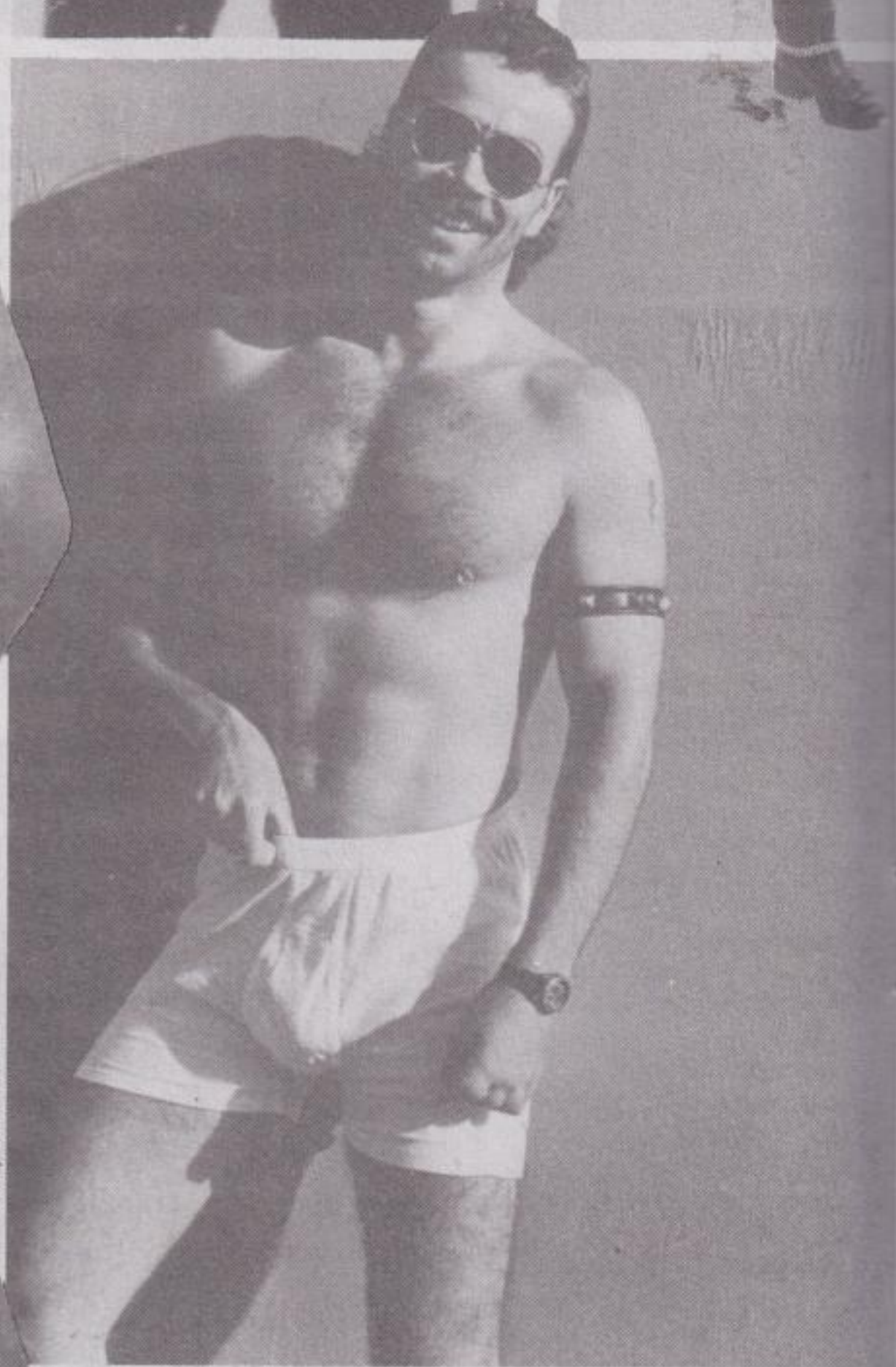
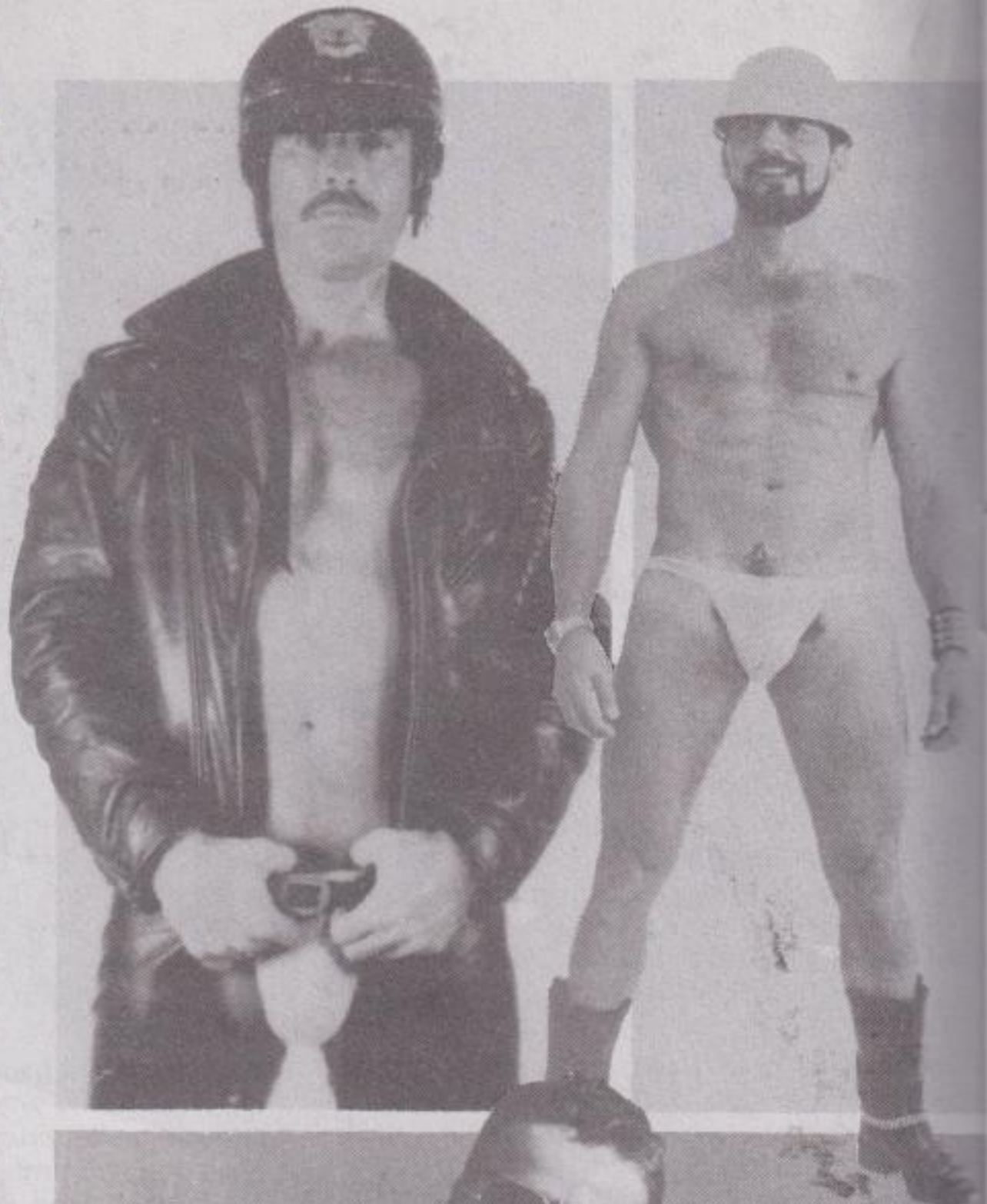
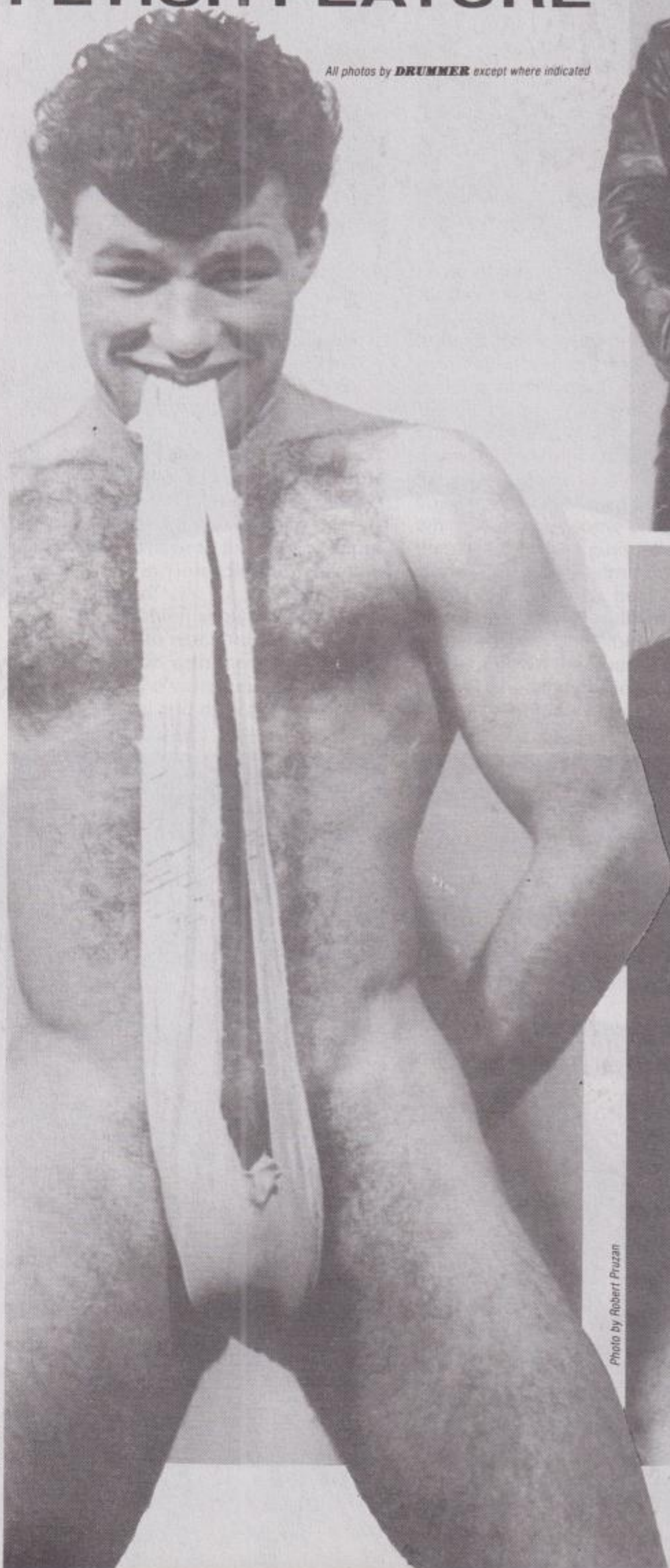
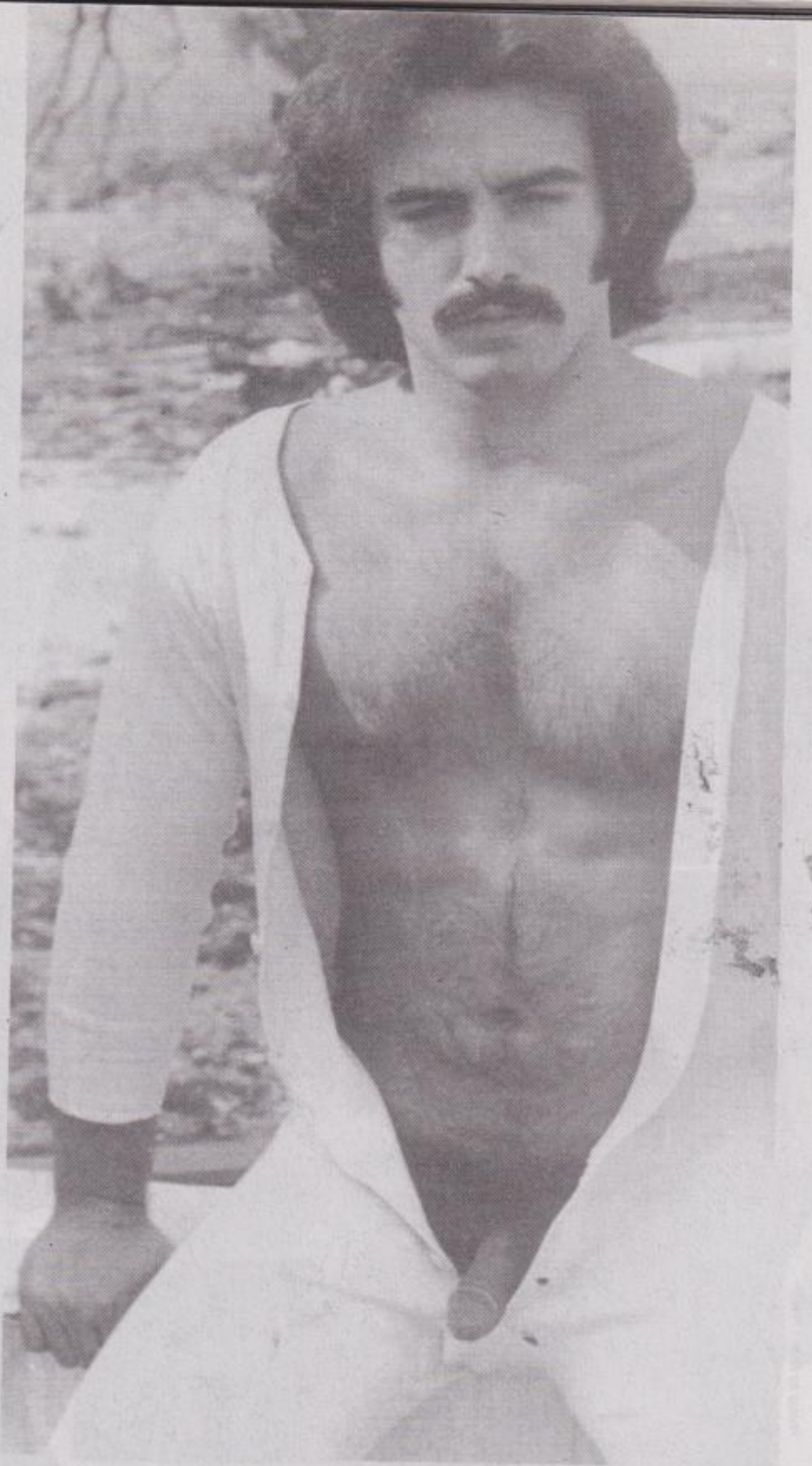
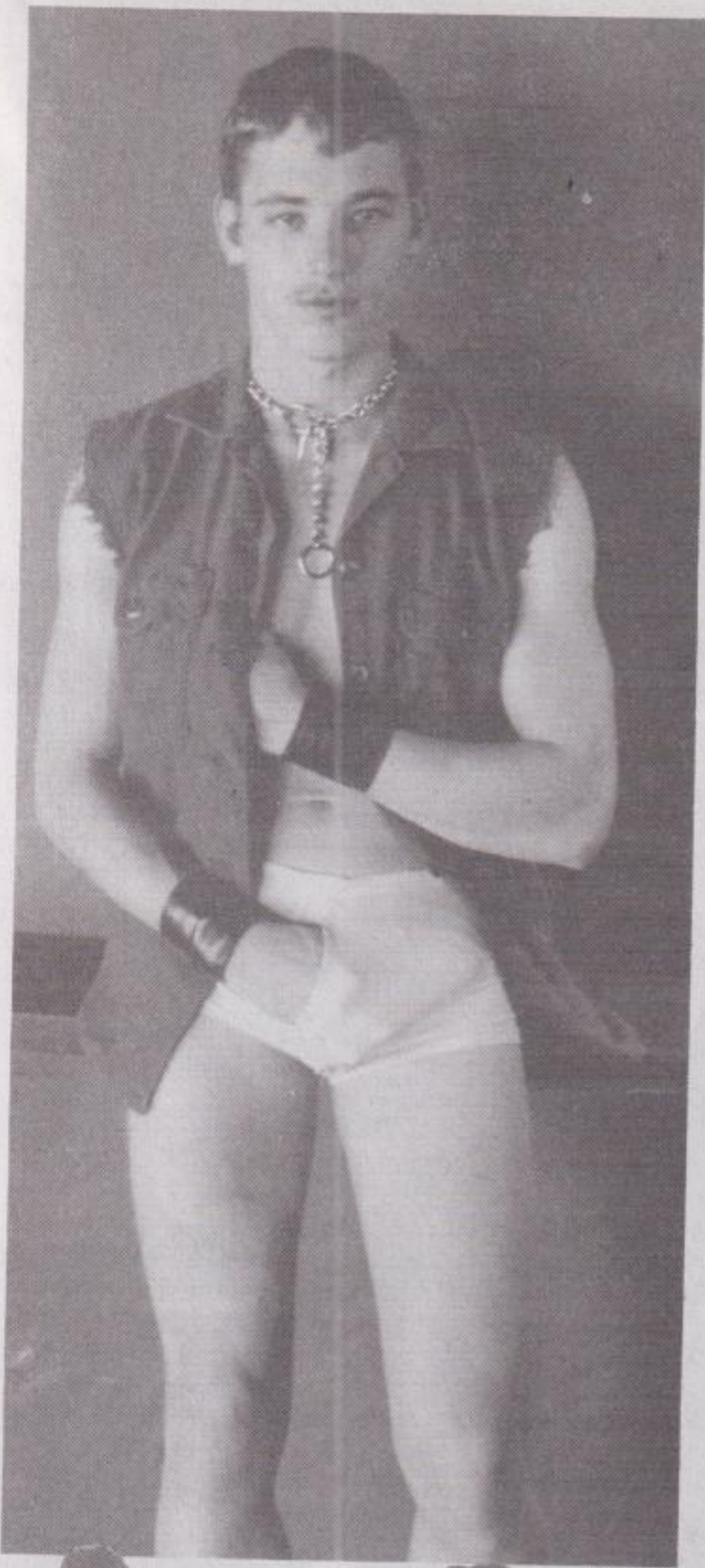
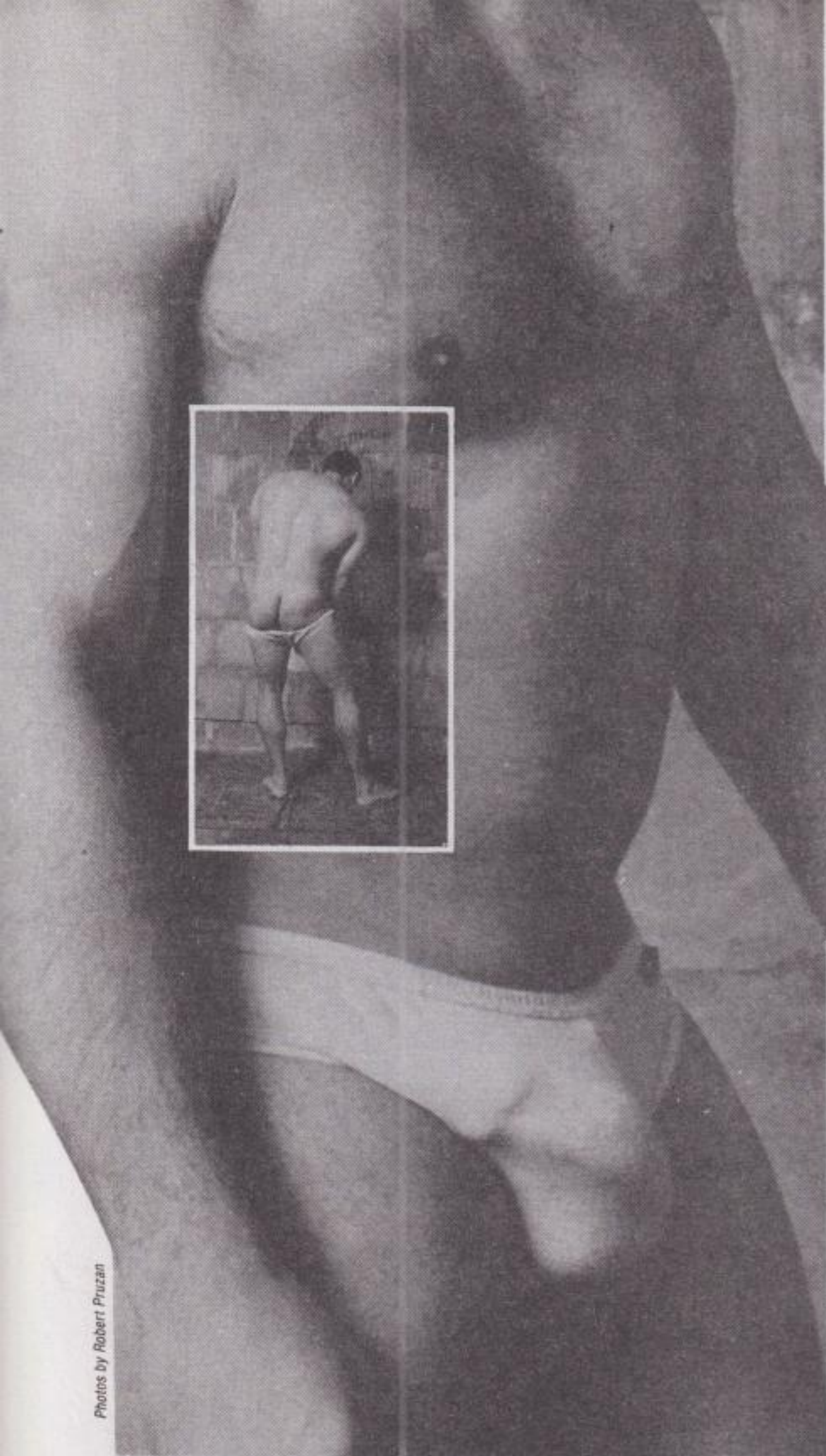


Photo by Robert Pruzan



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UNDERWEAR

FETISH PHOTOS

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FETISH FEATURE



Photo by Palm Drive Video



Photo by Robert Pruzan

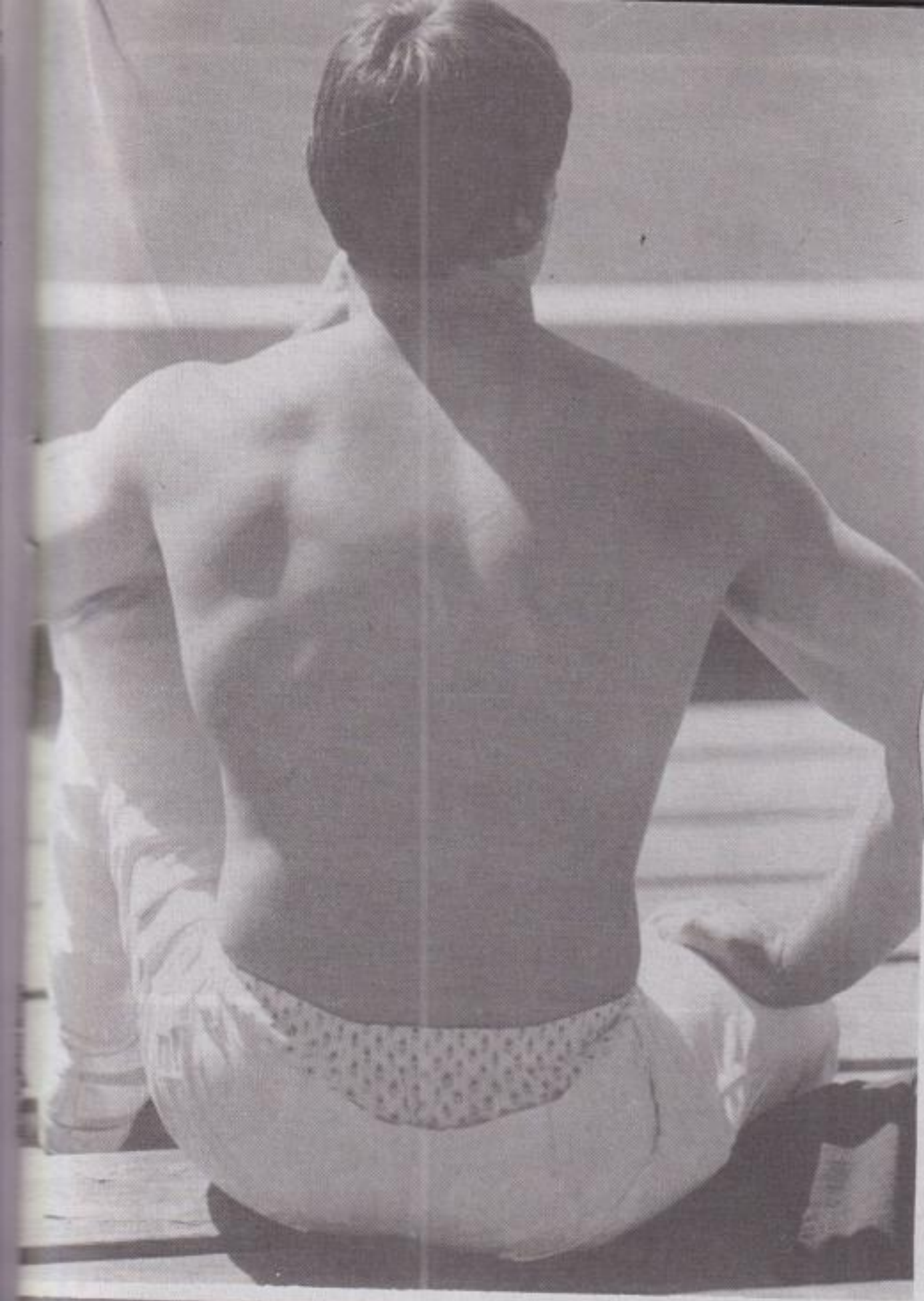
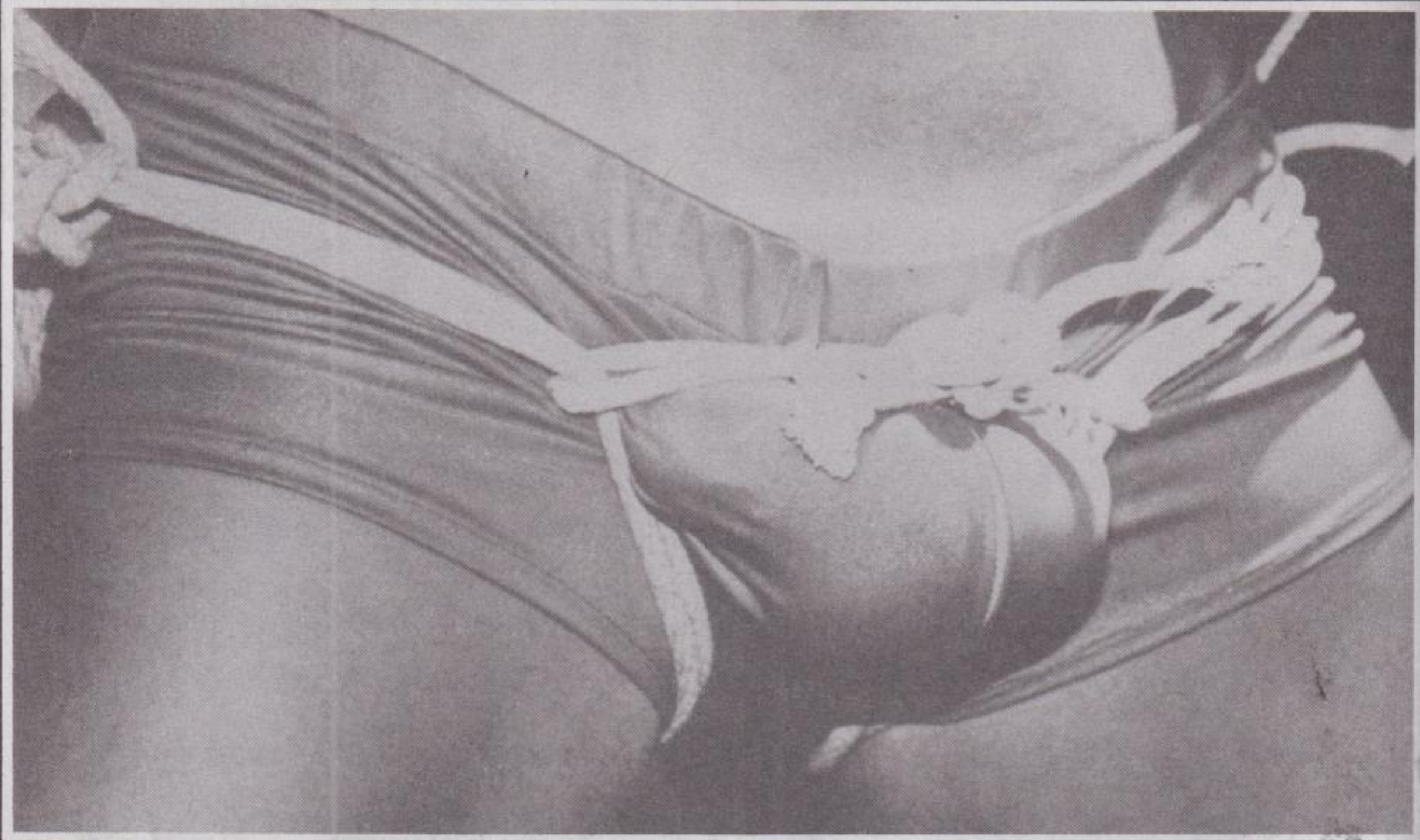
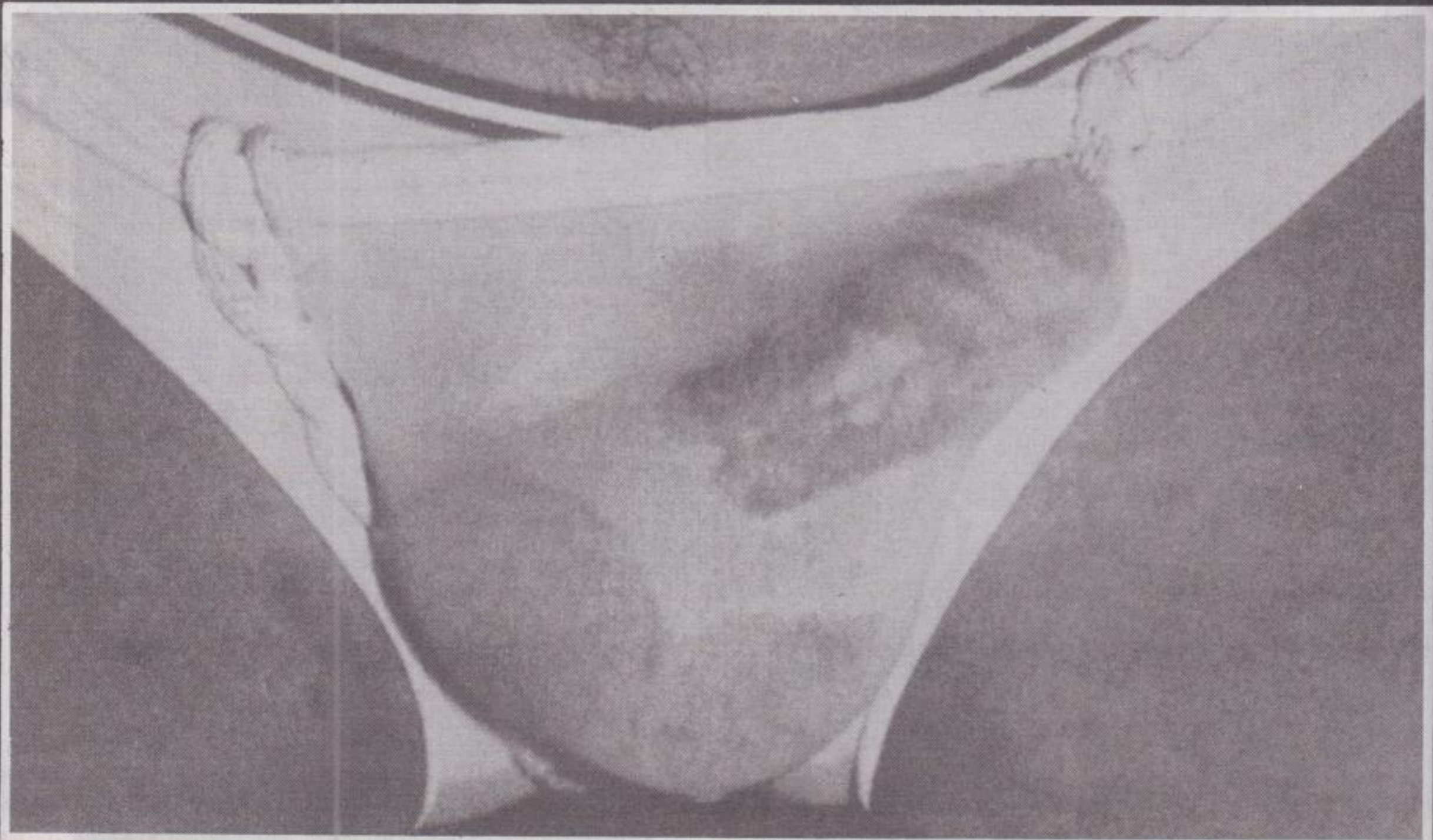


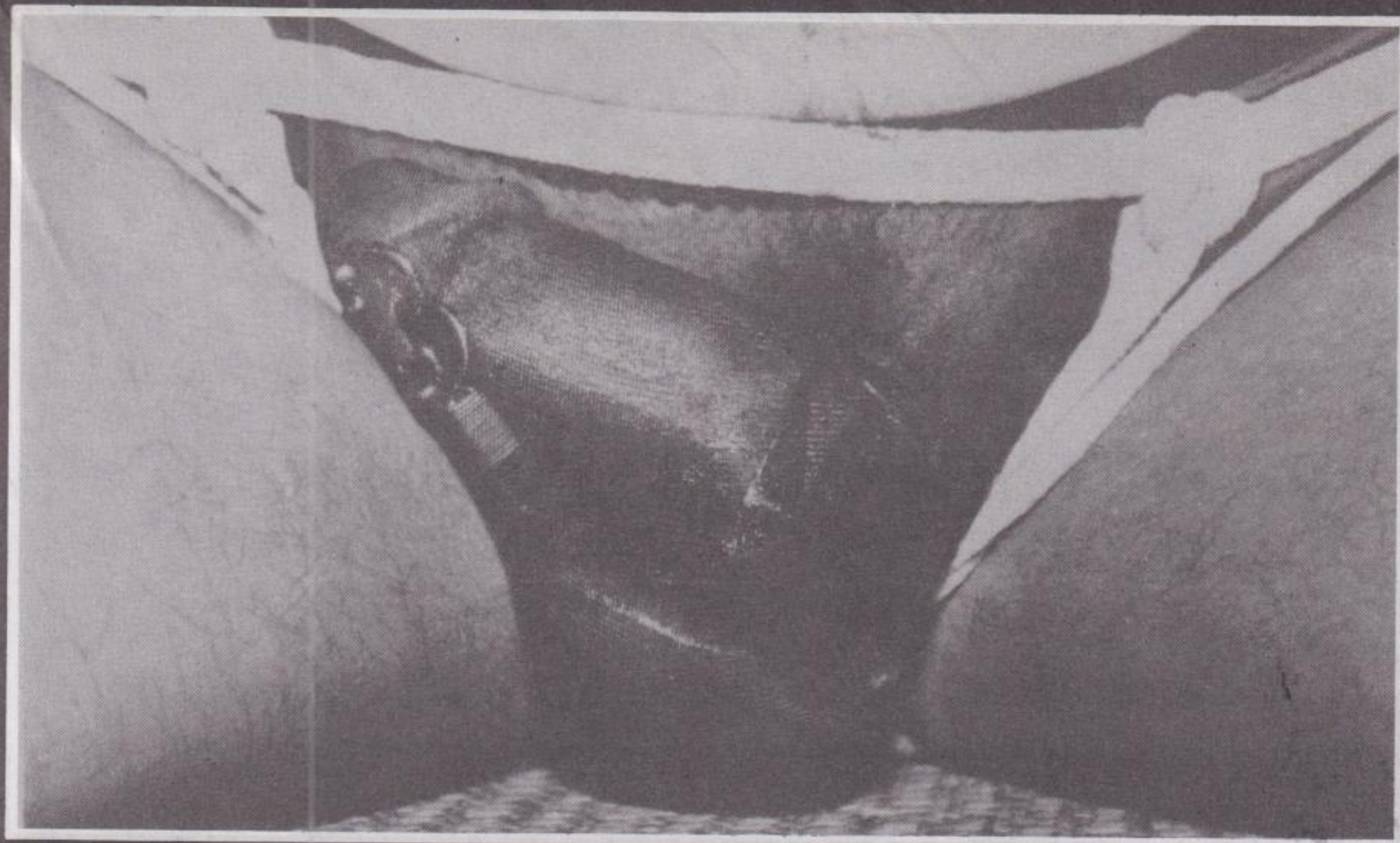
Photo by Robert Pruzan





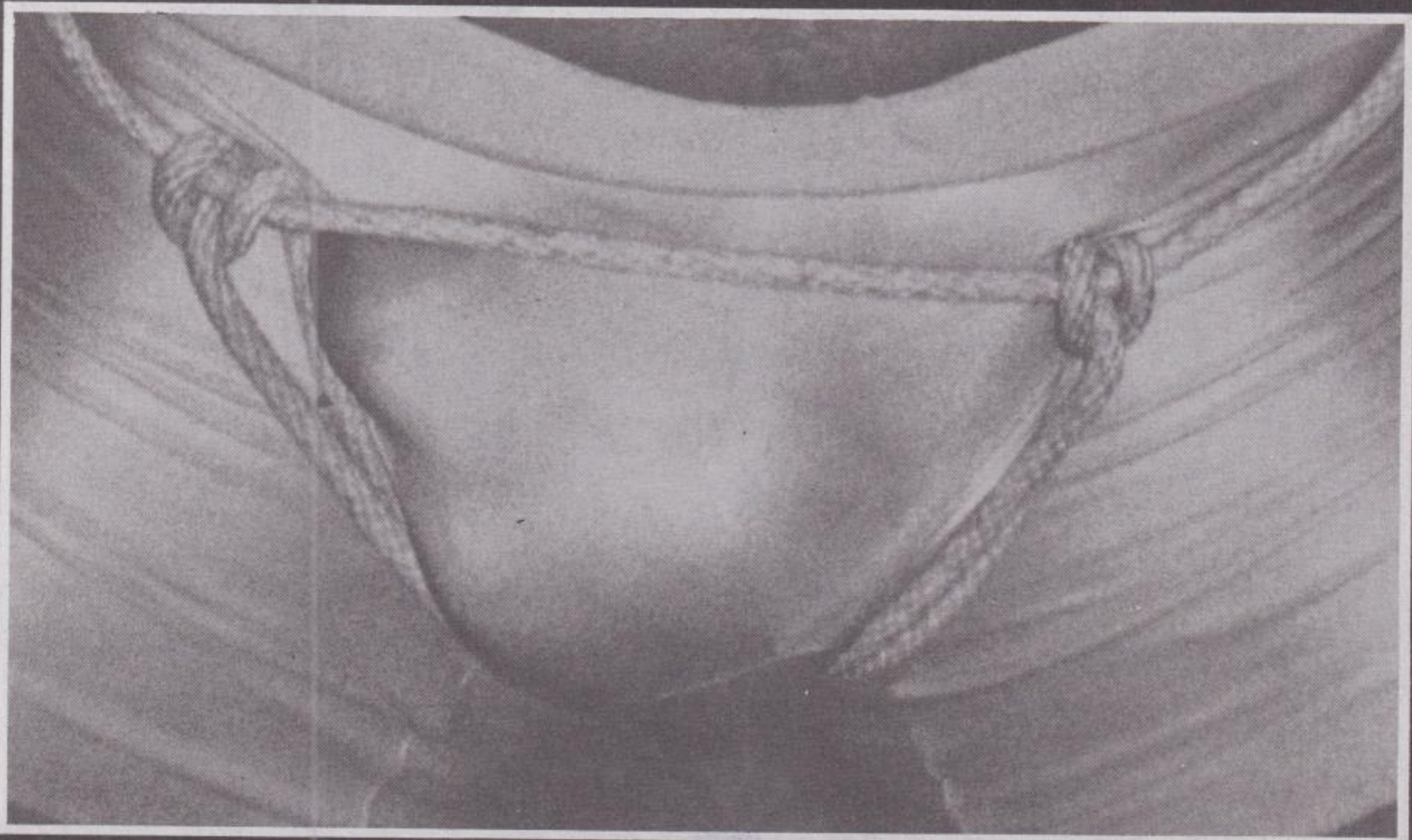
DRUMMER **CROTCH
BONDAGE**

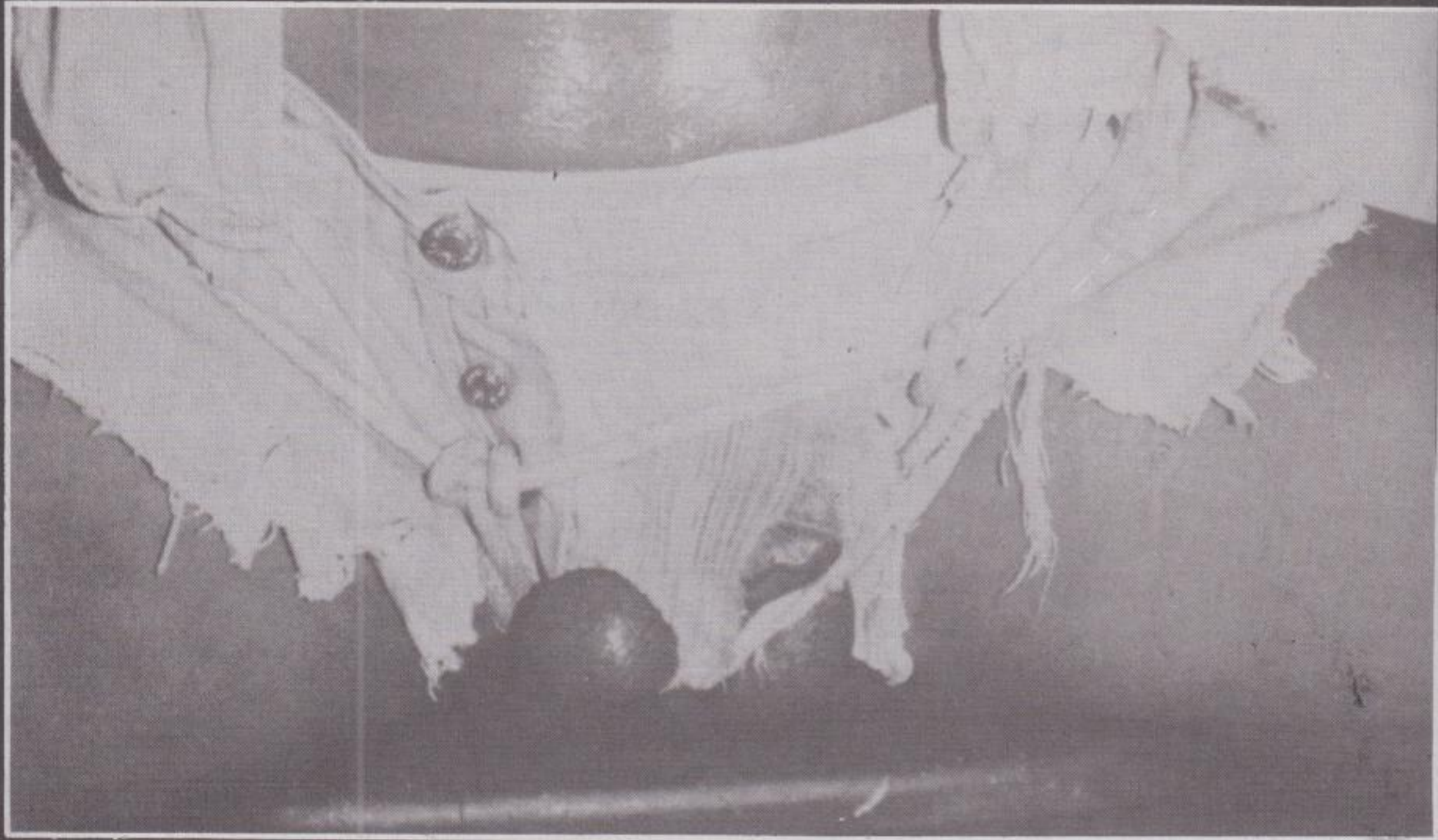




UNDERWEAR

FETISH FEATURE

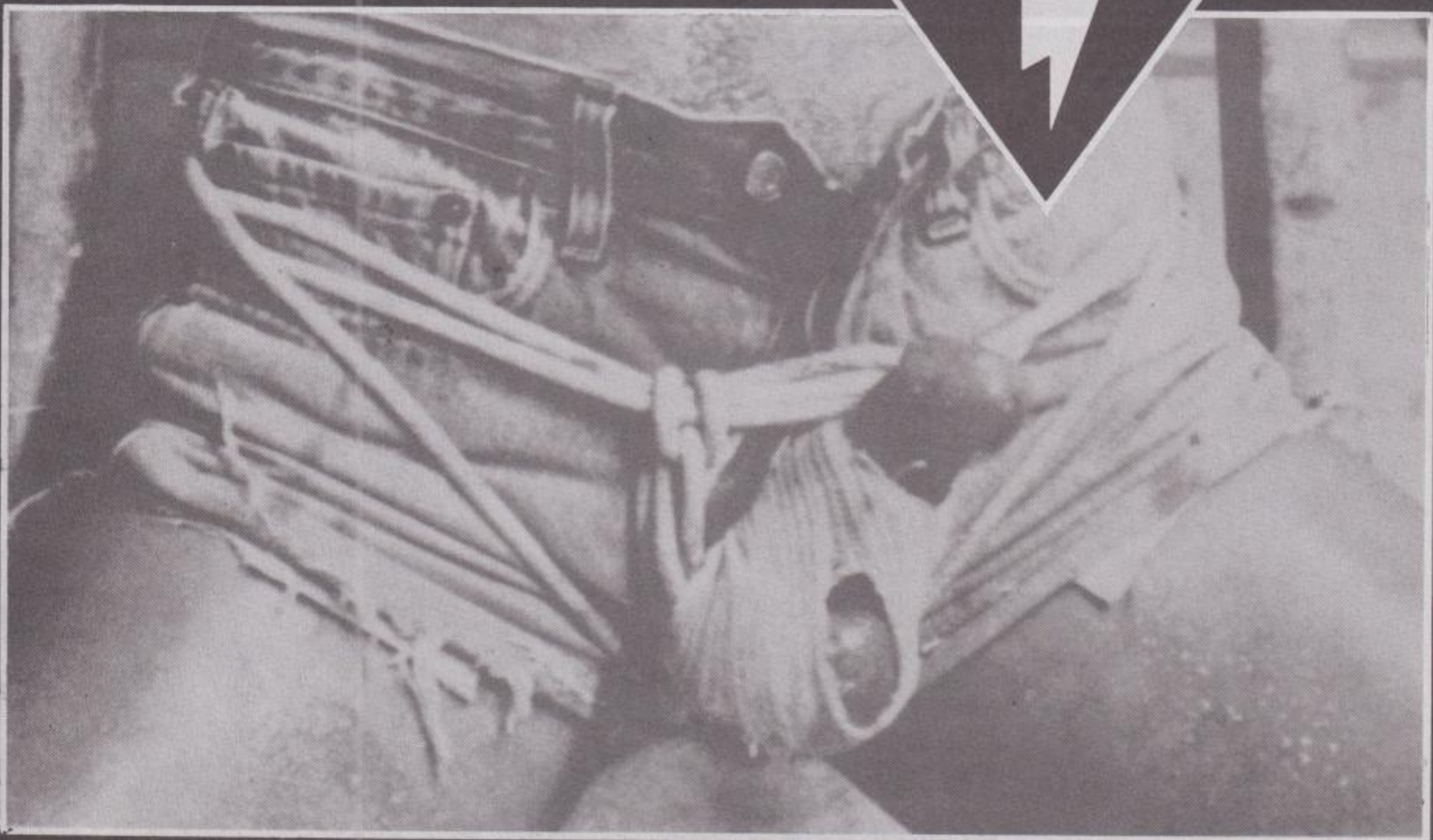




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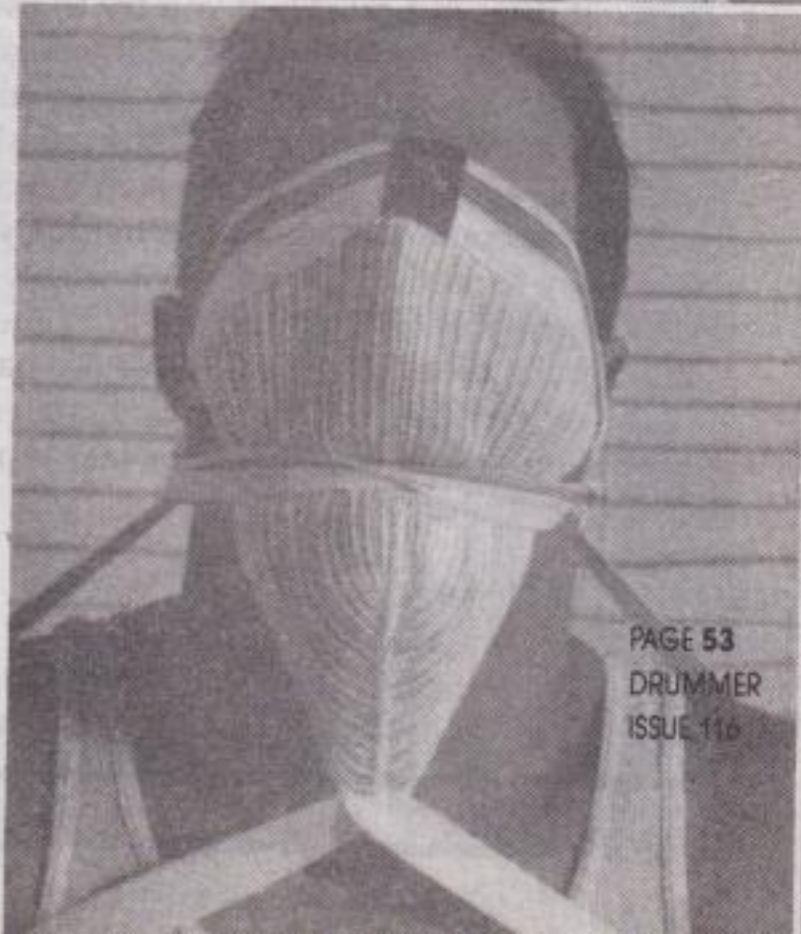
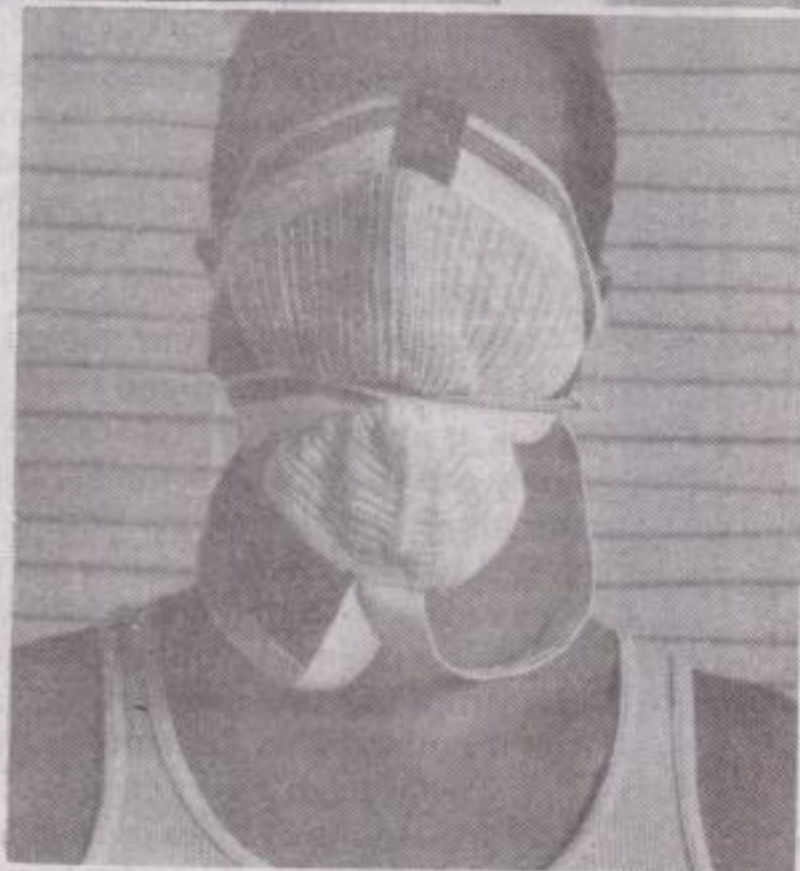
FETISH FEATURE

PHOTOS BY



THE JOCKSTRAP GAG

PHOTOS BY JACK SCOTT



LEATHER NOTEBOOK

Larry Townsend



Dear Sir,

I am writing you this letter in regards to something that totally puzzles, yet fascinates, my Daddy and me. When my Daddy and I start to play, naturally I get very excited! During foreplay, when he begins playing with my ass, it starts to get moist. It's almost like the wetness that a woman's vagina secretes during foreplay. Then when he penetrates my ass and starts anal intercourse, I become very hot and wet. I've never encountered this before. I think it might have something to do with the emotional set I have for my Daddy, in addition to the fact that I just love to get fucked. My question: Is this normal or not, and should I have any worries?

Daddy's Boy, Cleveland OH

Dear Boy,

Although I would again remind you that I am not a doctor, and thus cannot speak as an expert in that sense, I certainly can speak with some authority on the subject of fucking ass. I don't think that "self-lubricating" assholes are all that rare, although it is unusual for a guy to prep himself without at least a few drops of some moisturizing agent—spit if nothing else. Remember, though, that KY has been a very popular lubricant for as long as I can remember, and it dries out quickly if you try to use it as a JO gel. In anal (or vaginal) intercourse it works well, because the body supplies the moisture after the initial few strokes. The membranes of the rectum are "mucous" tissues, and so by definition are secretive. In your excitement, you probably also tend to sweat. If there is pain, bleeding, or excessive discharge of mucus later during a bowel movement, you should have a doctor take a peek up there.

Dear Mr. Townsend,

Can you offer any advice/suggestions on how I can obtain either a set of photos, or possibly arrange to

meet the models, from the below listed sets? They were issued by Target Studios, which I know has gone out of business:

A. Dom Sardi, Target model
B. *Drummer #54*, inside front cover (1982)

C. *Drummer #59*, page 90, immediately following Tough Customers

I have tried a number of sources, including personal ads, but have come up with nothing. Thanks for any help you can give me.

P.W., New York City

Dear P.W.,

Lou Thomas, who was one of the owners of Target Studios, is now editor of *First Hand* and *Manscape*. You might drop him a line c/o *Manscape*, Box 1314, Teaneck NJ 07666. If anybody would know, he would.

Dear Larry:

I have seen several ads asking guys to send (or offering to send) used rubbers—sometimes with the cum still in them. This raises several questions in my mind. First, how can you send a sample of cum in the mail without damaging it? Then, wouldn't this be a possible way to spread AIDS or some other disease? Doesn't it get rancid?

E.E., San Francisco CA

Dear E.E.,

Raunch has long been a major fascination for a lot of people, and what could be raunchier than a little rancid semen arriving in your mailbox on an otherwise dull and dreary afternoon? I don't think that mailing a used rubber-ful of cum is going to harm it, particularly. It might get squashed in the canceling machine if you try to send it in a regular envelope, but a little box would probably work quite well. As to spreading disease, that's hard to say. Most micro-organisms would expire before the package arrived, but there could still be danger of contamination. I guess that would depend largely on what you intend to do with your newly acquired treasure. Hopefully, it will remain outside of any bodily orifice.

Dear Larry,

I know you have fielded a lot of these AIDS questions, and many of the things you have said have been meaningful and helpful to someone trying to understand the ramifications of this catastrophe. But you have never come out with a plain yes-or-no answer to a very basic question. I'm not really asking for a definitive answer, because I know there isn't any. I just want your opinion. I'm a fairly active (sexually) gay man. I have no symptoms, nor am I aware of any recent sex

partners becoming sick. Should I take the antibody test?

L.J., Richmond VA

Dear L.J.,

A year ago I would have answered you with a firm "no," simply because a positive result could be so traumatic. In the meantime, however, there have been so many advances in preventive therapies that I think you should seriously consider being tested. If you're negative, it will take a great burden off your shoulders. If you're positive, you can get yourself into a good holistic support program to try and ward off the actual disease. Your doctor can also monitor your blood on a regular schedule so you can be forewarned if the cell count starts to drop. Of course, I have a more optimistic attitude than some, because I really expect a number of new treatments to become available shortly which will permit an AIDS victim to go on indefinitely—much like a diabetic taking insulin. If you do take the test, however, be sure it is done anonymously. There are still a number of assholes out there who should not have access to your test results.

Dear Larry,

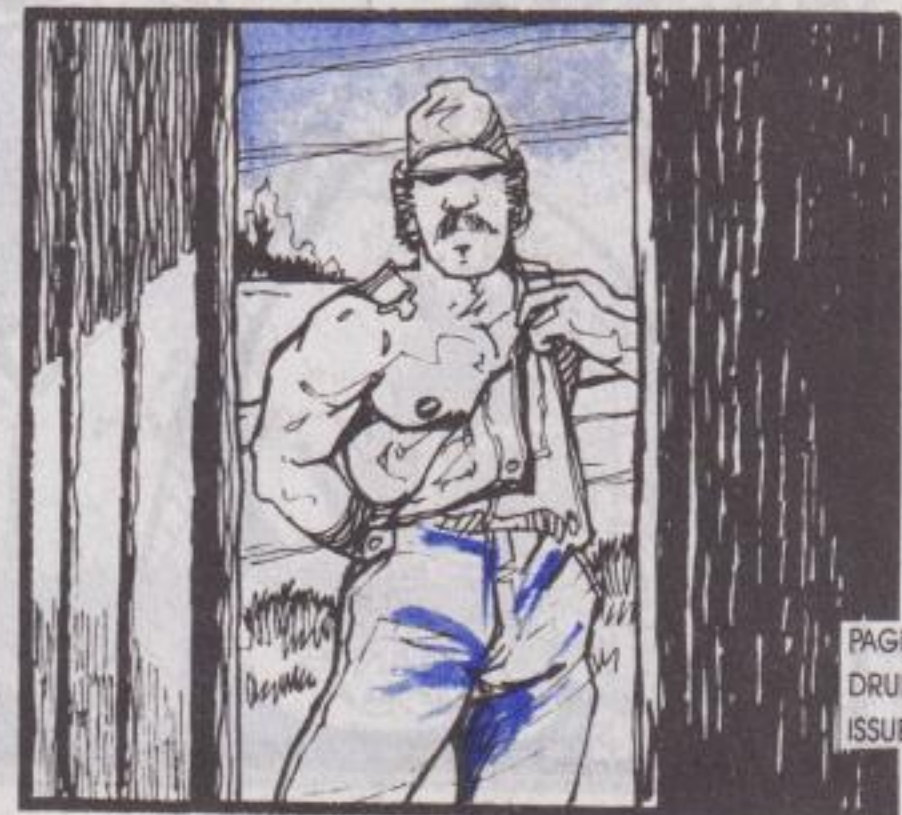
As a man who has probably less than average cock and ball size, I want to ask you if there are any devices to enlarge one's cock? How about devices to make the balls hang lower? I see items in bookstores, etc., but I can't help being concerned about safety as well as efficiency.

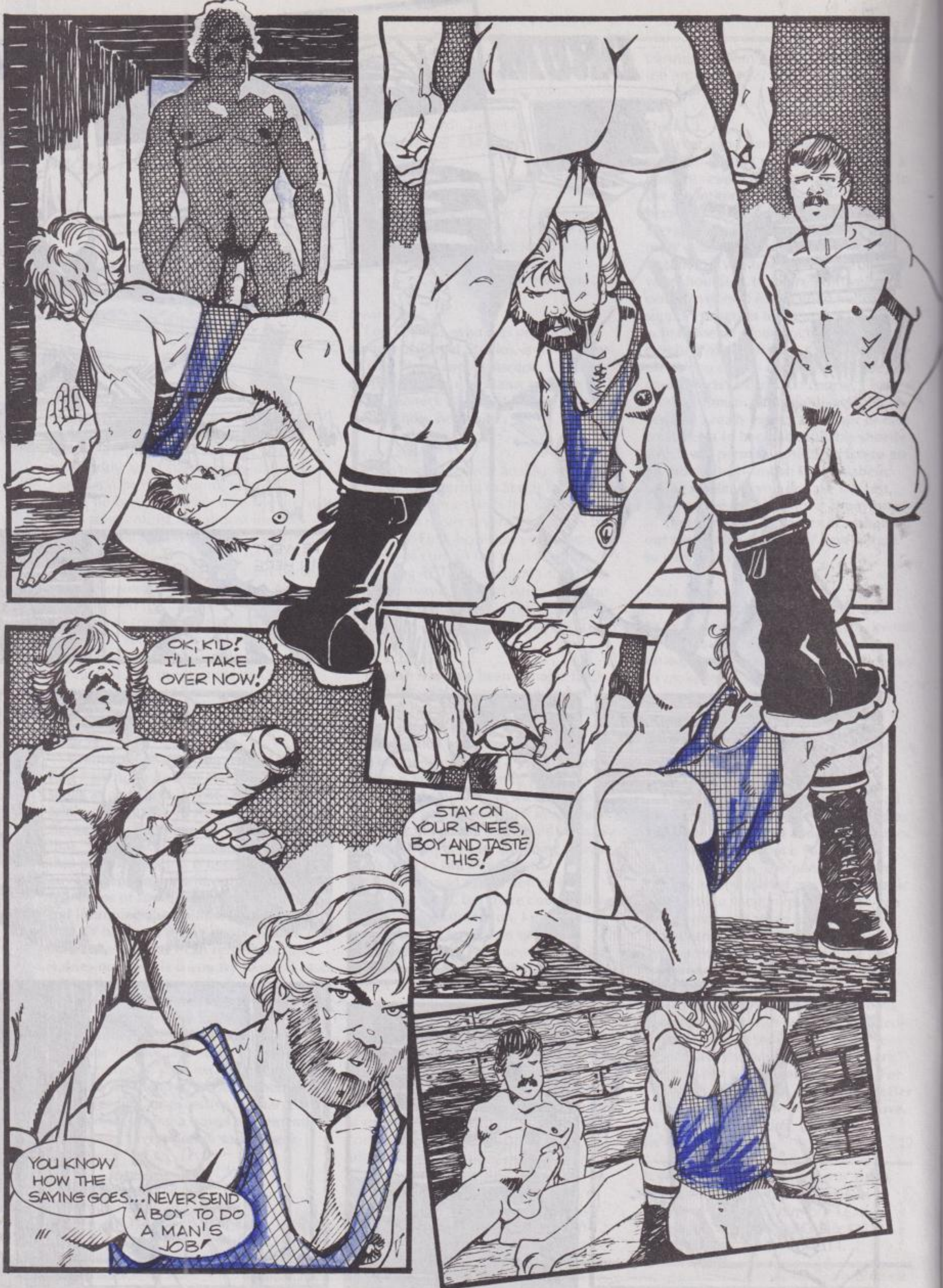
C.B., San Diego CA

Dear C.B.,

This is a question that people ask all the time, and one which I have tried to answer in the column a number of times. There really isn't much you can do about your cock. The penis enlargers you see on the market are usually plastic tubes with a vacuum pump. These can force your cock up to a larger size temporarily, but they can also cause permanent damage by rupturing the tiny blood vessels in the erectile tissue. Then you'll have not only a small cock, but a limp one. As to making the balls hang lower, you can lengthen the scrotum over a long period of time by use of increasingly longer "ball stretchers," but this also has potential dangers. For all practical purposes, you are far better off learning to live with what you have. As long as it's working, don't try to fix it. □

If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him c/o *Leather Notebook*, *Drummer*, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.





OK, KID!
I'LL TAKE
OVER NOW!

STAY ON
YOUR KNEES,
BOY AND TASTE
THIS!

YOU KNOW
HOW THE
SAYING GOES... NEVER SEND
A BOY TO DO
A MAN'S
JOB!



We're cheap and easy! Only four bits a word!

Your ad: First, give us the top line for bold type. There's no extra charge for this attention getter!

Print it out: Don't worry about using abbreviations to save money—you are paying by the word—not by the number of characters. Tell 'em what you want and what you're offering. At these prices you can be as wordy as you wish.

Where will your ad run? Under your state or geographic section. If you would like your ad to appear under Nationwide or International instead of your state or country heading, say so. Ads for Models, Organizations, Mail Order, or Services will appear under those respective categories.

Deadline? There isn't any. Your ad will be placed in the next issue. Subsequent insertions appear chronologically. Allow 60 days for your ad to appear.

Discount? When paying for more than one insertion, you may

deduct 10% on the additional insertion(s). Our rates are a fraction of the competition.

Want a Drummer box number? Add a buck, that's all. The responses to your box will be forwarded to your address as soon as we receive them. Box numbers can be assigned for personal ads only.

Phone number? Run your number for instant results. But include a dollar for us to call you to verify the number for your protection and ours.

Payment? Pay by check, money order, Visa, Mastercard or American Express. If paying by credit card, include card number and expiration date along with your signature.

Censorship? No, Sir! — provided you keep references to minors, animals, prostitution or drugs out of your ad. These we cannot accept. And, of course, you must be 21 or better.

How to reply to a Drummer box number: Answering a Drummer box number is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or else. **1)** Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap in pencil. **2)** Put your return address on the envelope if you wish the letter to be returned to you should there be some problem with delivery. **3)** PUT PROPER POSTAGE ON THE ENVELOPE—domestic postage is 22¢ for the first ounce, 17¢ for each additional ounce. Foreign overseas postage is 44¢ per one-half ounce. Enclose fifty cents (50¢) for each envelope and we will immediately address them and mail them out. **4)** Put the whole thing (sealed letter and forwarding fee) in another envelope and send it to DESMODUS, Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. LETTERS NOT PROPERLY PREPARED WILL BE DESTROYED.

IT'S THAT EASY! And that's the way it should be. The pages of this magazine have always been a communication center for

leathermen! By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir, we are doing just that. No deadlines, no headaches, no \$7 box charges, no \$20 cancellation fee, no \$5 phone verification fee. And only 50¢ a word!

FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS ONLY: Your 50-word ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership. Change your ad as often as you like—but remember to keep your ad within the 50-word limit to allow space for everyone else's. Any Leather Fraternity ad not complying to this limit will be edited.

There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 25¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them, it is an even bigger bargain!

DEAR SIR:

DESMODUS, INC.
PO Box 11314
San Francisco, CA 94101-1314



NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

PLACE MY AD IN THE FOLLOWING CATEGORY:

BOLD HEADING (25 letters & spaces maximum)

AD COPY (please print)

Cost of Ad—1st Insertion (____ Words×50¢)..... \$ _____

Additional Insertions—×____(10% discount)..... \$ _____

Box Number (Add \$1.00)..... \$ _____

Telephone Number in Ad (Add \$1.00)..... \$ _____

Total Enclosed \$ _____

Payment enclosed is: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

Please make checks payable to: **DESMODUS, INC.**

☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard ☐ American Express

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

(I am 21 years of age or older)

I declare that I am 21 years of age or older and that the data in my ad is true and correct. I understand that no proofs of my ad will be supplied to me for approval and I waive all claims regarding accurate reproduction due to mistakes or technical failure. I understand that Desmondus, Inc. is in no way responsible for any transactions between myself and any persons I contact through their publications.

DEAR SIR

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS AN OLD ISSUE OF DRUMMER

NATIONWIDE

SM TITS

Tit-centered leather/SM scenes are hard to find. This is IT. Expert, cock-hardening titplay gets us there. Bondage keeps us there. Pain takes us beyond. *Serious leathermen ONLY*. No fatsoes, druggies, geriatrics. 37, blond, 6', bearded, intellectual. Top/bottom. You won't regret replying. Box 5813LF

LATE-NIGHT JERK-OFF

Exchange stories about men under restraint/control. Raunchy, dominating; tantalizing sex. TT, CBT, dildoes, foreskin, foot fetish, tickling, shaving, cock control (no scat). Frat, police, jock; military; business scenes. Straight/bisex themes OK. Your letter, typed, gets mine. PO Box 40136, Berkeley, CA 94704. Mr. N.P. (LF5890)

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

Cowboy Master, 40, 6'3", 205, blond, moustache, seeks live-in slave who is willing and ready to surrender himself completely to his Master. No bullshit, no limits—complete surrender, complete slavery. Assistance with relocation available. Enclose photo and phone with reply. Box 4426LF

TITS AND ASS MAN! WANTED

Michigan GWM, 35, 6'2", 220 lbs. Play with my large, pierced nipples and I can do just about anything. Not into games, just men. Into heavy tit and ass workouts, enemas, toys, bare feet, body odors, etc. All replies answered! No bull, let's do it. Can travel. Tri-state area. Cliff, (313) 398-4497. (LF5865)

HARD-MUSCLED FARMER

Looking for tall boots & brawny bike leathers on a farmer's hard-muscled body? Looking for the tough but tender pleasures of prolonged rigid bondage (top/bottom) in heavy irons, ropes, hoods? Possibly looking for a permanent partner (sweaty outdoor work guaranteed)? Then write Box 33, Riner, VA 24149.

ASSUME THE POSITION

Mature hung Master wants weekend masochist sons under 40 who need a good workout and can show their stuff. No wimps, preppies, marrieds. Prefer bluecollar, military or construction types. One of the areas best-equipped slave rooms. Request application. Tom, PO Box 28852, St. Louis, MO 63123.

TRUCKERS, CONSTRUCTION WKRS

Passing thru Connecticut, stop and meet two guys for coffee, drinks or . . . Convenient to I-95 (25 & 8 connector). One 5'9", 160 WM, 40s. Second 6'1", 185 WM 50. Both nice meat and into different but safe trips. A place to explore your desires or potential limits. Box 6225LF

DADDY'S BOY 1988

Submissive country boy seeks dominant coach to provide discipline and respect. Quiet, shy boy (30, 5'9", 165 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair and moustache) looking for experienced muscular Dad (35-45) for BB training and leather sex. Into Levi, leather, uniforms, and cowboys. Will relocate. Box 6232LF

HAIRCUTS/HEAD SHAVES

WM, 29, 6', 160, wants your scalp for haircuts, from trims to shaves. Already shorn/short-haired guys are also an automatic turn-on. NYC visitors welcome. PO Box 2291, New York, NY 10185.

SENSITIVE TOP

seeks sincere bottom for father/son relationship. Should be 18-35, average weight, interests in all safe aspects of S/M, bondage, daily spankings. Will help right son. Relocation necessary. Am 39, 6'2", 175 lbs., brown/blue. Send picture, detailed letter to: Dave, PO Box 39, Oshtemo, MI 49077-0039. (LF6231)

LEATHERMAN

WM, 5'6", 135 lbs., 35 yrs. old, S-P hair, hzl eyes, 6 1/2" cut, goatee. Looking for leatherman who has tested HIV-pos and not afraid to continue with his life. Can be kinky, depends on partner — openminded. Leatherman should be about the same. Facial hair a must. Don't be shy. Call Terry (812) 422-3786. Daddy-Son.

SON NEEDS DADDY

Novice son, 24, seeks Daddy 30-45 for training in B/D, spanking, shaving, etc. Write with photo. Box 6364

MUTUAL RAUNCH

Bearded WM, 5'8", 135, 40, likes hard rock, beer, poppers, fireplaces, rain, wet dirty Lees, leather, boots, seeks slender GM, black a+, 40+ or—into mutual WS, shit, SM, BD, top, bottom, snuggles, ready for monog. relationship, lover, friend, willing to relocate to NC. Box 6236LF

BOTTOM/SON? CALL DAD NOW

Chicago Daddy/top seeks son/bottom for intense physical/mental relationship. Must be in shape, masculine manboy who needs to be controlled by taller (6'4") man. Into spanking, fucking, getting sucked, jocks, and creative play. Want a long-term relationship with Dad? Proud to be a boy? Serious? Call John, (312) 682-4558 after 6:30 PM Chicago time.

THE FINEST OF MASTERS

A youthful 50s top awaiting weekend slaves to 40s for large, well-equipped dungeon. Adventurous enough? Write Thom, PO Box 28852, St. Louis, MO 63123 for application.

BEAUTIFUL DAD WANTED!

Dominant European guy, 38, 6'1", 160 lbs., trim, hairy, masculine, dark hair/eyes, reliable, seeks submissive professional/retired dad over 55 for lifetime relationship. Leather is great, so are business suits. Want to worship Dad but also dominate him. All scenes considered. Will relocate. Photo a must. Box 6308LF

SON/BROTHER/FRIEND

any appearance, size, ages 40-90, wanted for short- or long-term by white masculine dominant daddy, yet loving and easygoing, age 56, 6'1", 165, 6" cut, bald, smooth, glasses, educated, retired, travels. Into nudity, wrestling, massage, swimming, horseback riding, photography, languages, urban and rural, *Drummer* scenes. H. Howard, 710 W. Main, #2145, Arlington, TX 76013. (LF6309)

MASTER/DADDY

52-year-old WM seeks son, slave or partner for long-term relationship, bondage steel/leather. Photo, phone. Box 6316

INSANE ANIMALE MASTER

sought by true slave, 25, 5'9", 140, healthy, tight body, beginning bodybuilder, into anything including depraved, humiliating sex scenes with the above. Will travel for scenes and possibly relocate for the right man. This is not fantasy!!! PO Box 632, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10011.

MOTORCYCLE/MOUNTED COPS

Looking for dominant guys who are into motorcycle cop uniforms, spurred black boots and equipment for cop on cop(s) fantasy scenes. You should be into boots, leather, uniforms, bondage and cop workovers. Need info on how to get genuine police motorcycle helmets. Box 8204, Richmond, VA 23226. (LF6366)

BE DADDY'S MUSCLE BOY

Eastwood daddy, 42, mean and hung, auditioning healthy, obedient slaveboy BB, 18-30, anxious to please and train for BB competition for daddy's pleasure and public display. If not smooth, will be shaved. Send interesting photo and imaginative letter of application. Box 6356LF

ATTN: TRUCKERS/COPS

Hot, masculine, young guy, 5'9", submissive, smooth-faced, and blue-eyed, a real dick-pleaser, offers fantastic head (and ass!) to real men truckers and cops in Northeast traveling I-87, 89, 91, 93. Surrounding areas. Also at my place. 2 or more together OK. Safe only, clean, very discreet, but very hot. Go for it, buddy! Box 6353

HANDSOME, MUSCULAR & 40

As a young man, I lusted after good-looking, well-built men about 40 years old. Now I've become one of them, and I am still excited by experienced hot-looking "older men." I'm 40, six feet, 175 muscular pounds, handsome, moustached, intelligent, successful, and sexually intense and versatile. I'm looking for similar hot men into bodyworship trips and exciting safe leathersex scenes—especially nipples, leather, and uniforms. I live in California and travel extensively. Box 6350

MASTER

White male, 47, does not fit usual leather scene mold, 6', 190 lbs., wears glasses, beer gut, out of shape, smokes, drinks, reader, book collector. Requires live-in slave. Demands total submission/obedience. Expect to be used. Live in L.A. Plea to Box 6349LF

SLAVE/HOUSEBOY

Hot and horny GWM couple, 24 & 37, seeks muscular GWM 18-25 for slave/houseboy. Nonsmoker only. Will train. Relocation assistance. Reply with photo to PO Box 36624, Grosse Pointe, MI 48236.

DEPRAVED SHIT-SMEARING PIGS

wanted by hot-looking Italian raunch freak, 33, 5'8", 140, dk hair, beard, pierced tits, shaved balls. Into mutual degradation, exhibitionist sick scenes with other low-life filth. Interested in photo exchange, making videos, rimming horses, satanism, hard and soft turds. Nothing's too disgusting. Prefer good-looking like myself but will answer any and all whose head is in the toilet bowl. Answer with photo/phone. Box 6334

PROPERTY

Trained mature houseboy, body servant, 5'11", 160, secure, healthy, rarely used for SM. Would be honored to again serve a MASTER(S) whose interests would include total mental/physical domination and complete retraining resulting in a piece of exemplary slave property existing solely for its MASTER'S pleasure, well-being and lifestyle. Box 6369LF

SWEATY FEET

5'7", 140 lbs., hunky weightlifter seeks submissive foot men. Box 3338LF

DOCTOR'S BAG & SHOP

Professional offers medical examinations/treatments in authentic office setting between Milwaukee and Chicago. Letter with your fantasies/kinks to Box 6329

BONDAGE BOY WANTED

by 40-year-old WM dominant Dad, 6', 190 lbs., into bondage, humiliation, spanking and health consciousness. You are 18 to 30, boyish but butch, punk or preppy, tough or tender, as long as you submit. Permanent position for right boy. No feds, fats, drugs or drunks. Send letter with photo to: Carlisle, PO Box 2003, Bloomfield, NJ 07003.

COWBOY BONDAGE/WRESTLING?

31, GWM, 155 lbs., 5'10", hairy, good physique seeks sane nonsmoker, masculine, well-built man, 30s-40s, into bondage, wrestling. Reply w/photo. PO Box 755, Tualatin, OR 97062.

HAIRCUTS/SHAVES

WM, 42, 5'11", 185, top, experienced barber wants your scalp for clipper haircuts, from trims to shaves, body or head. You won't be disappointed! PO Box 7523, Miami, FL 33155-7523.

BIG MEN, TOOLS, VACUMPRRS

If you are equipped/admire ANYTHING BIG send S.A.S.E. to B.G., 584 Castro, #395B, S.F., CA 94114.

MANHOLE SPECIALIST

Long beach, FFT, white, 47, good-looking, 5'9", 155 lbs., brown/blue, moustache, seeks white 21-40, good-looking, masculine, in-shape, FFB, for long, safe butt sessions. Will be traveling North America in 1989 so also seek response from FFB Nationwide. PO Box 3912, Long Beach, CA 90803, or call (213) 438-0917. Married & bisex.

MASTER

Handsome, muscular, trim, well-built, 48, 5'9 1/2", 145 lbs., seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary or weekened who is trim, under 45, well-built. All scenes. Into being face-fucked, toilet trained, whipped, heavy flogging, FF, WS, scat, C&BT, hot wax, electrocution, piercing, B&D, branding, stretching, etc. Well-designed and equipped dungeon available. Send picture to seeks Master's pleasure. Box 4240LF

TOTAL SLAVE WANTED

Muscular B/M Top, 36, 5'10", seeks slender bottom (21-40) any race for heavy SM, prolonged restraint, immobilization, torture, crucifixion, etc. I'm experienced, sane. No fluids exchanged. Only detailed letter. Photo & phone will merit response. Jim Will, PO Box 20990, Oakland, CA 94611.

MASTER OF FALCONHURST

Master seeks black slave. Must be 18-27, muscular, smooth and intelligent. Must accept strict discipline, dress code, mental conditioning and relocate. Prefer novices. Call (405) 235-2821 after 9 PM. If you do not meet my criteria, do not call.

CORIACEOUS

Unpretentious, academic, quiet, peripheral to scenes and the scene, generally openminded, total leatherman, late 30s, Boston, MA, area seeks other educated leatherlovers 25-49 for conversation, information, correspondence or friendship. I have many interests, friends, a lover and am monogamous, but my leather needs attention. Box 5978LF



PLEASE GIVE IT TO ME, SIR!

WM, 34, 5'10", 162, strawberry blond, hot & horny, needs verbal abuse, raunch, humiliation, discipline. Use me, Sir, to fulfill your fantasy, make me beg for more! Safe sex. Phone & photo gets mine, Sir. Will travel. Jay Stevens, PO Box 62128, Virginia Beach, VA 23462. (LF5868)

NEED DAD'S DISCIPLINE?

Strict 6', 180 lb. Dad will use firm discipline and corporal punishment to direct inadequate, lonely, horny, honest son desiring to relocate in own Northwest residence and stay employed. Son will learn obedience, to control solitary jacking off, and the satisfaction of pleasing Dad. Photo. Box 5954LF

LOVER/MASTER WANTED

GWM, 35, 5'10", 155 lbs., brown hair/blue eyes, healthy masculine x-farm-boy bottom-man seeks hairy-chested healthy masculine dominant natural top-man for monogamous relationship. I especially like farmers/ranchers but will answer all. I can relocate. Please send photo and detailed letter. Sincere only Box 5907LF

HARD BLACK MASTERS NEEDED

Groveling white slave boy, 35, 5'11", 190 lbs., needs to serve rough, powerful black masters. This slave is Greek passive, French active, and very submissive for ass licking, piss, shit and spit. Need to be whipped and used as a toilet by black masters. Please, Sir. Box 5899

BLACK SPANKING & ENEMA GIVIN' MASSEUR!

I'm licensed to massage, and highly skilled at ass-whipping hot butts stretched out on my massage table. Enemas your pleasure? Try my secret formula stirring up your insides, making your bowels explode loads of paydirt. So all you naughty business types, laborers, jocks, etc. pick up the phone or write. John Rose, (212) 889-5477.

GRAPPLIN' DAD

Tough, 45, 6'1", 225 healthy Dad likes to remind his muscular son who's boss with some rasslin', titwork, verbal abuse, humiliation. If son's gotten good enough to take the old man, Dad can respect that. Let's test each other now that you've grown up. Travel a lot. Send photo, your scene and we'll have a hot, safe reunion. Box 5985

GLOVES/UNIFORMS/CIGARS

Hot dude looking for others into skintight black leather gloves, police/Nazi uniforms, Marlboros & cigars. Shiny black leather boots, uniform trousers, black police shirt, Sam Browne belt, black tie, armband, hat, and skintight black leather gloves holding Marlboro or cigar. All answered, photos returned. Box 6171

COCK TORTURE

Young 25-year-old stud wants cock torture from sadistic TOPS under 30. Only limit is no permanent damage. (507) 835-5677 weekends or mornings. Tim. Box 6419

SHITFACED

Fine-looking asswipe responds to command, especially for big men 40+. Midwest, but will travel to please. Box 6412

BLACK MASTER WANTED

Hot, tan, W/M slave animal, 34, 5'9", 172 lbs., blond, seeks demanding, innovative, muscular, hung Black Master for workouts, S/M, CBT, paddles, mirrors, toys, wax, heavy Greek/French, B/D—just about anything, uniforms, fantasy—action. Master may write to Zack, PO Box 14630, Phoenix, AZ 85035. Letter, phone, photo, instructions, please... (LF6406)

GERMAN LEATHER BIKER SON

6', 180, bl/bl, 25, good-looking college stud, looking to serve Master, take care of your boots, leather, tits, and cock. Serve Daddy under 35, tall, big, to expand, explore my limits, turn me into your obedient son. I'm motivated, straight acting and enjoy motorcycles, leathers, outdoors and sex. Box 6173LF

ROPES, CUFFS, RESTRAINTS

Want to show some/all/more to a German Leatherman? Dungeon/playroom big "+". 6'2", 185 lbs., in the U.S. later this year. Send photo, letter to: Hans, 1000 Berlin 42, Postfach 420515, West Germany. Thank you Sir!

PENIS TORTURE LAB

Health-aware, masculine swimmer/cockslover surrenders meat to vicious, depraved doctor requiring shaved, thick 9", dangling nipple for: massive vacuum enlargement; catheterization; deep hypo oil infusion; steel vices-clamps-sounds; mallet tenderizing; ice/hot packs. Cock-obsessed queer craves torture, hyper-aromathesia, VA, bondage/ restraints, begs to be fed scumbags, frozen semen, fat greased dildos during long lab sessions. Clinical/steely docs only. Will travel/pay/beg for regular appointments, naked display, humiliation, photo-video documentation. Photo/phone only gets same. Box 6421

CONSTRUCTION WORKER WNTD

by aggressive Italian bottom, 5'9"/175/32 for demolition job. Into wrestle/fight scenes + You be masculine, rugged, safe and live in LA/ NYC & Erie, PA in summer. Box 6420

SEEKING RELATIONSHIP

Shaming, shaving, bondage, beatings and lots of affection I'll give you. Seek permanent expense-sharing. Me: G/A, F/p. Eunuchs welcome. Box 6402

PAPER ROUTE

takes this dark-haired, lean, masochistic cock sucker thru seven states seeking part-time experienced sadistic Topmen, over 40 who need a slave-buddy to work over on weekends. Box 6401

BB GUNS

When you were a kid, did you and your friends ever have BB-gun fights? Want to correspond only with guys who've experienced or seen a BB-gun fight. This specific scene only, please, no gun nuts or prisoners. Box 6399

EXCEPTIONAL HOT MAN

42, seeks exceptional younger man. I'm 5'10", 160 lbs., black hair, brown eyes, good build and looks, very masculine, dynamic, stable, successful, intense and caring. If you're very good-looking, well-built, intelligent, stimulating and thrive on dominance/submission, send letter with photo to: Mitch, PO Box 9395, Scottsdale, AZ 85252. Box 6398LF

HOT DEPRAVED TURDLICKER

Muscular, 22, tired of playing solo, wants shit buddy—age, looks not important, filthy body, dirty mind is. Object: shit smearing, turd sucking, grunting, filth feast, have big hard dumps and hungry holes for wild man fucking and good times, also sucking farts, dirty toilets, your depraved sex fantasies. Let's trade shit porn, pictures, etc., Vancouver or North America. Box 6396

BROWNNOSERS

Dallas-based Top of German descent, 32, 5'10", 145 lbs., br/gr, with oversize dick and dirty asshole travels frequently. I am looking for other young, good-looking men (like myself) who are into raunch or scat. In-shape brownnosers contact Box 6223LF

WHITE POWER

White racist seeks others. White supremacists, Klansmen, rednecks. The real thing. Serious only. Box 6394

DIAPER DISCIPLINE!

Chicago, 32. Bootlicking pissants in soaking diapers/plastic pants need diaper training, punishment, humiliation. Spanking, enemas, mild S/M, B/D, W/S. Box 6393

ATTENTION ALL WRESTLERS!

Wrestling opponents and penpals needed by muscular attractive English wrestler (24, 5'8"). Must be into head scissors (figure-four) and heavy sucking on submission. Hairy guys a bonus. Box 6388

SPANKING VIDEOS

Would like to swap VHS spanking videos with others. Write Box 6384

HORSE AND PAIN

WM, 54, 6'2", 166 lbs., normal, masculine look, uncut, no facial or body hair, tall and slim, healthy and health conscious, serious and erudite, seeks, a) to be as a horse, put to a sulky and by the whip trained to great achievements in remote desert or forest land; b) to find a Top, who with the whip through mental domination and expertise, takes me beyond my limits into the ecstasy of pain, safe and sane. Can travel. Box 6380

REDNECK JUSTICE 1988

This is not a sex ad. Dixie-bound "prisoner" seeks extradition to Southern and Midwest detention facilities under redneck command. Inmate is WM Californian, young-looking 35, 6'3", 160 lbs., handsome, intelligent, on August-November odyssey to serve sentences of 2 to 7 days in maximum security confinement. Also seek factual information regarding currently notorious Deep South small town/rural Redneck sheriff/police departments, jails, etc. Box 6379

HOT COUPLE SEEKS DADDY

Boys are white, 5'9", 31 and 6'3", 28; butch, tattooed and pierced. Looking for hot daddy to help us relocate to Western United States. Boys are hardworking—professional. Love leather, heavy nipple and tit work, cock sucking, discipline and toys. We will not disappoint the right daddy. Box 6377LF

REAL ANIMALS!

Hot leather bottom heavily into scene, need to give service. Phone J/O okay, write first, photo/phone: Box 6233LF

GERMAN LEATHERMAN VISITING

the States in October. Interested in meeting Tops/bottoms for action, fun, and friendship. Send infos, details, requests, photos to: H.T.L. Postfach 620472, 100 Berlin 62, West Germany

FOR YOUR USE

Mid-30s WM with brown hair, eyes, mustache, 5'11", 165 lbs. Seeking hot man with dirty boots. Will beg to orally serve arrogant jock or leather Master. PO Box 3544, Oak Park, IL 60304.

MALE PUSSY/CUNT LONGS FOR MISTREATMENT

Daddy asserts two years of cocking my shaved cunt and dicking and fisting my hot, juicy twat have made it the best on the East Coast. But Daddy insists his bitch's pussy/cunt won't be totally real unless I show my seductive ways to other guys. Me: perverted, whorish slave. You: the dominant brute who'll do nasty things to torture my engorged tits, mistreat my male clit and sac, and ravish my silken gash and slippery hole. Your picture gets mine. Box 6376

HOT LEATHER BOY

needs hot leatherman. Me: 35 years old, good-looking, tall, trim. You: into leather, boots, B/D, TT, C&BT, VB, WS. Drop a line, I have lots of hot pictures. PO Box 307, Tacoma WA 98401-0307

COLUMBUS, OHIO

GWM, 39, 6'2", 230 lbs., black hair/beard/moustache, hairy, nonsmoker, hog rider, shit-kicker, pierced, tattooed, 8 1/2", cut, big balls. Lookin' for an equal for puttin' and partyin'. I'm not top/bottom/master/slave or into bull-shit games. Like bikers, truckers, etc., especially uncut. (614) 846-6045.

HOT DADDY IS ON HIS KNEES

Dad's a strong, smart, successful, good-looking man, 43, 5'10 1/2", 160 lbs., thinning black hair, brown eyes, swimmer's build, very masculine and intense. You're the object of his worship, a young man with very good looks, body and mind who know what he wants. Letter and photo to Bob, PO Box 45355, Phoenix, AZ 85064.

SMOKERS

Does smoking turn you on? Join Smokers. Box 6423. (509) 467-2244

BODYBUILDER TOPMEN WANTED

Top leathermen only with tattoos and beards, and cigar smokers. I am a bottom and very hot, 5'10", dark hair, 180 lbs., with a wet pussy. Like straight-looking men. Talk to me, Sir. (212) 243-8125 AM or PM, Bob. J/O leather talk from a Master.

EXPERIENCED BOTTOM

with early retirement has time on hand, can travel Eastern U.S., need experienced Top for complete control and unforgettable experience, answer with desires and photo get same. Box 5871LF

ASIAN SM BONDAGE MASTER

Or smooth hispanic or white man wanted by good-looking blond, 5'7", 138 lbs., smooth body in good shape. Ropes, chains, leather restraints, wax, clamps, suspension, tit torture, etc. Travel regularly throughout USA including NYC, SF, DC, Colorado. Photo appreciated. PO Box 691303, West Hollywood, CA 90069. (LF6051)

WANTED: YOUNG TRUCK SLAVE

45-year-old trucker wants young slave to learn trucking from the bottom up. Permanent only. Will supply what I think you need. Call weekends or send letter with picture. Box 6057LF. (619) 723-8481

HOT LEATHER TOPMAN

GWM, 36, 5'11", 185, brown/blue, moustache, seeks other hot Tops/bottoms to 43. This man has hairy pecs w/hard nipples that demand mutual heavy play. Dig heavy, sweaty JO workouts, jockstraps, chaps, uniforms, uncuts, cowboys, Asian men. Am stable, educated, healthy, professional. Potential big brother/Dad for right man. Into photography, BB, hiking. No feds/drugs. Reply w/hot photo /phone to Box 4675LF.

ANY AGE, LOOKS OR C&B SIZE

I want to squeeze, pinch, gouge, kiss your tight, lean waist, belly and ribs, lay face down on your belly and J/O. Lovemaking reward from Mr. Jones, 300 lbs. and 47. Send clear upper body photo. PO Box 33336, Coon Rapids, MN 55433. Monogamous.

HOT & HUNKY

Exceptionally sexy, hot, young, virile stud looking for someone to fuck, to slap around and to suck me off. You must be extraordinarily handsome and must respond with a photo to prove it, or forget it. Box 6126



LIVE! LIVE! LIVE! LIVE! LIVE! LIVE! LIVE!

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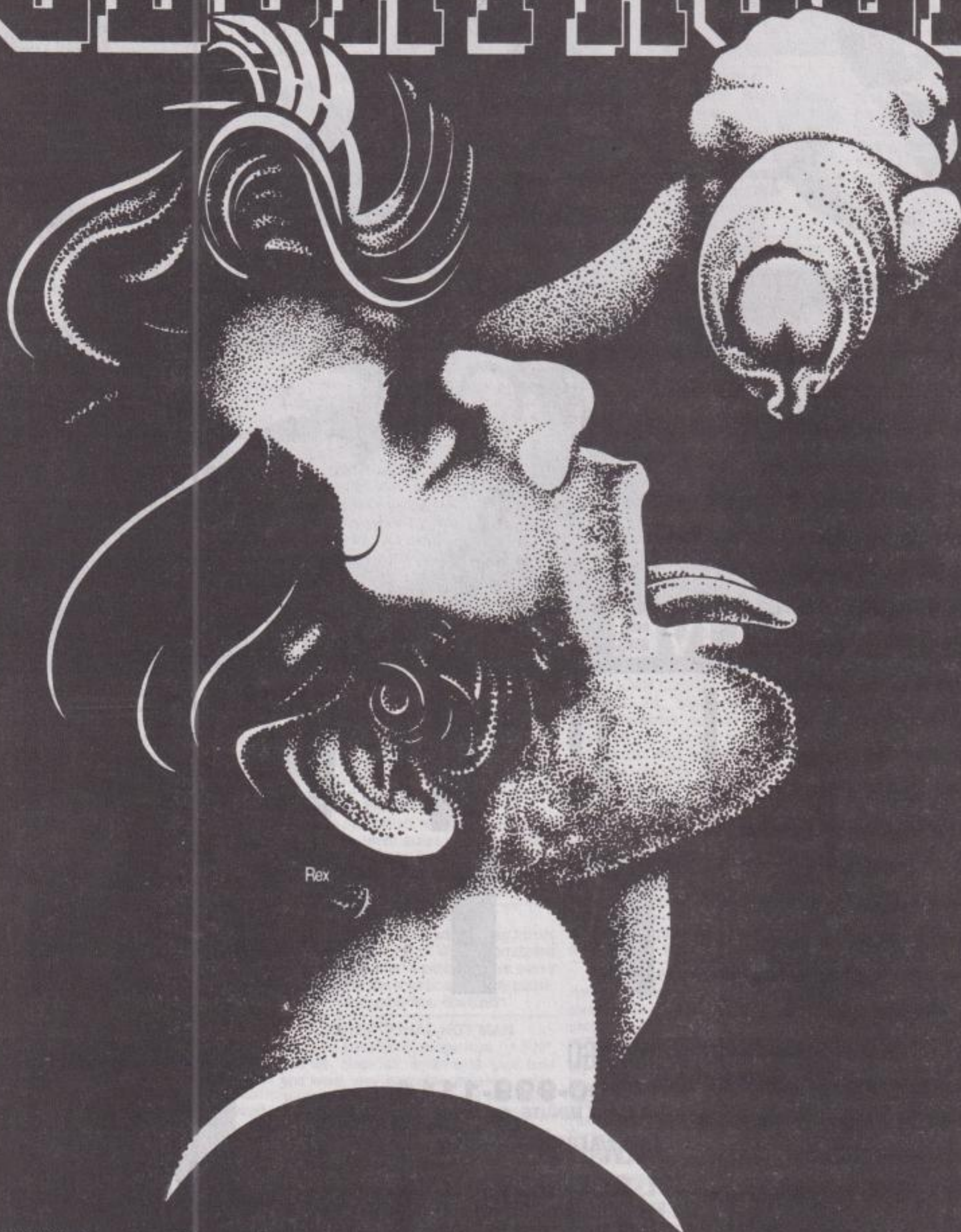
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BONDAGE AND SLOW TORTURE!

W/M, 36, lean, muscular, masculine, imaginative, easygoing, discrete, versatile, seeks similar, in-shape buddy for capture, bondage, torture games. Indian, Roman, Inquisition, other classic scenes possible in hot, sweaty, erotic, but safe, sane fashion. Permanent relationship, relocation possible. Let's not get old wishing we had! Box 6129LF

YOUNG HANDSOME COP

My uniform and great body hide an eight-inch downward-bent hook dick which needs a masculine man to humiliate, twist and deform it further while I worship your healthy penis. Attractive, endowed and macho only. Send raunchy letter and photo for same. PO Box 5724, Savannah, GA 31414.

TRAVELING SON

30s, 5'10", 150 lbs., am into Fr, Gr, hot ass/buns, FF, spanking, light S/M, recycled beer shower and 3-ways. Top only for FF, prefer bottom for the rest. Travel frequently from Chicago to Chatt, TN; Des Moines to Cleveland; Miami and Dallas. Write with photo and phone so we can get a hot nonstop evening going. Box 5296LF

NAKED SEXSLAVE/HOUSEMAN

24-45, masculine, healthy, wanted for Master and partner, stable dynamic, sex-crazed, versatile, grey-haired/bearded motorcycle men, both 54. Duties: Master's bike buddy, cocksucking, assplay, WS, TT, C&BT, wax, whip/paddle, BD, cooking, housework. Good service, loyalty, more. Master Les, Box 511265, SLC, UT 84151-1265. (LF4733)

I'M NOT A SLAVE

Only a real master stands a chance at making me one. If you're tough enough to command my respect and obedience; up to training someone who's not sure he wants to be; and into prolonged bondage, send orders. Suite 22, 1530 Locust, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

CAPTIVE MASTER IN NEED

Handsome body builder, 32, 6', 200 lbs., understanding, loving, but firm. Down on my luck, need help in attaining a lawyer to get free of prison. I'm the best friend that you will ever have. Age, nationality unimportant. Write: D.L. Collier, #6913, PO Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360.

SHIT PIG WANTS SLAVE

No-nonsense, stern, hostile, controlling son of a bitch wants permanent live-in slave whose primary duty will be to dump a full load of hot slimy shit into my mouth every night. Prefer you not work or have career ambitions, but stay home, keeping your body (ass in particular) and underwear filthy and stinking. Also expect you to beg to sniff and eat my dirty shit. You will accept verbal abuse and discipline as I deem necessary. The right slave will be quiet and insecure; content with little social life; and devoted to meeting my needs. In return for your loyalty, obedience, and devotion, you will be well cared for, protected, and receive affection; some travel. But it must be remembered that I call the shots. I want your shit but not your bullshit. If you're a stupid fuck who can't get this through your thick head, don't bother writing. Am 43, 160, 5'10½", moustache; live NYC. TEST HIV Neg; expect same. Send detailed letter about self and qualifications along with photo if possible. Can help relocate. Box 6288

LEATHER BOY

needs to feel a firm hand across his ass. Bind and gag me then do what you will. I am 22, 5'7", 160 lbs., bk/br, moustache and beard. Photo and letter of intent to: Boy, PO Box 55125, Atlanta, GA 30308-5125.

SM LEATHER LIFESTYLE

WM, 40, 5'11", 195, brn. hair and eyes, seeks others for mutual pain and pleasure. S&M, B&D, TT, piercing, shaving, watersports, enemas, hoods, gags, toys, aroma, smoke turn you on??? Primarily bottom but have had training and can switch for the right person if that's what you want... Let's trade photos and phone numbers. All letters acknowledged... Get your leather ready!!! Box 5514LF

HOUSTON TOP PIERCED TITS

6'5" bearded, 36, into Titwork, piercings, shaving, spanking, butt toys, enemas, and burrs. Seeks true bottom—preferably younger. Box 6429

MASTER/SPONSOR

39, 6'1", 210 lbs., Midwest professional, sponsor/master bodybuilder son, submit mind & body to training for Midwest BB Contest Display with discipline, workout partner, supplements, good food, photos of progress, sex, house & yard responsibility to earn keep. Son 23-28, 5'10" & 185 lbs. Sound mind, letter, detail personal history, sport & BB experience, personality, physique photo. Must have show potential & desire. 1 yr. min. commitment. Yes-Sir attitude. Box 6432

SHIT MASTER WANTED

by cute redhead, 43, could be live-in. Healthy, sincere. Am also great cocksucker. I like man smell. Prefer bi or divorced. Barry Ross, 14624 SW 144 Court, Miami, FL 33186. Phone: (305) 251-4838.

TRUCKERS/BIKERS

Passing through Belfast, Maine, 45-yr.-old needs to be trained—wants to service. Spanish and Blacks a plus. Ray, (207) 338-1422.

ARMPIT LOVER

Attractive GWM, 37, would like to correspond with others who think that armpits are the most erotic part of a man's anatomy. Ron, Suite 288, PO Box 6995, St. Louis, MO 63123.

CONFINEMENT

Cells, cages, closets, coffins, car trunks, chains, rope, tape, bodybags, etc. Tall/dark/handsome underwear-clad WM, mid-30s, needs confinement. I await your words, Sir. "Free" to travel. Box 6436

NAZI WORSHIP

Healthy, bootlicking WM, young-looking 34 (part-jew) deserves and craves Aryan domination and cruelty. Sieg Heil! (Can travel worldwide). Box 6435

POLICE DOG

Gd/kg lanky WM puppy (36 human years) requires obedience training. Will submit to uniformed PEACE officers nationwide. Box 6434

BABY TRAINING/DISCIPLINE

Slender WM babyboy, young-looking/acting 33, seeks Daddies/Big Brothers over 200 pounds to visit cross-country. Box 6433

BONDAGE SLAVE

Living England seeks contact with experienced leather-rubber masters. Slave is 36, tall, healthy, can travel and needs bondage suspension and S/M restraints. All letters answered, Sir. Box 6437LF

RUBBER/RAUNCH/CIGARS

Cigar-smoking, foulmouthed rubber raunch pig WM, 43, 5'10", 160, beard, uncut, seeks other uninhibited raunch pigs, especially in the Boston, MA area. Uninhibited raunch including piss, shit, fun drugs, booze, leather, uniforms, lots of smoke & rubber, CBT/T, enemas, catheterization, Satanism, etc. Box 6438LF

UNCUT MASOCHIST

seeks permanent relationship with uncut sadist. Any scene as monogamous lovers—torture, cutting—you name it. I am 6'2", 170, good-looking, 46, hairy chest and armpits, secure and can relocate. Always hot tongue for whatever. After 6 PM, (305) 564-0217.

MAKE US HOT TO USE YOU

Two masculine, safe Masters require young, hunky boy-slaves with proper attitude for training, hot 3-way scenes. Expect heavy VA, tit work, spankings. Please us with full body worship. Inexperience a bonus. Good tits, eager mouth, boyish ass get top consideration. Respectful letter, photo essential. Master George (52, 6'2", 190). Master Jim (42, 6', 200). Jersey, PA area. Box 6439LF

SON/SLAVE WANTED

by 41-year-old Daddy/Master. If you have a serious desire to be the live-in son/slave of this blond, 6'3", affectionate but no-nonsense Daddy/Master, include photo and phone with your response. You must be willing to relocate. Box 4426LF

DAD SEEKS SON

Dominant Daddy, 6'1", 170, 42, seeks son/partner. Possible relationship, TT, B/D, experimentation, safe sex, discipline. Dad can be affectionate and nurturing or demanding and controlling. If you are looking for a full life with just one Master, write with photo to Box 61, Arlington, VA 22210. (LF5270)

MASTER SEEKS MUSCULAR SLAVES

Master, 36, tall, well-built, construction worker's body, hairy, clean-cut, successful, educated seeks slaves, 18-30, smooth, hard, well-defined bodies, swimmers, gymnasts, body builders needing a demanding man to guide your life. HS and college jocks a plus. I will develop your mind and mold your body to perfection. I am a protective and caring Master. Will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. Work/school as I determine is best for you. HIV NEGATIVE ONLY. Relocation for top-quality applicant. Physique photos, letter with biographical information, fantasies, qualifications, telephone to Master, Box 451, 89 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, MA 02115. (617) 437-1821. (LF5304)

HOT, HORNY LEATHERMAN

(32, 5'10", 160, hairy, bearded, versatile) seeks buddies into leather, Levis, boots, uniforms, S&M, B&D, fucking, FF and more for heavy scenes. Ich kann auf Deutsch. Photo to Bridwell, 4734 N. Magnolia Avenue, Chicago, IL 60640.

ULTIMATE SLAVE

For your ultimate fantasy: W/M 26 5'8", 125 lbs. brn/grn smooth, c/n shvn, 7", U/C, 28" w, 1/2 Latin, looking for that special Master who is educated in the arts of slavery. Professional people are given special treatment! (415) 337-2008 Eves. San Francisco, CA or write to Drummer Box 5875LF

DOMINANT SADISTIC MASTER

wants totally submissive, young, slim, low-limit, masochistic slave for new heights, needed release. Novices must want fantasies turned into safe, sane, rough reality. Travel, visit Miami weekly. Live in NYC. Master: 6', 175, 45. Apply/letter, phone, photos: Suite 769, 263-A West 19th Street, NYC, 10011. (LF6017)

MY FACE, YOUR ASS!

Dave Hot! Age 22 5'10", 150, 7" 24-hr ass licking my specialty! W/S—Receive only—Piss all over me! Dick, ball sucker, fuck hungry butt! (415) 357-7181. Call anytime!

HUNGRY CUM GUZZLER

Hunky, expert cocksucker craves thick, creamy mouthfuls of jism from hot, healthy, well-hung, in-shape Tops. Uncut with cheese a plus. Also into hairy, sweaty armpits, deep rimming, and recycled beer. Any race, 20 to 55. Fantastic oral worship only. No Greek, pain or scat. Box 6078LF

SATAN WORSHIP

Attractive, healthy, W/M, 28, 5'11", 150, seeks discrete masculine guy for serious Satanic relationship. Send details, description, photo if possible. Will consider relocating. Can travel. Into leather and most scenes. Prefer being top, but extremely versatile. Others into Satanism please write. Box 6102LF

COCK SLAVE

Looking for ambitious, straight-appearing, lean Top, with hot mind, body and cock, wanting/deserving service, I'm 5'8", 138, smooth, honest, hard-working. Interests: outdoors, exercising, travel, rural living, long sessions. Let me be your partner, lifemate; make and train me to be your cock slave. No cigarettes, fem. PO Box 1044, Westerly, RI 02891.

CONTROL

WM, Top, 5'11", 37, seeks bottoms same size or smaller for exploration via mental and physical torture. You will be verbally and physically abused to the point where you will beg for more—to the point where you are controlled. Call (714) 957-2642, 7-11 pm for appointment/discussion or write Box 6094LF

GLORY HOLE

wants to be trained & chained at a busy raunchy public suck hole to expand limitations. Big thick cocks especially needed to widen throat muscles. Contact the cock-sucker at (907) 276-5016 or write The Hole at PO Box 200594, Anchorage, AK 99520-0594. Travel frequently. (LF6121)

BODYBUILDER SLAVES

5'8", 210-lb., extremely muscular Master requires BB slaves for exhibition training. You will be taught proper attitude to carry this body. You will mold as I see fit. A description of self with picture is required with application. Pictures returned if I determine you not yet ready for the challenge. Box 6237LF

DAD SEEKS B/B SON

Successful W/M, 36, 5'10", 155 lbs., will provide opportunity for full-time training in return for submissive son. Possible live-in or your own place. GW, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502.

LOOKING FOR BUDDY

33, WM, 6', 175, hairy looking for masculine hairy MEN. Burly, older men preferred. None turned down. Inexperienced so looking for firm teacher. Will answer all. Photos exchanged. Box 6286

SEEK DOMINANT SON

Executive, 57-year-old, 5'11", 172 lbs., silver moustache, 7" uncut, seeks 18 to 36 to 5'9", masculine, boyish, horny jock ass stud, commanding body worship, rimming, watersports. This hot butt Dad craves verbal abuse, mild ass beating, shaving, piss, enemas, sucking. Call (415) 929-7124. (LF6242)

ARROGANT MASTER WANTED

GWM, 27, 5'11", 140, black/hazel. Need Master to totally control me, mentally and physically. My last decision will be to become YOUR slave permanently. Brainwashing, S&M, B&D, CBT/T, whipping. Anything YOU desire. No limits. Please send photo and phone with YOUR orders. Box 6239LF



WALT WHITMAN TYPE DRUMMER DADDY

(artist) awaits volunteer model top for new wave paintings and drawings. 25-55. Some bondage; safe, physical intimacy. Modest room and board, no wage. Lifetime or long-term relationship possible. Serious-minded suit-wearer a plus. 47; 6'; 175; employed; tall, dark, and GQ handsome. Homosexuals only. Box 6270LF

BOOTS LEATHER BONDAGE

Seek mature muscular top interested in boots bondage hoods oil jocks biking softball weights rigid service shaving C&B work hot lube. (312) 274-5479. Box 6260LF

QUIET MASTER/DADDY

41-year-old, good-looking, easygoing but firm, very health conscious, together, loving, looking for special son/slave for mutual satisfaction. I am dominant in light S&M, being Greek active, bondage, spanking, shaving, and other fantasies. Also enjoy touching, holding, fondling. Son/slave should be a nonsmoker, non or light drinker, no drugs and nonferm. Located in NY but travel around the country. Photo/letter to Box 4711LF

SUBSCRIBE TO DRUMMER

MR. MID-ATLANTIC DRUMMER '88

Be a part of one of the Hottest weekends this summer and one of the most talked about DRUMMER contests in the country. The MEN, The BOYS, The Contest, The Parting, The weekend where memories are made. See AD in this issue for details.

ALABAMA

BONDAGE TOP

Blond, blue, beard, hairy, 29, wants bottoms with bondage fantasies wanting to become realities. If you're a W/M, 21-40, fat, slim, or stud send a detailed letter with fantasy, photo, address, and phone. I'm hot, horny and waiting. Central Alabama (Montgomery). Box 6107 LF

LEATHER, BONDAGE & RUBBER

Experienced GWM 44, 5'8", 165, seeks men into leather, bondage, rubber, light-medium SM, CB&TT, WS and raunch. Versatile. Healthy sex only. Huntsville, AL. Send detailed information, photo, phone. Box 6430LF

ALASKA

FULL BODY MASSAGE

I am a licensed masseur who enjoys promoting a sense of well-being by means of massage. Improve mental and physical health. A quiet, comfortable atmosphere is provided. Will treat you like a king!! (907) 272-9045

SWISS LEATHERMAN COMES TO ALASKA

Muscular, bearded Top, early 50s, 5'11", 155, in good shape, perfect health coming to Alaska mid-July. Wants muscular, trim guys for good times/friendship; tit-work, optional FF, dirty talk, hole-stretching. Perfect health essential. Want to meet interesting people in places reachable by air, train, bus, or be picked up from there. Write with photo by mid-June latest to Boris Rahm, Hardstr. 58, CH-4052 Basle, Switzerland (LF5048)

FULL BODY MASSAGE

I am a licensed masseur who enjoys promoting a sense of well-being by means of massage. Improve mental and physical health. A quiet, comfortable atmosphere is provided. Will treat you like a king!! (907) 272-9045

ARIZONA

BOOTLOVING BOTTOM

29-year-old kinky boot and leather lover seeks leatherclad or booted men for fun and fantasy, in person or via mail. Wet, wild, and raunchy times are a big turn-on for this bootlickin' Phoenix area slave. Replies with pics appreciated to PO Box 60245, Phoenix, AZ 85082-0245, (LF6204)

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

WANTED/SLAVE BOY & HOMEBODY TYPE BOY

"Disabled Couple," GWM, 38, heavy, top-only leatherman, 7 1/2" thick . . . GWM, 43, slim, versatile 5". Looking for a boy who is very versatile, small butt & waist size. Hung nice, cocksucker, light bondage, nipplework, give great massages, assplay, toys & good service, loyalty. No drugs, alcohol, smoking OK, no scats, fems or hustlers, and no money paid out. Must be ages 21-29 only, please. Write to Sirs: Reply w/photo, letter, phone if possible, to Box 6408LF

SEEKING MASOCHIST

Experienced SF sadist with lots of toys seeks one pain-craving Levi-boot masochist who knows what he wants and can take it. Fantasy-seeking JOers and limp-wristed fairies who wimp out quickly in a scene need not respond. Sadist is into whipping, gut wrenching CBT, TT, paddling and whatever other poisons the M wishes to pick. S is tall, early 40s, cut, nonsmoker, neg, intell, health and safety conscious. M must be neg, nonsmoker, cut 30-45, good cocksucker, and relationship-oriented. Not into FF, scat, damage. Box 6407

SONOMA COUNTY DADDY

56, 6', 175 lbs., handsome, muscular, gray mustache, tight butt, seeks hunky, preferably hairy partner, top/bottom any age, for reciprocal B&D including prolonged enema, dildo, hot safe ass play. Box 6395

SEEKING

I'm 5'6", 160 lbs., dark brown hair, green eyes, hairy chest, 32 years old, into water sports (non-oral), lite bondage, leather, jock straps, tit play, oral sex, your photo gets mine. Looking 30-40 years into same, Box 6370.

PRIVATE AFFAIR

Stud, 34, has perfect Nautilus body and thick 8" cock. Spanking, dildoes and dirty talk. Safe, very discreet. Send hot letter w/photo and phone. Tim Hunter, PO Box 140, Carmichael, CA 95609

ALAMEDA ASSHOLE SNIFFER

Straight-appearing man, early fifties wants to smell your brown hole and lick your cheesy cock and pissed-stained shorts. Finger my hole and drive me wild; I get off on playing and smelling a responsive guy's hot shithole. Mutual rimming and J/O, spanking too. Cum often! Letter and phone # to Stan, Box 6371LF

BB SLAVE WANTED

to sweat and strain against my chains as I force you to hunk out one more tough set of curls. Your boss is into hot wax, animal/slave training, smoke, CB/T, TT, 4-wheelin', rock and country ways. Not into phone trips or bullshit, so if interested and live or are visiting in this area, call (415) 944-9984 or (415) 282-2483 and leave a message. If not in the area, write: Boss, PO Box 30091, Walnut Creek, CA 94598.

BUTCH BLACK GUYS

get my dick hard. Trim white guy (5'7", 130, 32), horny and experienced, seeks intense S&M scenes with dominant blacks who have a sense of humor. Box 5951

BONDAGE BOY

Good-looking, well-built all-American type (5'8", 145, 31) craves hot, dominant top for bondage/submission scenes from the more basic (restraint, gags, hoods, shaving) to the more esoteric (long-term confinement, public display, group servicing, forced substance intake, etc.) Open to expanding limits to accommodate your needs. Photo, orders to Box 5902LF.

LEATHER HOME

Mature, sane, nonsmoking GWM into leather, SM scene, wants to find a stable man with similar interests to find and share home in San Francisco. I have furniture etc. and at present live in small apartment. I want to move. Let's join forces, pool ideas, and find suitable place together. Just drop me a note with your name and phone number, to PO Box 31782, San Francisco, CA 94131.

SCAT ME

I need to suck the filthy shitholes of huge beefy butts or young hunky football studs and chunky body builders. I want you to unload that big dump from your bloated dirty asshole right into my toilet mouth. Uniforms, jockstraps, verbal a+. I am well-built GWM, 32, 5'9", 160 lbs., good looking. Write: Boxholder, 584 Castro, #160, S.F., CA 94114-2588

SLEAZE SESSIONS

Sore nipples, spent dicks and used assholes, tweaked-out, burnt-out, spaced-out sleaze, watching porno flicks for hours and pounding our puds, waiting for you to cum to our South of Market pad for J/O, cocksucking and safe anal play. We're 2 hot buddies, handsome, well-built 30s. Want to meet hotguys 21-45 Bay Area residents or visitors. Reply with photo, PO Box 5921, S.F., CA 94101-5921.

TOILET BUDDY

Very hot-looking Latin, 30s, muscular, well defined likes mutual shit scenes and steaming piss. Get off on watching turds, gaping assholes, recycled beer, shit smearing, dirty jocky shorts and lots of grunting action. Looking for filthy minded, hot hunky and hung studs to get our sweat holes going. Box 6056LF

60-YR.-OLD DOMINANT GRANDAD seeks submissive sons, grandsons, contemporaries of all ages! All fantasies considered, but you must be submissive! Box 5943LF

RUSSIAN RIVER

Daddy seeks son for permanent relationship. Son must be very much together, aged 30 to 45, like home life. Preferences to be discussed. Daddy is a writer, has been into S/M scene for years. Send picture and we can talk. Box 5461

SLIM, SMOOTH, GOOD-LOOKING

WM, 30, looking for hot big-dicked top/dad/buddy. Too independent for slave, but want to experience leather. Especially like hairy, uncut. Prefer 33-45, honest, sane, aware. I'm 5'6", 140, brn, grn, more than curious, and ready. So go ahead, write w/photo. Box 6209LF

TOPGUNS

Two hot, horny, uniformed cigar-chompin' lawmen (29 & 40) looking for a punk that needs to get used and abused. Into just about everything as long as it's kinky and safe. Looking for buddies into outdoor sex, hunting and hot workouts on the range. Box 6318LF

BIG BEAR HUNTING IN THE AFTERNOON

Teddy Bear types, black bears or polar (white) bears. Big, tall hairy bears with thick, fat, long dicks. Bellies a+ but not a must. I'm 5'10", brown hair and eyes, average build, and not into SM, just good old-fashioned roll-in-the hay sex. Send photo to Box 5151

SONOMA COUNTY

WM, 44, 6', 190 lbs., SM, TT, C&BT, etc. No body fluids exchanged, no fucking, even with a condom. Let's use our bodies and minds. If you've got the mind, I've got the body or vice versa. Age and size unimportant as long as you can get it up! I've been into the scene for 12 years and I've done it all. For last 4 years, I've been doing what the standards say is safe sex and I'm having a wonderful time without missing anything. Do you like to play roles? Me too! I'm versatile and with our sick minds we can get it off with screams that all of the valley can hear! C'mon, invest 22 in your happiness and write me a note. I'm special and if you understand this ad, I'm sure you are too!!! Box 5150

SADIST NEEDED

Must be knowledgeable and have proper equipment for full maximum levels of pain, but safe only. I enjoy a variety of torture, starting slowly and gradually building up to a very intense level. I'm a WM, 43, 5'10", 170 lbs. Letter with photo & phone & address: Eric Adams, PO Box 14212, Santa Rosa, CA 95402.

SEEKING S.F. LEATHER TOP

Masculine, white, 30-yr.-old S.F. leatherman seeks training by experienced levelheaded top(s). My interests are heavy bondage and safe S&M . . . but no long-term marks. Have well-equipped playroom, need to be firmly secured in leather restraints during training. I take my punishment like a man, but am safe sex oriented (no fluid exchange, blood, FF). Discretion is required and reciprocated. Your photo appreciated and returned on request. Box 5870LF

TOP BOY

25, 5'8", 130 lbs., br/gr, 28w, Smooth, Clin-Shvn, 7" u/c Top for High Caliber Professionals. (415) 685-5035 Aft. 11pm PT (LF5875)

DRUMMER DADDY

seeking tall, trim, muscular slave. You will be stripped, chained, & led to my dungeon. Relationship possible for intelligent, professionally employed man capable of stepping out of the slave role and serving as companion. Drummer Daddy is in his 40s, brown hair, bearded, 6'1", 170 lbs., nonsmoker. Nude photo, phone, letter to Box 4988LF.

DIABLO DEVIATES . . .

Are East Bay leathermen into hot, safe SM, B/D, other "deviate" sex. We have a private Contact Roster, monthly newsletter & sex parties, & 24-hour clubhouse/playroom with toys, equipment & porn. Experienced men eagerly sought; novices welcome. Details: SASE to DV8s, PO Box 27672, Concord, CA 94527-7672.

DEHNERS ONLY PLEASE

Serious devotee wants to be of service. (415) 992-1353

JUDGE/JURY/EXECUTIONER

wanted by 23-year-old blond, 6'0" tall, 160 lbs., blue-eyed cigar-smoking college boy whose cock hardens at the sight of a noose. Into cops, cigars, execution/prison scenes, military, bondage, leather, VA, hoods, gags. String me up, Sir! All scenes/people considered. Box 6310LF

WHERE YOUR ACTION BEGINS!

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Highest quality all-cotton jocks for
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Beautifully made of black
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14⁹⁵

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HOT!



HOT TALK TAPES

THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD PART 1

The kid's been bad (chicks and drugs) but Dad knows just how to handle him. Dad shows his son who's boss and gives him the punishment he deserves. It's a horny kid's introduction into the male world of cocksucking, armpits, piss and, most of all, hot, masculine attitude.

THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD PART 2

Dad's been waiting for the right opportunity to corrupt his oversexed boy and tonight's the night. He knows he shouldn't do it, but those hot ass cheeks and adolescent cock are too tempting.

MY DADDY WAS BAD

The kid comes home to find his dad asleep after a hard day's work. He could stand there forever at the foot of the bed, rubbing his crotch and watching his dad's hairy chest, meaty thighs and swollen dick. But when Dad wakes up, matters come to a head and the kid gets taken on a wild sex trip that culminates in a super-hot scene.

KID VS DAD—WINNER TAKES ALL

Ever wrestle with your old man? Ever wonder what would happen if those sessions got Dad hot—too hot—and he overpowered you? Ever wonder about all the different things he could force you to do to that sweaty body of his before he pins you on your stomach and forces that horse-dick of his up your ass? It's all on this tape!

rites and Raunch

There was definitely something evil about the guy, maybe that's why I went home with him. But nothing prepared me for what was to come. I admit the things he lead me into were pretty sick, but he was so sure of himself, so masculine—well, I did them. Warning: Don't order this tape unless you're prepared to listen in on some really perverted stuff—devil worship, toilet sex in a filthy bathroom. Male bonding at its most extreme.

BIKE EXHIBITIONIST

Imagine: it's a steamy afternoon at the local truck stop and you see a biker who looks too good to be true—mean, dirty, muscular—leaning against his big, black Harley. You ask if he's interested in getting some pictures of his bike. But back in your garage his massive chest, his big, hairy ass, piss streaming out of that dick... It turns out he's quite an exhibitionist. But things get out of hand when he forces you to do more than take pictures. In a short time you know that stinking body better than your Polaroid does.

MARINES OVERHEARD

Two hot and very horny young Marines meet in the barracks latrine. Richie has to take a piss... and Mike takes things from there. If you're a real pig... if you like your action raunchy—hot military scenes, uniforms, the feel of a cold tile floor against your naked back while a hot Marine squats on your face—then we think you might be interested in *Marines Overheard*.

HOT HUNG TRUCKER

Teamster Bob picks up a not-so-innocent hitchhiker at a truckstop in the California desert. Bob has a kink in his neck... Jake the hitchhiker suggests a massage. Bob's leather jacket is the first thing to come off—then his dirty, greasy jeans. When they drop to the floor of the cab, you'll find out how this tape got its name. Jake knows just what to do to service that big rig. And you'll feel like you're right there to help him out.



MUSCLE BUILDER ORGY

Five hot bodybuilders, after a sweaty workout... stripping down to sweat-drenched jockstraps... eyeing each other... their hands reaching out to feel their buddies' biceps, brushing against these solid, hard pecs... and down, down still further 'til they get so hot they don't give a shit who walks in. If you get off on pumped-up muscle, hot man-to-man action, steamy lockerroom sex with no holds barred, then this tape is for you.

DELIVERY BOY COMES AGAIN

Richie is the new driver on the route. He's a hot, straight Italian guy who seems a little "curious" when he finds himself delivering beer and soda to a gay bar. The bartender jumps at the opportunity; soon he convinces Richie to pull out his dick and show it off. "I gotta piss," Richie announces so the bartender hands him an empty beer can. A hot session follows that gets into heavy cocksucking, lots of dirty talk, more piss games and kinky exhibitionism.

AL PARKER AS THE REPAIRMAN

Porn star Al Parker in his only audio tape. Al's an air conditioner repairman who drops in on a guy whose wife isn't home. Who could resist Al's enormous cock? Sucking that mammoth piece of meat isn't enough and pretty soon the guy's begging for it up his ass. He gets it too—plus Al's giant balls at the same time, in one of the hottest and kinkiest scenes ever recorded.



SLEEZE ATTACK LP

Such all-time hits as "One, Sir, Thank You, Sir," "In A Sling," "The Whip Song," "Rings," "A Night At The Orgy" and "Woof, Woof, Oink, Oink." A Source Exclusive!

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TAPE 1 THE INTERROGATION

This tape is featured on the cover of *Drummer* magazine. Model Brutus is a mean Master who knows how to deliver some heavy abuse, both physical and mental. On side one he talks directly to you, forcing you to suck his big cock and worship that incredible Master body. On side two we hear an authentic session where he works over a slave. Plenty of humiliation, and heavy, heavy abuse.

TAPE 2 THE TRAINING BEGINS

Brutus lays it on as his recruit responds willingly and unwillingly to the abuse and humiliation of his training. Not even allowed to beg, he submits to the DI's heavy hand and busy belt. Breathtaking!

TAPE 3 PUNISHMENT & REWARD

When Brutus speaks, men listen, as will you when he tells you how it is and how it is going to be. Whether the punishment is its own reward, or the reward is merely more punishment, only the lowly recruit can say. One hour of intense verbal abuse.

THE COMMANDER SPEAKS

"I am your big brother, your daddy, your commanding officer. I am every big man you ever saw in your whole fuckin' life and started beating off about... your tongue is going to be my shower... your mouth is going to be my toilet... you're going to make me feel like the biggest man in the world, just 'cause you got a throat. Get your teeth down there on that zipper... get down. That's it—get your face in there. Smell what a man is like between his legs." This is just the start of the verbal abuse and humiliation.



FATHER/SON—A father becomes his son's lover.

MARINE BRIG—A Marine DI punishes an AWOL Marine in the Brig.

PORN CALLS—Two half-hour jack-off phone calls.

SAILING TO HELL—Frank O'Rourke relates an original story of rape and abuse.

THE CONFESSIONAL—A young priest hears the confession of his first gay man and what happens in the booth would do much toward conversions.

THE HIGHWAY PATROLMAN—He stops a speeder on the road and there are more ways for paying for speeding.

THE HITCHHIKER—An air corpsman is picked up by a trucker who is looking for more than a passenger to share his ride.

THE HUSTLER—He sets the price for a blow job but discovers that the price includes a good deal more.

THE WARDEN—The young convict learns that time was not all he is giving up when he enters the joint.

TV REPAIRMAN—A straight, married repairman quickly discovers that he gets more than he expected when he goes to a surfer's house.

WHIP FIRE—A live, heavy SM scene between Frank O'Rourke and a slave.

BRANDING, PIERCING AND TATTOOING—The hows and whys.

INTERVIEW WITH A TEEN-AGED MALE PROSTITUTE—A young, male whore tells all.

MASTER/SLAVE INTERACTION—Follow up by Frank O'Rourke of earlier tapes, *The Master* and *The Slave*.

SM AND LOVE?—Frank O'Rourke tells whether love can develop from an SM relationship.

THE ART OF FISTING—Fisting is no longer a strictly SM act. Frank O'Rourke discusses many aspects and possible dangers in fisting.

THE INFERNO: THE SM ANNUAL EXPERIENCE—Its values and what it is about.

THE MASTER—Frank O'Rourke discusses the role of the Master.

THE SLAVE—Frank O'Rourke gives an insight to the slave and/or masochist.

TOYS: SOME OF THEIR USAGES AND POSSIBLE DANGERS



THE D.I. STARRING MASTER MARIO

Authentic military discipline as a tough Drill Instructor takes advantage of a couple of guys in the brig. Packed with heavy verbal abuse and forced body worship as the D.I. proves who's in command.

GREASE MONKEYS STARRING MASTER MARIO

Two sweaty garage mechanics rape a guy they find hanging around the men's room. He puts up a fight, at first, anyway. Lots of axle grease, cocksucking, filthy talk.

DADDY BREAKS IN A NEW BOY

Patience and understanding go out the window and Daddy starts training his boy with the tried-and-true adage, "spare the rod and spoil the boy." It is heavy-duty training in an actual session. Both the boy and you will be better for having been there.

THE COP STARRING MASTER MARIO

A mean police officer forces a suspect to service his body in a show of brute, perverted force. Climaxed by a raunchy bathroom scene and the victim cleaning out the cop's dirty ass.

COP WORSHIP

We've never offered a strictly one-man narrative tape before, but this one is so good we decided to make an exception. It's one guy's cop fantasies, his true-life obsessions, his dreams of what might happen if that super-hot cop he's had his eye on for months should bust him.

HOT TALK TAPES

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California residents add 6½% sales tax.

R CROSS A D S



WHERE LEATHERMEN MEET

CROSSROADS . . .

Where Leathermen Meet.

By placing an ad in this section, a bar or other business is telling you that they welcome Leathermen.

By accepting the ad, *Drummer* is telling you that the bar has been recommended by a Leather/SM club or a recognized individual in the community as a good place to meet and socialize with other Leathermen. In larger cities, these will be THE leather bars; in other

areas, they will be the more general purpose bars where Leathermen go to socialize.

Help us alert *Drummer* readers and travelers to the RIGHT place to go to meet Leathermen in your part of the world. Send us your recommendations and talk to the right bar owners and managers about placing one of these low-priced ads. If you see a business listed here that you think shouldn't be, let us know about that, too. -Fledermaus

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BACK IN LEATHER

GWM couple, top 35, 5'6", 170, blond/hazel. Bottom 35, 6'2", 165, brown/blue. Looking for bottoms or couples who are into leather, FF, dildoes, CB&T, catheters, films, hoods and especially long ass play. Lover is into leather, FF, dildoes and is an animal lover. Let's get tweaked out and do a leather anal invasion. (209) 576-2260. (LF6319)

WANNA WRESTLE?

Tough, hairy, 35-yr.-old wrestling fanatic challenges other tough leathermen to no holds barred, no blows barred fight. Only 5'8", 147 lbs. but tough enough and mean enough to handle any man! Have partner for tag-team brawls too. (415) 885-3218.

HEAVYSET TOP

is looking for a trainable bottom. Top is WM, 40s, husky, intelligent, affectionate, professional. Bottom should be eager to please, willing to have his limits explored and expanded. Trust and respect important. Not into leather or motorcycles. Novice/older/bi bottoms OK. Reply with candid letter/photo. Box 6328

MARAUDING MOTORCYCLIST

You like it hard... butt with feeling! Relationships are seen as different depths reached by work, love and an effort to give as well as receive. Thrill to rough-riding, tenderizing, pain, pleasure; abuse, NO! Self-respect a must! NO PUSHY BOTTOMS! Stats: 37, 5'8", hair brn/silver, in shape and sinfully sexual. YOU: attractive, honest, HEALTHY, intelligent, in shape and interested in friendship as well as fantasy. NO WIMPS. I expect a recent photo, a sincere letter... and imagination. SAFE SEX ONLY! Manhandler, PO Box 170508, San Francisco, CA 94117.

SCORPIO MASTER

WM, 5'11", 44, seeks slave/boy. NO FANTASY. Permanent, live-in. S&M, flogging, Discipline/affection, pain, light bondage, torture. Limits expanded. MY SCENE, MY WAY. Safe sex: Mutual dildoes. You: shorter, trim, moustache, 18-40, employed. No drugs, FFA, scat. Photo required. PO Box 5233, San Francisco, CA 94101. Monogamy considered.

NUDE HOUSEBOY-SON

wanted by retired GWM, 63. You're 18-40, 5'9" or under, slender, smooth, submissive, drug/smoke-free, honest, enjoy cats, cooking, the arts. Accept shaving, nudity, complete supervision, safe sex, being owned, affection, light bondage, no rough stuff. White, Oriental preferred. Serious only, no cons. Full letter, phone, photo. Box 6123LF

FUCK MY BUDDY

Handsome WM, 6'2", 190 lbs., 38, wants you to fuck his handsome bubby BM, 6'1", 175 lbs., 39. We're masculine, muscular, healthy and athletic. Seeking good-looking, hung, well-built, imaginative, versatile guys for S&M, TT, shaving, prolonged assplay. Safe & sane. Photo, phone. Box 5959LF

GET IT OUT

Hot-looking, horny stud, 30, wants solid, masculine, aggressive fucker for raunch and more. Box 6143LF

DIABLO DEVIATES

An association of leathermen into hot, safe, deviate sex. Offering contact roster, newsletter, sex parties, 24-hour playroom with toys, equipment and porn libraries. Service area is Alameda, Contra Costa and Solano counties, but city men are welcome. For details SASE to: DV8's, PO Box 27672, Concord, CA 94527-7672.

WANTED: BONDAGE TOP

Hairy WM, 31, 6', 160, brn/blue, beard and moustache wants to meet up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with a mean streak and a knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA and humiliation, moderate SM, hoods, gags, enemas, boots, gas masks and toys. I'd like the chance to meet and service SAFE SEX TOPS who feel comfortable wearing boots, gloves, leather and uniforms while teasing, taunting and training a boot boy. Will correspond and exchange photos. Box 3711LF

FACESITTERS, PISS & JO

Gd/kg W/M 37 seeking hot young tops 18-35 to sit on my face. My mouth is your toilet seat and urinal. Fart up my nose, shit into my mouth. Regular action possible weekends & evenings. Smoke OK. No pain or humiliation. Write: Bill S., #237, 2215-R Market St., San Francisco, CA 94114.

YOU

Are a leather fan, Gr/A, a Master at tit torture, and B/D. Enjoy topping a strong personality and harnessing an overenergetic mouth. You are fun, sexy, and seek a bottom to share living expenses, ideas, hopes, sexual fantasies, etc. You are HIV-neg. I'm 33, good-looking and want to tag along through many adventures with you. Write Ed, PO Box 4534, San Francisco, CA 94101.

SERVICE ME, ASSHOLE

Drink my piss, eat my ass, suck me off. 39 y.o. GWM top man wants you on your fucking knees doing whatever I tell you to do. No photo/no dick. Box 6254

SPIT ON MY FACE

while I suck your dick. Box 6250

SEEKING MASOCHIST

Experienced S.F. sadist with lots of toys seeks one pain-craving, Levi-boot masochist who knows what he wants and can take it. Fantasy-seeking JOers and limp-wristed fairies who wimp out early in a scene need not respond. S is into whipping, gut-wrenching CBT, paddling, TT, bondage, suspension, etc., and M can pick his own poisons in advance within agreed limits. S is tall, early 40s, cut, nonsmoker, neg. intell., and health and safety conscious. M must be neg, cut, nonsmoker, 30-45, good cocksucker, Bay area, and relationship-oriented. Not into FF, scat, damage. Box 6247

SMALL MASTER WANTED

WM slave, 5'6", 145, seeks domination, discipline, humiliation from short/lightweight Master. Into body worship, armpits, verbal abuse, leather. Especially seek to grovel at the feet of a Black/Asian Master. PO Box 6655, San Francisco, CA 94101.

TOUGH LITTLE BLOND

exec. in rural town, 5'6", 135 lbs., 30 yrs. beard, furry, 8" clipped. Discipline, bondage, humiliation, shaving, beating, piss, TT, submission to MASTER who needs dominate stud to turn into his son/slave dog. Rope me, hump me, cage me, keep me. Age, looks unimportant, headspace is. Hot phone calls arranged. Mark, PO Box 992, Clovis, CA 93613. Box 5439LF

WHIPPING MASTERS NEEDED

by wild slave for constant belt and huge insertions stretching this wild slave to scream for more. Into enema and medical trips, heavily tied and gagged. (415) 626-3047

WEAR RAUNCHY BRIEFS?

GWM wants to meet/correspond studs who would sit on my face in hot briefs or jocks. Call Dick (415) 523-6206 to meet/trade/admire, etc. Phone J/O is OK.

RAUNCHY STINKING BEARDED

Relationship oriented, 35, 5'10", 150, HIV+, smelly bodies turn me on. Sharing each other's clothes odors, piss, shit, puke, etc. Love out of doors, romantic. Want similar types. Beards a must. PO Box 880647, San Francisco, CA 94188-0647. (LF6425)

MY FACE, YOUR ASS!

Dave Hot! Age 22 5'10", 150, 7", 24-hr. ass licking my specialty. W/S—Receive only—Piss all over me! Dick, ball sucker, fuck hungry butt! (415) 357-1185. Call anytime!

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

STERN, BEARDED MASTER

33, 6'3", 210 & hairy-as-hell into mental cruelty, intense V/A & ethnic taunts. Expect bootlicking, stomach punching & spit on your face. Be ready for violent rape scenes, public abuse & wet dog food. I'll make you grovel, faggot! Will consider all masculine men; specialize in bluecollars, cops, Italians, farmers, clones, beards and hairy guys. No smoke/drugs. I am a nice guy with a mean streak. Safe & will respect limits. So. California but travel widely. Box 6246LF

EAGER SMALL HANDS

Hot hairy trim masculine sexy bottom, 40, 6', 165, moustache; likes FFA, toys, clothespins, paddles, harnesses, seeks fun-loving kinky cocky safe small-handed young men/older boys who know what they like and want. Returnable picture/letter gets same. Chris Lee, PO Box 39703, L.A., CA 90039. (LF6320)

MANHANDLE MY BIG COCK/BALLS

GWM hung big and uncut need heavy CB T. It's all yours! PO Box 5001, El Monte, CA 91734.

WANTED: SLAVE UNDER 30

25- and 27-year-old Masters require young slave for occasional weekend sessions. Safe. Photo and letter to Sirs, PO Box 813, Burbank, CA 91503

WANNA FIGHT?

Toughman elimination contest. Bareknuck fistfights — stripped-to-the-waist, boots, Levis, to a K.O. or submission. Any weight, any age. Send pic and address for further info. Box 6363

ANIMALS

WM, 32, 5'10", 160 lbs, very hot, horny, wants to meet experienced/novice in scene. Phone up to 11 PM PST. No JO calls. (213) 669-0068

LET ME BE YOUR TOILET

Good-looking, well built, 30 years old needs food and water. Send your phone # and I'll call. Box 6327

ORANGE COUNTY SUBMISSIVE

Seeks Master-Daddy type for direction and structure. I'm WM, 32 y.o. slightly overweight, attractive, and completely honest. Sammy Jo, (714) 220-0513 early morning and evenings.

SON/SLAVE/EMPLOYEE?

28-year-old white submissive 5'7", 135 lbs., 7", blond, blue, cute body seeks permanent live-in position with dominant Daddy/Master/Employer who will bring me to my maximum potential. In return I will loyally belong to you, total mental, physical, professional, sexual submission. Limitations are few. Enjoy almost all. I'm intelligent, non-fem (can be for you) currently employed professional with extensive, technical, management, computer, sexual experience. Photo/phone gets instant reply. Box 6383

SOUTH BAY DAD

Friendly WM Dad, looking for younger son who needs diaper discipline, humiliation, bondage, spanking. I'm 41, 5'6", 135 lbs., good-looking, healthy, stable and caring. You should be affectionate, intelligent, easygoing, trim, in shape, and obedient. Send letter with photo to: Kent, 800 S. Pacific Coast Hwy #8-199, Redondo Beach, CA 90277

BAD LITTLE BOY

Good-looking in-shape WM, 5'6", 30s, look 20s, wants Daddy to administer painful punishment, spank, enema, CBT, dildoes. Can punish other bad boys. Couples welcome! Box 6418

DOMINANT TOP

5'9", 150 lbs., br/bl, good shape, wants to meet sexy, submissive bottoms into wine, weed fantasies, safe sex. Bill, Box 6391

ITALIAN BOTTOM

Masculine, handsome, sexy 32-year-old bottom Italian BB seeks verbal humiliation, dog training, TV humiliation, ridicule and body worship scenes from a very dominating top character. (213) 850-6598

COCK TORTURE

GWM, 38 years old, brown hair, blue eyes, uncut Greek passive, French active, 275 lbs., wants cock torture. Call Doug at (714) 774-6778 or write Doug, 1585 W. Ball Rd., #G, Anaheim, CA 92802. Marines welcomed.

LECHEROUS TOILET

Handsome blond asslicker needs humiliation from muscular filthy-minded Topmen. I'm 30, 6'1", 190 lbs., in-shape pig. Groups OK. Dennis, (619) 546-1840. Give it to me, Sir, please.

SO. CA PUPPY NEEDS TRAINER

Training might include, VA, bondage, boots, TT/CBT, wax, shaving, and milk bones. Puppy can be reached at, "Puppy," Box 148, Santa Monica Blvd. #109, West Hollywood, CA 90046

WANTED: HUNGRY COCK-SLAVES

Currently taking applications for cock-boys & sex slaves, to service my 9"x7" mastercock. Must be 18-30, possess a well-maintained physique, experienced in extended servicing sessions. I am 28, 6'5", 220 lbs., dark hair/eyes, mustached, hairy To apply call Marcus (213) 439-5052. Live-in, full-time, permanent positions in my stable available.

HOT ASS AND TONGUE

Submissive WM, 42, 6', 160. Mutual FF TT, CBT, WS, enemas, catheters, rimming. Expanding limits/experience. Palm Springs, (619) 321-2819.

BLOND WEIGHTLIFTER

6'3", 195 lbs., 27-year-old jock, good-looking, interested in contact with a dominant, aggressive, inflexible topman with a mean streak. Enjoy extensive verbal and physical humiliation. Interested in me 35 yrs.+. Into well-worn leather, work boots, businessmen, badass working-class men, cops, bikers, mechanics, cigar-smokers. Safe sex only. Serious. Photo gets mine. PO Box 16813, San Diego, CA 92116. (LF5007)

ASS MASTER WANTED

Hot, experienced, 34, 6'1", 170 lbs. Into: service, VA, mindtrips, bondage, shaving, ballstretchers, assplay, toys, fists and more. Will submit to any safe scene. Want to explore other fantasies, piercing, gangbucks? You: white/Latino, 28-40, dominant, masculine, hot. Strictly top. Body builders, hung a plus. Sir, please send instructions/photo (returned). Box 5773LF



SON WANTED BY DADDY

You are an obedient boy needing love and discipline administered by affectionate businessman type Daddy with strict standards. Dad is 42, 6'3", 255 lbs., balding, hairy and loving, with high standards for your behavior. Send honest revealing letter and picture. Box 4934LF

MATURE BODYBUILDER/LEATHERMAN

Good-looking, professional WM, 35, 5'8", 168 lbs., well built, looking for professional man over 40 who can introduce me to leather lifestyle and share with the excitement of healthy body, dressed in leather and a productive professional career as well. You won't be disappointed if you are genuine. Box 6050LF

HUNG BLOND JOCK DIGS COPS

Good-looking athlete, trim, tan 28 boy, 6'1", 165 lbs. Huge thick cock. Looking for hot studs, cops, military, to be arrested, strip searched, cuffed and used. All American Boy into BD, CB/T, fantasy. Wrestle me down, bind me, gag me and rape me repeatedly. Come on, Sir, arrest me! Box 6054LF

WANTED EXPR. LEATHER SADIST

Muscular, tattooed Italian S has hot Italian M to share. Looking for hot S with attitude and endurance for long, rugged session ordering M into heavy S/M, BD, hoods, gags & other fantasies. Detailed letter/phone to Box 585, 8306 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211. (LF5906)

WHIPMASTER!

Seeks slaves and prisoners 21-35. Am white, 33, 5'11", shaved head, mustache, hairy body, sadist. Moderate to very heavy scenes in private playroom. Into whips, belts, bondage, cock & ball torture, tit torture, full hoods & gags. If in Southern California call: Paul (213) 657-5327. All others send detailed letter with current picture (A MUST) & phone to: PO Box 691074, Los Angeles, CA 90069. (LF5903)

MASTERS/SLAVES WANTED

by Master, 25, 5'11", 150, and his slave, 37, 5'10", 160, to assist in achieving pleasure/satisfaction through SAFE and SANE SM, BD, VA, CBT, mindtrips, leather/military fantasies, body worship, assplay, submission, obedience. If serious, open-minded, and interested, whether experienced or novice, call (619) 237-0586. No phone J/O. (LF5897)

TALL, HUNG, HORNY

I'm looking for in-shape regular guys (under 35) who need some meat shoved up their chute and enjoy having someone else in charge. Box 5950

UNIFORMED BUST

Decidedly for... abuse-hungry, White stud sonofabitch, gung-ho to discharge duties as Convict/Slave/Animal Prisoner/Captive to sadistic, kick-ass, tall-booted, uniformed Black stud 43 who demands intense disciplined workout, exacting punishment torture to reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Direct letter w/mandatory foto to: PO Box 2524, Chino, CA 91708. (LF5987)

TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS

Tony, in full leather or full C.H.I.P. gear and uniforms with tall, hot black boots; all to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs, any race. Mike, waiting to service hot boot leather studs. We are both hot, well-hung, good-looking, and into FF, WS, JO, VA, boot service and other hot scenes. Have toys, sling, mirrors and video. Mike and/or Tony: (213) 777-0122. PO Box 47552, Los Angeles, CA 90047. No JO or bullshit calls and no calls after 11 PM.

HOT DADDY PUNCHFUCKER

Very hot, healthy, 52-year-old BB, 6'2", 200 lbs., clipped beard, balding, will expertly punchfuck your hungry hole. You be equally hot, hard, creative, have a tight healthy body and a sick mind. Your ass will be thoroughly used. In appreciation you will skillfully service Daddy's large nipples while dickfucking Daddy's tight ass. Reply: Daddy PF, Box 5888.

STUD SLAVE

Very hot, hard-body bottom, muscular, 5'10", 175, 36, wants raunchy muscular top to put me in my place. Age (younger or older) unimportant. Good bod and dominant attitude are. If you want a stud slave, with spirit, write with pic to Suiteholder, Suite 304, 12228 Venice Blvd., L.A., CA 90066.

HOUSEMAN/SLAVE WANTED

Two dominant WM professionals (42/44) seek mature bottom as permanent houseman/servant in unique household. We will provide love, discipline, further personal development. You must totally commit mind and body to our service/satisfaction. Prefer healthy, intelligent, obedient WM 25-45. Submit detailed letter/photo to SHACK, Box 6210LF.

LEATHER MAN READY

Experienced bottom, 47, into serious bondage (mummification, immobilization, isolation, sensory deprivation) and S&M (CB/T, T/T, ass/T) scenes. Safe sex only. Have a fully equipped playroom. Waiting for that special Top. No calls between 11 PM-9 AM. (818) 843-5428.

COLORADO

FIT TO BE TIED

and ready to be abused. Novice, 48, 170 lbs., hungry and submissive, seeking expert, level-headed top who respects limits to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be stripped, immobilized, tied up, chained, spanked steadily, but not brutally, til my tight, round firm buns glow; then use a condom to fuck me. Dominate with ropes, rack, paddle, whip, chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and/or friends. Toys, some tit work, but no heavy pain. No WS, FF, scat, shaving, drugs, damage please. Submissive and respectful, but not humiliated bottom. GW PO Box 18005, Denver, CO 80218

DENVER DRUMMER DADDY

25, 5'9", 160 lbs., dark hair, moustache. Seeks son for face fucking and ass plowing. Limits respected, but must be willing to expand them. Must be in shape, under 30, and willing to commit himself to my lifestyle. Send detailed letter with current experience and specifications, photo and phone. Box 5967LF

BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL!

Attractive white boy, 27, waiting to follow orders of black tops. White trash needs discipline, verbal abuse, toilet duties. Boxholder, Box 5304, Loveland, CO 80538

YOUNG WHITE/ASIAN

for lite bondage. No S&M. I'm GWM, 50, Top. Mountain climb, run, tennis, hike, travel. (303) 972-4177.

DC-METRO

DADDY'S BOY

WM, 32, seeks tough but tender jock-wearing dad. This boy is into paddles, straps, some TT/C&B, mild SM but heavy into ass play, dildoes, etc. Are you my Daddy? Allen (202) 332-7017. (LF5983)

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

WM, 42, 5'11", 175, 45" chest, 30" waist, well built, together, loner, erotic. Lean/muscular, nonsmoker; use/abuse, whipping, safesex. Ex-military special warfare. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, "Story of O," "9½ Weeks," "Image," "Beauty" Trilogy. JW, PO Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20744. (LF5030)

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

GWM, 40, 5'10", bl/bl, 150 lbs., mustache, goatee, seeking other men into good kinky but safe sex, brotherhood and friendship. Am versatile and intelligent with many interests both sexual and nonsexual. Special turn-ons include titwork, hair, tats. PO Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110. (LF4696)

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

WM, 35, 5'11", 200, blond, blue eyes, looking for master to serve. Oriental or black preferred but willing to serve all. Not into drugs, scat or unsafe sex. Please, Sir, let me know how to serve your needs. Box 6249LF

HOT TALL TOP MAN

You need a muscular, slender, endowed man who wants to sit on face and play with holes? If you're a man, slave, boy, who is in shape or slender call Daddy. (202) 667-6154.

URINAL

Slim, attractive, 38 y.o. pig seeks safe Masters-couples to recycle on regular basis. Picture gets response. Box 6325

DELAWARE

THE MAKING OF MEN

I'm really not a Leather-Daddy. I just like boys who need to be serviced by a man. Prefer young, slender buns, proportionate structure. No smokers, drugs, drunks or live-ins. You don't have to serve me. I'm tall, stout, white, non-racist, experienced. When was your last good service job? Will travel—photo appreciated. Box 6326LF

FLORIDA

TOP THIS OLD DADDY

Big bearded old Daddy wants young boyish top son for wild sex, mutual light S&M, and fantasy. Nonsmokers only! Photo to Aardvark, PO Box 7294, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33338.

HOT MIAMI FISTING HOLE

Hairy blond, 38, 6'2", large solid build, needs a mutual fist-fucking buddy. Into hot oils, large dildoes, enemas, leather, tit clamps, poppers, bondage, and fisting. Please put me in your sling, expand our limits. Write: PO Box 38-0225, Miami, FL 33138-0225. Photo gets mine. Equal opportunity fister wanted, please Sir...

DAD WANTED

YOU: 30+, stable, top. ME: 32, 230, black/blue, beard/stach, into FF, ball stretching, B/D, verbal abuse, dildoes, shaving, leather, poppers and uniforms. Stable, self-employed, healthy, HTLV-neg, beginning BB. Needs prolonged workouts. Send letter and photo to Behr, PO Box 3166, Venice, FL 34293. Same will be sent in return. (LF6058)

COCK TORTURE SPECIALIST

Sought for innovative, prolonged cock bondage, torture, piss-hole dilation. Medical techniques, i.e.: numbing catheters, other devices a plus. Challenge my head with your letter and put my dick in your hands. Will travel to genuine pro. Ex-elect marine medic, do not freak easily. (Miami) Box 6217LF

ASSLICKEE

39 y.o. WM, 5'9", 158, smooth body, 7", south Florida, experienced asslicker looking for sweaty blue-collar types or rugged males for intensive asslicking and body worship sessions. You know who you are. You will not be disappointed. Box 6297LF

MIAMI STUD SON

23, 6', 170, dark hair, moustache, hot, hard, masculine, seeks Dad, 30-50, with big hairy chest for mutual tit work/muscle chest fantasy. Into workouts, L/L, raunchy talk, hard man sex. Need Dad to share the pleasure of being a man with his son. Phone, photo. Bob, Box 5867LF

PENSACOLA FFA

Hot, healthy, handsome handballer 28, 5'9", 160 lbs., seeks other versatile/Tops for mutual erotic good times—photo/phone to Box 6346

SULTRY DAYS... STEAMY NIGHTS — DEAR SIR

HOT MIAMI FF BOTTOM/TOP

Looking for hot, man-to-man sex. Like to give as well as receive. I'm 39, 6'2", 220, solid football-player type, full beard, hairy chest, like 25-35, under 6'—taller than 5'4", 140-170 lbs. Hot times include enemas, dildoes, hot oils & wax, slings, tit clamps, fisting, spanking, limited bondage. Please respond with photo, phone to PO Box 380225, Miami, FL 33138. Especially like Carl Lewis type.

COMING TO KEY WEST?

GWM, 30s, 6'2", 175 lbs., muscular and hung, seeking dominant, big-dicked leathermaster(s) into boots, uniforms, SM, BD, VA and more for hot, intense and uninhibited safe scenes. I will submit to your needs. Photo, phone, please—all answered. PO Box 893, Key West, FL 33041.

FAT UGLY TOP

seeks serious bottoms. No "S&M" pretenders. 19-40 only! Photo and self-description gets my Miami dungeon information. Box 6382

DADDY/MASTER WANTED

WM, 35, 5'7", 165, bottom, looking for 6'+, 45-60 daddy who can give me lots of affection and discipline. In return, I will be totally dedicated in serving my dad. Am into light S/M, B/D, T/T. Please send letter w/pix & phone #, Sir! David, 1640 E. Livingston St., Orlando, FL 32803

GEORGIA

ATTRACTIVE NOVICE

31, 5'11", 155 lbs., attractive, honest, responsible, romantic, mature, arts-oriented, seeks similar men 25-50 for safe introduction to rubber/leather/spandex, bondage, plugs and other mutually-agreed-upon activities. Eventually seeking a permanent, monogamous relationship with right person for life of love, laughter, caring and sharing. Atlanta area. Box 5774LF

DRUMMER — LEATHER'S FINEST

SEMI-EXPERIENCED

GWM, 38, 5'10", 155 lbs., moustache, attractive, professional, stable, mature, fun-loving, anti-bar, seeks singles, couples or groups for expansion of mutually agreed upon top and/or bottom safe scenes (leather, B/D, TT, photos, S/M, etc.) inexperienced OK. Visitors welcome. Monogamous relationship with right person. PO Box 76125, Atlanta, GA 30358-1125. (404) 636-1688.

MUSCLEMEN TYLER STETSON & BRIAN BAXTER STAR IN TIGHTROPES ONE

THE HOT NEW MUSCLE BONDAGE PERFORMANCE ART VIDEO
PRODUCED EXCLUSIVELY FOR ZEUS STUDIOS

What is MUSCLE BONDAGE PERFORMANCE ART? If you're into muscle bondage and have ever attended a physique contest, you've no doubt wished the physique contestants' posing routines included a mandatory muscles-in-bondage segment. What you've wished is MUSCLE BONDAGE PERFORMANCE ART. If you've gone to the movies and dry-worked an uncontrollable hard-on watching Arnold Schwarzenegger tied up in "Conan," Mel Gibson tied up in "Lethal Weapon," Dolph Lundgren tied up in "Masters of the Universe," Brian Thompson tied up in "Pass the Ammo," Carl Weathers tied up in "Action Jackson," Sylvester Stallone tied up in "Rambo II," or every Tarzan from Elmo Lincoln to Ron Ely, and the grand daddy of muscle bondage heroes Steve Reeves tied up in "Goliath and the Barbarians," "White Warrior," and "Duel of the Titans," you're already a fan of MUSCLE BONDAGE PERFORMANCE ART. And let's not forget the King of TV Bondage... Robert Conrad, wearing second-skin stretch pants and/or the first black leather chaps on television, stripped to the waist and tied up in virtually every episode of "The Wild Wild West." Conrad literally pioneered television MUSCLE BONDAGE PERFORMANCE ART. TIGHTROPES ONE (the first in a series of MUSCLE BONDAGE PERFORMANCE ART video tapes) is movie hero, rope straining, muscle flexing, chest heaving, sweat dripping, ass slapping, man handling, pec pounding, nipple twisting, crotch groping, cock jerking, animal grunting, gut knotting, ball blasting, cock gushing, MUSCLE BONDAGE PERFORMANCE ART for men only. No plots. No S/M. No hardcore sex, but very sexy. No "technical" bondage. No bullshit. This is movie hero muscle bondage for every one of us who waited impatiently for Allan Eagles' "Movie Mayhem" articles in Drummer. Now MUSCLE BONDAGE PERFORMANCE ART begins with the video TIGHTROPES ONE exclusive to and available only from Zeus Studios. Who else?



TYLER STETSON/6'2"/185 pound bodybuilder/Mr Gay Dallas/"Best Physique" of the 1987 Mr Gay Texas Contest/short dark hair & mustache/clipped hairy chest with big dark nipples/shaved smooth washboard abdominals/clipped pubic patch and big, juicy shaved balls cinched up tightly in a black leather thong. Stripped buck naked, Stetson rough-handles his longhorn for almost 25 minutes while imagining himself tied up in three different "hero" bondage positions. He sweats, he strains, he flexes and contorts, he grunts and groans. His tits heave as he gasps for breath and

every muscle in his gorgeous body glistens and drips and bulges in one of the hottest solo muscle bondage performance pieces ever seen. He spreads his muscular legs and thrusts his bound cock and balls right in your face. Still in bondage, rude "mystery" hands slap and manhandle his beautiful, bronco-busted butt, and fist-pound his pumped pex. His Texas-sized cock gets jerk-worked, jacked-off, and rough-housed rodeo style. When Mr Gay Dallas' gusher finally cums in and he slumps down his bondage post, you'll be as exhausted as he is. No S/M. No plot. No production frills. No "technical" bondage. No bullshit. Gentlemen, this is sweaty bondage imagery with one prurient purpose. To get your nut. "Stetson's performance is a meat beater."



BRIAN BAXTER/5'10"/180 pound/obsessed bodybuilder & wrestler/dark hair & eyes/clean shaven but shot with a four day growth of stubble. This industrial-strength muscleman is unforgivably gorgeous. Baxter combines the sexiest, steamiest, swarthiest dark brooding looks of Joe Delasandro and Ken Wahl, but with a body both of these celebrity men would kill for. With keen exhibitionistic knowledge of every pumped up muscle on his body, Baxter flexes, knots up, and works each spectacular muscle group into a full dripping sweat in this solo muscle showcase consisting of three

different bondage positions. With his thick, massive, gladiator chest clean shaven; and wearing a pair of thin white nylon pouch-front, sweat-wet, see-thru shorts, his heavy duty cock and balls are tightly rope-harnessed accentuating the most awesome basket you've ever seen. This man flexes and contorts every muscle of his body to reach out and grind his bulging sweat-soaked box right in your face. Brian Baxter will literally take your breath away with his raw sexuality. Rude, demanding "mystery" hands grope and manhandle his thick, sculpted pecs, twisting his eager nipples while he squirms, grunts, groans, and growls like a captured panther. No plot. No S/M. No un-safe sex. No "technical" bondage. No bullshit. This is "hero" muscles in a performance art bondage showcase. This heartbreaker is bound to be broken... "your dick will stand up and demand satisfaction." Guaranteed.

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ESOTERIC

Satyr, 28, hunky, intelligent, imaginative wants similar buddies for mutual, depraved raunch and kink. Safe but expansive exploration of deepest sexual fantasies: shit/piss exchange, ass inspections, shavings, piercings, TT, CBT, floggings, nudism, exhibitionism, tattoos, prolonged JO, et. al. Photos and detailed letters receive prompt attention. Box 6128

HAWAII

BONDAGE BUDDY

Bound, gagged, mummified, immobilized—looking for young man willing to give or take long sessions. WM, 155 lbs., 5'10", 41, blond, blue eyes. Send photo, name and phone number to: Jack Hunter, PO Box 89364, Honolulu, HI 96830

ILLINOIS

ASS EATING BOTTOM

Pig bottom seeks Top or bottom with hot asshole. Into all kinds of kink and raunch, W/S, hot wax, tit work, spit, snot, armpits, piercing. I am HIV neg W/M 30s, 5'10", bearded. Need to eat your ass. Call (312) 477-0763. (LF5898)

HORSE WANTED

6'1½", 205 lbs., 59-yr. engineer, master, wants any age, 220 lbs.+ BB or muscular, heavy-set slave to carry me piggyback and on shoulders and back for strongman stunts; mutually pump iron, Nautilus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, safe sex with me. Reward is my good pec, tit, nipple play, kisses. PO Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160. (LF5901)

HOT VOYEUR COUPLE

Horny, masculine GWC, 39/40, into exploring leather world seeks to meet compatible COUPLES to share our playroom (fucking, sucking, 69). ONLY into watching, being watched (NO contact). Interests—Jocks, Leather/Levi, Uniforms, Dad/Son couples. Hairy a plus. NO kinky, far out or heavy scenes. Boxholders, PO Box 41-1175, Chicago, IL 60641. LF6053

CHICAGO MASTER

Level-headed white daddy, 48, 6'3", 190 lbs., with well-equipped dungeon/playroom, wants bottoms/slaves for humiliation, discipline, S&M, TT, C&B work, whippings, JO, etc. Can fulfill your desires. Novices accepted. Limits respected. Like to teach teachers, humiliate jocks. Asians & Latinos welcome. Bring your jock, let's play Box 6101LF

YOUNG GUY IN LONGJOHNS

Looking for young guys into union suits, longjohns and underwear. 38, GWM into most underwear/uniform scenes. Safe scenes including J/O, French A/P with lots of underwear. Write Jay, Box 179, 606 W Barry, Chicago, IL 60657.

ROCK & ROLLER IN BONDAGE

Bi WM, late 20s, non-promiscuous, not a big fan of kissy-huggy relationships, would like to meet everyone who loves seeing live Rock & Roll, especially young men who would like to tie me down, torture me and fuck me. No scat or FF. Cub fan a plus. PO Box 3214, Oak Park, IL 60301

FUCK BUDDIES

wanted by Leatherman, Am 33, 5'10", 165 lbs., hairy, bearded, versatile, hot. Into leather, Levis, boots, uniforms, fucking, fistfucking, tit and ball work, hot man-to-man sex, more. Ich kann auch auf Deutsch. Bridwell, 4734 N. Magnolia Avenue, Chicago, IL 60640. (LF6426)

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT, SPANKING

Handsome, in-shape guy, 5'10", 165 lbs., 30s, will give you the discipline you need. Spankings, paddlings and whipping of bare butt my specialty. Replies with photos answered first. Travel California and New York frequently. PO Box 14678, Chicago, IL 60614.

SUBMISSIVE BOY WANTED

by couple, 28, 32, for bondage sessions, shaving, hot wax, heavy tit work. Box 6397

INDIANA

LET ME HELP

Discreet WM, 25, 5'8", bearded, professional is interested in meeting inexperienced boys of all ages. This caring disciplinarian wants to correct your bad habits. We all have limitations. I'll respect yours. Any photo, phone appreciated, but not necessary. All answered. Write! You know you should. Box 6152LF

V/A, ASSBEATING

Daddies: plusses—cigars, chaw, beerguts, filthy boots, cheese, mean, filthy mouth, heavy belt/razor strop, hard strokes. Dick-suckers: you'll crawl and your boydick will drip from the abuse you'll suffer. Slow, painful assbeatings/floggings, CB/T, bondage. Daddy or dicksucker, write for intense, painful Power sex/Male ritual. Box 6233LF

IOWA

YOUNG BB NEEDS FUCKBUDDY

22, 6'1", 210, wants hot masculine men (top or bottom) 21-40 for safe but serious play. Interests: bondage, shaving, CBT, SM, spanking, massage, and ??? Special turn-ons (not required): uncut, hairy, tattooed. Long-term relationship possible with right guy. Can travel. Photo and detailed letter to Box 6071LF

NOVICE SEEKS TRAINING

Sir? This bottom needs you, a HOT muscular TOP, to expand my limits and whip me back into proper physical shape for your use. This bottom is a white male, 29, 6'2", 248 lbs., and will try anything except piercings, scat, head shaving, or permanent damage. Box 6262LF

KANSAS

MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant Master/daddy, 36, 5'10", 155, seeks slave for weeked/occasional use and abuse. Scenes from light to heavy, but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot, young studs with good build. The Master, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502.

KENTUCKY

KENTUCKY NIGHTCRAWLER

Leatherbottom, GWM, 35, 5'9", 145 lbs. beard. Versatile, openminded and stable. Likes leather, porn, cigars, cyclists and fantasy scenes. Looking for a healthy man for shared interests. Reply with photo to Box 5515LF

PUT ME IN MY PLACE

Good-looking, 23-year-old needs muscular Daddy/Master to reduce my mind and body into total submission. PO Box 54772, Lexington, KY 40555-4772.

LOUISIANA

DADDY WANTS PHOTOS

36-year-old daddy starting private photo collection. Strip naked and show your stuff. Don't be shy Dick Larson, 1233 Esplanade #1, New Orleans, LA 70116.

MOTORCYCLE COP

New Orleans WM, 32, 6', 165, seeks WM into the smell, taste, feel of hot black leather. There is no such thing as too much black leather: tall black leather boots, breeches, gloves, chaps, harnesses, jeans, jackets, caps, belts. Prefer to be bottom, but am versatile. Also into toys. My breeched ass works on a H.D. by days, and I ride Yamaha V-Max at night in leather. Also have a Suzuki GSX-R1000 and am heavy into motorcycles and motorcycle gear. Police uniforms and police gear also. Into BD, SM—light to heavy scene, action only. Cigar smoker. Phone JO ok. Call (504) 282-0729. PO Box 57161, New Orleans, LA 70157. No novices. If you aren't dedicated to leather call someone else.

BIG MAN WANTED

Masculine, GWM, 5'10", 35 yrs. old, beard and mustache, 190 lbs., hairy leatherman needs a big man, 200-275 lbs., hairy and masculine, to top my pleasure. I have many interests. Write and include your address, and/or telephone number, and full body photo if possible. No hustlers, feds or drag queens. New Orleans area. Box 6424

MAINE

SADIST

Sane experienced gay white male master, 45, seeks masochistic gay male slaves for medium to heavy S&M, B&D, torture sessions, tit torture, cock & ball torture, anal work, fistfucking, whipping, shaving, hot wax, endurance & most safe scenes & sex. Must be trim, masculine, clean & willing, a few limits OK. Send pix. Location—southern Maine. Box 6431LF

MARYLAND

ON-CALL SLAVE & SHAVING SERVICE

Wanted, GWM slave 18-40 to be on call. Into shaving, TT, CBT, B/D. Must have transportation. Send photo, limits & telephone. Most limits respected. No drinkers or drugs. Also tired of shaving your slave or do you want a shave? Write; reasonable prices. Address, letter to Sir. I am 174, 6'3. Box 6153LF

MASSACHUSETTS

SCAT SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

Young scat slave respectfully seeking Master of shit and humbly requesting to be smeared with shit. Bondage necessary. Will eat my own dump if Master instructs so, however forced feeding may be necessary. Urinal service provided by Master's request. Masters, groups, mutuals please reply. Box 6147LF

SMALL MASCULINE MAN

Into heavy physical abuse and bondage wanted by masculine, hairy, hung, sadistic 40-y.o. into C/BT, body punching, whipping. You be trim, in shape, and able to endure punishment along with affection. Box 5986LF

LEATHER BIKER

Bearded, full-leather Harley rider, also intelligent professional, wants buddy for friendship, riding, conversation and good hard safe sex. Am WM, 38, 5'10". Box 6098LF

TRAINING NEEDED

GWM, 50, 6'1", 195, mature and sane, mostly bottom. Interested to meet or correspond with mostly/totally Top men. Have experience, but need to learn or be trained. Open to suggestions, ownership to work towards, as well as open to experimentation. Seek honesty. Replies to PO Box 811, Boston, MA 02146. (LF6140)

DAD SEEKS SON MASTER

for 48-year-old slave, 6'1", 190 lbs., white. Seeks son Master for exploration via mental and physical abuse and control. PO Box 811, Boston, MA 02146.

MASTER SEEKS SECOND SLAVE

Master 60s, sexually 40s, and slave 20s are looking for second GWM slave. Applicant should be about 6', weigh about 160, NO facial hair. Master and slave are into leather, HEAVY rubber, bondage, SM, etc. Applicant must have driver's license, be able to work part-time. Be able to relocate immediately. Call (413) 267-5278 before 10 PM EST.

MARINE

My spit-shined boots want to embrace yours, brother. Box 191, Milton Village, MA 02187

DAD LOOKING FOR SON

GWM, 40s, looking to meet hot younger boy for hot nipple sessions and body massage. Am bearded, hairy body and enjoy an imaginative give-and-take hot boy Box 6345

GWM 25

5'9", 145, well built, good-looking. Into S/M, BD, etc., Top/bottom. Seeks similar buddies 21-29 for good times. Send hot descriptive letter; include height, weight, age, interests. No fluid exchange. Box 6365

FOTO FOOTWEAR FETISH

Uniformed men in spit-shined gear. Will exchange. Box 191, Milton Village, MA 02187.

SLAVE WANTED

by GWM, 45, 5'8", 150, slave must be into BD, CBT/T, shaving, enemas, spanking. Master can be affectionate or demanding. Photo, phone to: Box 6372LF

BALLS? PADDLES?

Very hot young sadist wants Western Mass. area masochists for strict bondage, heavy ball torture, TT, whipping and fisting. If you're trim and under 40 and can handle it then send photo/phone to: PO Box 60566, Florence, MA 01060

MICHIGAN

BUTCH BOTTOM

seeks dominant leatherman into bikes, lt. B/D, Gr/a/c, size L, uncut a plus, blk or wht, mustache, good shape and intelligent. Me: 40, tattooed, self-sufficient, self-contained, dark Irish looks, friendly and experienced. Looking for the real thing—no bullshit. Let's do. Box 5905

HOT MASTER

has opening for recruit. Send resume and photo to: Rear Admiral Mark, PO Box 50014, Novi, MI 48050.

MINNESOTA

DEMANDING MASTER

Seeks total devotion. Expect disciplined lifestyle, gardens, torture, motorcycle, complete obedience to my way. Become partnered to highly alternative priest. Magick, metaphysics, spiritual training. Must take joy in hard labor, believe in criticism/control as Master's right. Give me permanent total control for ownership beyond this life. Box 6060LF

BONDAGE MASTER

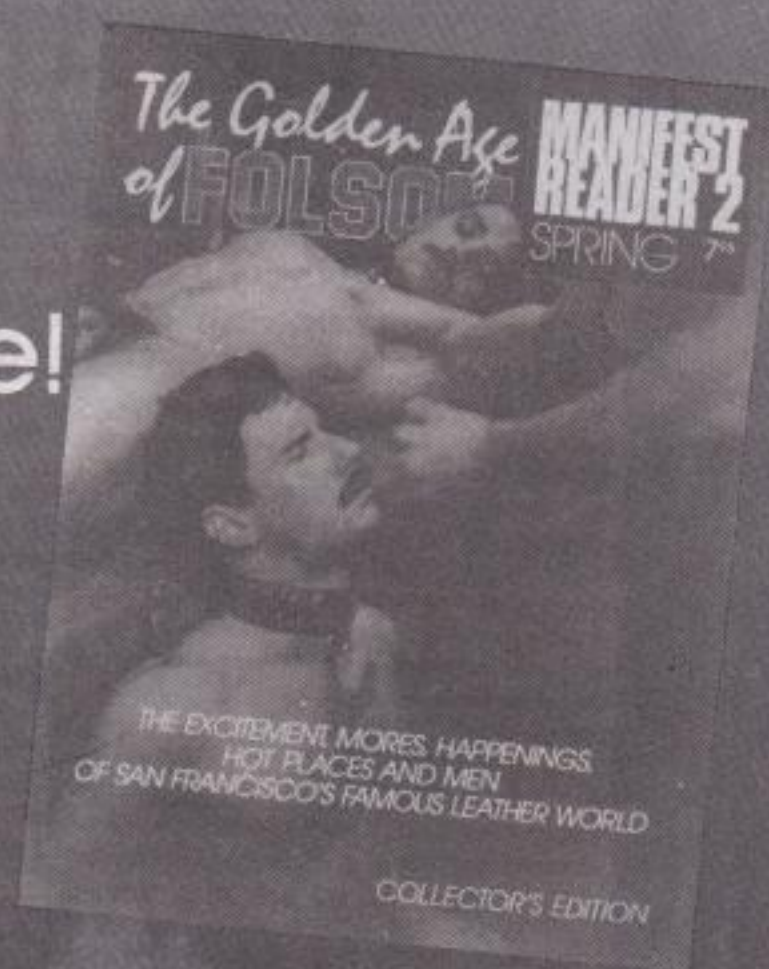
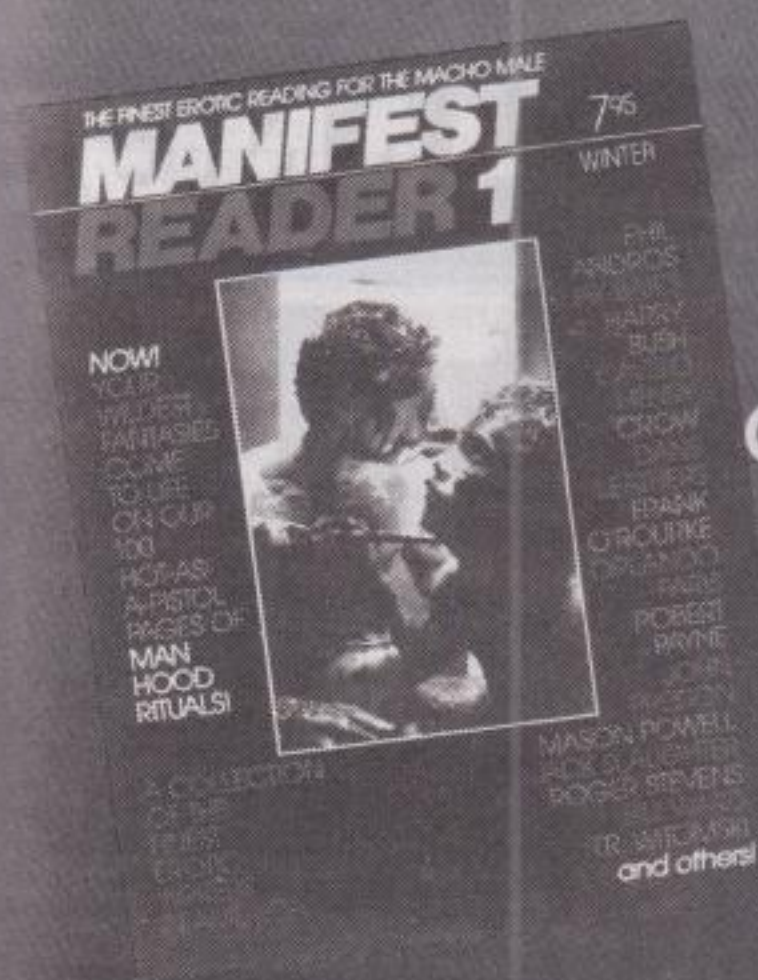
Do you need to be tied, gagged and tortured by an experienced but sane bearded 34-year-old Master? Then send me a letter, including a picture and phone number. Permanent live-in position possible for right boy. PO Box 22602, Minneapolis, MN 55422 (LF6093)

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MISSISSIPPI

MANHUGGING LEATHERS FOR US

Balding, bearded, booted professional lives and sleeps the leathered life. Looking for mature, sensitive man who's also sensually attuned to balls, bikes, jockstraps, body-building. Harold, mid-40s, enjoys classical music, leather-bikini yardwork, home and crafts-related hobbies. Join me for smoke/drug-free weekend of leathered togetherness. POB 5172, Biloxi, MS 39534-0172. (LF6386)

MISSOURI

SLAVE TRAINEE AVAILABLE

Inexperienced St. Louis Greek passive needs young attractive arrogant jock to serve, worship and submit mind and body to for training, bondage and discipline, verbal abuse, spanking and fulfillment of Master's fantasies. Would-be slave is 28-year-old white professional who is 5'11", 170 lbs. with brown hair. Box 5908

NEW HAMPSHIRE

BUDDY TO BUDDY MANSEX

WM law student, 35, 6'2", 210, beard, moustache, hairy chest, from Alaska, seeks hairy, uncut 27-45 man for permanent (move to Alaska) or temporary relationship. Man to man sex—sweaty crotches, skin, pits, tits, butts, poppers, imagination, rough and loving. No whipping, scat. Travel New England. (603) 225-4577. (LF5818)

WHITE MOUNTAINS

Leatherman, GWM, 42, 5'11", 170, bearded, seeks buddies into full leather, levis, boots, tattoos, piercings, Harleys, S&M, TT, CBT, hard safe sex. Letter and photo to Box 6252LF

NEW JERSEY

RENAISSANCE MAN OF KINKS

Boots, armpits, feet, jocks, 501s, leather, sweatsocks are a few of my favorite things. GWM, 32, 6'1", 180—versatile, experienced, healthy—sks fellow travellers in esoteric sex and more mundane pleasures—movies, opera, books, etc. Smokers, social drinkers, and recreational druggies preferred. NO PHONE CALLS. Write first with photo if possible (returnable). T.R. Witomski, 41 Bonaire Dr., Toms River, NJ 08757.

COCKSLAVE BONDAGE TRAINEE

Seeks 18+ Menudo type boy/man, slender, hairless body with thick cock to transform this GWM of 41, 5'6", 145 lbs., drug/virus free non-smoker into cock worshipping slave. Pierced nipples/cockhead. Interests include cock modification/piercings, cock control/chastity devices, urethral stretching, ass play, leather/latex bondage, exhibitionism/humiliation. Box 6216LF

TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30), well-built captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored and expanded. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. (201) 874-6725, after 8 PM (LF4769)

PRINCETON SUBMISSIVE

GWM, 40, 6'1", 190, pleasant looking, seeking dominant master for imaginative sessions. Race and age unimportant; attitude is everything. Older masters who want a real slave are requested to write. All responses will be answered. Photo welcome. Box 6417

TATTOOED DIRTY BIKER

Blackwood. Heavy tattooed biker seeks other bikers (local area only) who live in and worship dirty engineer boots, filthy torn levis or full leather and enjoy riding together followed by a prolonged J/O session where we exchange each other's piss and cum on our levis and boots. Local bikers only. PO Box 284, Blackwood, NJ 08012. Send letter & photo for reply. (LF6229)

LIVE-IN

GWM 18-30 son into heavy C&BT, TT, whipping and long-term bondage, desired by GWM dad into same. You will live days on Soloflex machine and in my well-equipped playroom. I'm into creative scenes. Leave your age, height, weight, heaviest scenes and best time to return call. CJ — (201) 874-6909: 1-78 and 1-287S. (LF5982)

NEW YORK

HOT YOUNG NYC DAD DRINKS

Handsome fag dad, 34, 6'1", 210, beard, hairy, yuppie executive offers support/worship/rim/suck as grateful, obedient property of clean, muscular, healthy, straight son who lets me jerk off while taking a long, slow leak down my throat. Sincere, no scat/Greek/SM/BD. Box 6224LF

TALL BIG-FOOTED BOTTOMS

Do you want to act out sweaty locker room scenes, frat hazing, brothers, and other exciting head trips with a hot WM, 31, 6'1", 185, very attractive, masculine and sincere? Then call Frank between 8 PM-12 Mid. at (212) 675-7352 to meet (no phone J/O) in NYC for regular explosive action. Tall tops welcome too. (LF5769)

BIG BUTCH BOTTOM

seeks an experienced Top, a man who knows what he wants. I don't look like the obedient type. I'm 6'2", 250 lbs., good-looking, blue eyes, light brown hair; into toys, tits, balls, assplay. You tell me what I can do for you. Mike Martin, c/o 400 W 43, #14P, NY, NY 10036. (LF5777)

SADISTIC SICILIAN MASTER

37, 5'9", 190 seeks dog or pig into heavy, heavy V/A, whippings, pleasurable torture, CBT, TT, FF, W/S, scat. A complete piece of shit that likes to be treated like one. Prefer experienced short chunky types. Photo and letter of qualifications to Box 5814LF.

MAKE ME WANT IT

WM, mid-30s, NYC area bottom, new to scene—tall, lean, well-developed pecs, dark hair, moustache. Fantasies: leather, spankings, paddlings, slow tit torture, cock/ball torture. I need a patient MASTER to show me the ropes so I will no longer be a novice. PO Box 780, Horace Harding Sta., Flushing, NY 11362-9991. (LF5863)

COP SHITHOLE SUCKER

Well-built, healthy 28 y.o. WM, 5'11", 165 lbs., European, uncut, wants to suck on your filthy shithole. Special attention given to COPS, construction workers and body builders with huge and beefy butts. I'm masculine, beer drinker and turned on by straight guys. I need a macho cop to plant his butt on my face and let me have a good taste of it. Please, officer, call or write. Box 6124. Tel. (718) 846-0845. Danny. Discretion assured.

23 Y.O. BONDAGE TOILET

Straight construction-biker for singles, groups. Serious only. Letter, photo, phone. Box 6087

ON-CALL BOTTOM NEEDED

Looking for bottom. Must be mature, prefer under 5'8". Time to spend at the gym (not looking for BB), at the Spike, J's and time to provide services when needed. I'm 45, 5'9", 180, very quiet, pensive and serious minded. Most limits respected. Box 6097LF

SADIST DAD SEEKS BB SON

or trim. Me 6', 200 lbs., attractive, 49, beard, Bondage, TT, face slapping. Mind control submissive disciplined punishment. Leather fantasy torture & prisoner scenarios. No body fluids, raunch, drugs. Safe mean, monogamous. My rules obeyed gets you rough tender friend. Photo, phone, letter. Box 6118LF

OWN, USE, ABUSE & LOVE ME

Tall, healthy, SM/cooked 34 WM masochist offers life to gd-lkng hung, firm Master. No limits. Permanent ownership and control. Please my Master's every need as his naked, hairless, pierced, branded, toilet-trained, B&D'd, F/F'd, waxed, burned, prodded, cock-sucking, assfucked slave. No return. Box 6135LF

BLACK RAPIST WANTED

by white male, 42, 6'1", 165, for rough rape scenes. Box 6130

HOT BEARDED DADDY

White Latin boy, cute, healthy, clean-shaven, boyish 39, 5'4", 125 lbs., black/black, hairy, uncut, loyal, seeks sane, healthy, warm yet dominant, top, nonsmoker (cigars, pipes OK) daddy for serious relationship, sense of belonging. V/A, spanking, safe erotic kink, clothing, service. No drugs, no games. Box 6385

TOUGH BODYBUILDER SON WANTED

by 6', 200-lb. muscular top dad. Son must need cock and ball torture, tit work and gut punching. Dad will develop weak spots and make his big boy a real contender. Live in and serve his dad's every need. Photo and phone a must. Smooth body wanted for this hairy he-man. Box 4717LF

FIRE ISLAND WEEKENDS

Private accommodation incl. separate well-equipped dungeon available for rental to SM couples weekends or longer periods at attractive beach front house. References required. Telephone for details: (516) 597-6484

TEACH ME TO BE YOUR SHITBOY

Need WM 35+ to teach me to feed from his hairy wide ass. Me: good-looking boyish WM (27, 160, br/gr, 5'9") eager to learn. Prefer beard, balding, verbal, hairy w/natural body, chunky. NYC area. Box 6298LF

MARRIED MALE

looking for a close buddy, married preferred, others with proper attitude considered. I am white, 36, six feet tall, 175 pounds, blue eyes, brown hair, in-shape and I expect the same. You must be part pig and be willing to enter into a relationship of friendship and commitment. You should enjoy all anal and oral activities. This could save our lives. Safe sex only until a firm relationship has been established. Applicants should live on or near Staten Island. Please respond with phone number and photo to PO Box 010999, Staten Island, NY 10301-0003.

ATHLETIC TOP

Dad seeks bottom (son) for serious relationship. GWM, 46, 5'10", 170, BB, masculine, aware, sensitive, adventurous, into B/D, S/M, spanking, safe Gr/A, Fr/p, ass play, toys. You: any race, good body, serious about committing. Phone (necessary) photo to Box 774, 263A W 19 St., NYC, NY 10011.

PISS & RIM SLAVE AVAILABLE

to serve hot topmen, daddies & masters. Clean-cut, blond, trim, 35 yr. old pig will give your crotch & ass the attention it deserves. Sirl Write to: Frank, PO Box 1394, Ansonia Station, NYC, NY 10023. Photo/phone if possible. (LF5695)

COCK ENLARGEMENT

Just started vacuum pumping regular. Would like to compare notes and pump together with others of the same interest. Box 6411

HOT TO SERVE

Boy, 26, 5'11", 150, good-looking, needs tall leather topman/master for obedience training, B&D, degradation, servitude, domination, not pain. Hot mouth for your boots, body, leather. Box 6404

LOOKING FOR HOT STUD

5'10", 160, hot, 31. I am looking for a stud who likes mutual assplay into smelly, raunchy and erotic sex. Let's have a good time. Box 6392

PUSSY BOY SLUT WHORE

This pussy boy has a hot wet mouth, nice big tits and a real tight pussyhole. Love to serve and service a daddy and his friends, love watersports and getting fucked. Especially love big black cocks. Reply Lennie, Box 650, c/o DMS, 132 W 24th St., NYC, NY 10011. (LF6389)

NEED SADISTIC SON

Looking for narcissistic, uninhibited, clean-cut, innocent-looking youth (any age under 30) who can get into serious dominance & creative sadism. Obsessive need to totally serve and support such a person in an ongoing relationship. I am 43, 6'2", blue eyes, brown/grey hair, athletic build, clean-cut & considered good-looking and am a true bottom. Experience not necessary, but an arrogant, controlling personality is. Serious replies to Tom. Box 6381

BLOND LEATHER SLAVE

needs hot musc. leather master to train this 6', 175-lb., pierced hung slave for his total pleasure. Bondage, TT, WS, toys, cock worship for you, Sirl! I'm begging for your orders and foto/one. Box 6378

FORCED CELIBACY

Hairy, muscular slave, 5'8", 160 lbs., 31 y.o., seeks slim smooth master who would like control over my orgasms. Chastity belts, piercing, castration, genital modification are all possibilities. Let's be creative and experiment. FL, 496A Hudson St., #15F, New York NY 10014.

QUEER SCUMBAG SUCKER

Hot, healthy, masc. young semen-slave/glory-hole throat groveling for pricks, scum, full rubbers, public humiliation with heavy aroma. Strip me, face-fuck me, whip my dick/tits in toilets/theaters/bars/alleys, force me to milk those cocks. Scotty. Dial X1G-GVK-RGXM. No recip. phone no./no action.

ORAL SERVICE DEMANDED

On your knees, boy. Hot, masculine, 5'11", 165 lbs., black hair, brown eyes, 33 yrs., in-shape, Manhattan master demands talented, hungry, probing mouth. Ever hard 8" and hairy ass require proper groveling and obedient attitude. Expect to wear your collar proudly. Hot letter/phone essential. Box 141, New York, NY 10469.

HARD RIDER ASTRIDE YOUR

Bare back ponystyle, or on shoulders astride back of neck. Rider, Box 176, 70-A Greenwich Ave., NYC 10011.



UNCUT RAUNCH DUDE

26, 6', 175, brown hair, moustache, thick uncut cock, hairy asshole seeking guys for mutual action involving piss, assholes, feet, tit torture, shit, armpits, nudity and other uninhibited mutual kink and man sex. (718) 237-1139.

PASSIVE/OBEDIENT LI'er

GWM, 36, 5'10", blond, blue-eyed, 165, good build, seeks dominant person for fun, friendship or possible relationship on Long Island or Northeast Queens. Call evenings: (718) 454-2354.

SPANKING WANTED

GWM will grope fully dressed man (25-young 65). You give me a firm, barehanded spanking as punishment for groping you. Accompanying safe sex optional. No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustlers. If my place/no parking problem. But write to: Box 660, 132 W 24 St., NYC 10011.

DIAPERED BOTTOM

29, 5'11", 180, Italian, wets, loads himself on Daddy's lap. Enforced diaper dependent humiliation. (212) 824-5323.

RAUNCH DUDE

31, 160, hot into mutual assplay and fun, W/S. Looking for smelly partner to enjoy. Getting into each other man to man. Box 6266

22 Y.O. CONSTRUCTION WORKER

5'9", 140, brown, blue, lean, tight, muscled, tattooed, beer drinking, healthy body. Seeks in-shape, over 6', mean top to serve mentally and physically. Have no limits, into it all. Hot letter, photo, phone. G.F., PO Box 30182, NYC, NY 10011-0102. (212) 228-1819.

CARETAKER

I need a live-in caretaker (slave) for beautiful estatelet, on LI, New York. You will garden, and do maintenance, and retire at night to your very own cottage, where other activities will be available. You will need to send proper photos, medical and sexual history, references and the reasons you want this position. Slave's salary will be paid. Apply Box 4255LF

YOU WANT A BIG STRONG MAN

to hold you, to envelope you, to caress and use your hot little body. I'm 6'2", 240 lbs., 34 years old and good looking with light brown hair and blue eyes. You're young and slim and, maybe, a little inexperienced. That's OK. I'm a patient teacher, safe and sensual. Jeff Martin, 400 W 43, #14P, New York, NY 10036. Photo, if you have one, gets same. (LF5777)

CAN YOU HANDLE IT?

Novice bottom, HIV+, healthy and horny, needs training in SS from A-Z, anything that makes a hung Topman hard and ready to plow long and deep. I'm GWM, 46, 6', 195 lbs. UR HUNG, intense, dominant, horny and experienced. Box 5949LF

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

Tall, dark-haired, educated white male, thirties, wants to hear from others who regard strict, no-nonsense discipline as a valuable and indispensable means to instill good behavior and correct errant ways. Have straps etc. for administering sound discipline, willing to take the same. Write detailed letter including experiences, photo. Box 6055LF

SHIT AND PISS

White, 5'7", 135 lbs., hairy ass, crotch, 7" cock, moustache, wants toilet bottom for regular ass eating, piss drinking sessions. I'm 52 and like experienced men who know what they want. Age not important as hunger and thirst. Box 6018

BAREHANDED SPANKINGS

GWM wants playful spankings from man (25-young 65). Accompanying safe sex optional. Uniform helpful but not necessary. No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustlers. My place/no parking problem. But write to: L.S.A., 132 W 24th St., NYC 10011.

TAKE A DUMP IN MY MOUTH

Hot blond asslicker needs heavy humiliation from filthy-minded Topmen. I'm 27, 5'10", beard, 150 lbs., good-looking pig. If possible, send photo/phone to: PO Box 468, Prince Street Station, New York, NY 10012.

TOP SEEKS HOT BOTTOM

for serious relationship. GWM, 46, 5'10", 170, BB, athletic, top, masculine, sensitive, adventurous, into many scenes—especially spanking, (safe) Gr/A, assplay, B/D. You: any race, good body, serious about a commitment. Phone (a must), photo to Box 774, 263A W 19 St., NYC, NY 10011.

UNIFORM HEADTRIPS AND ...

Hot dude into cop and firemen macho gear. I'm 38, H'some, 6 ft, 185, manly. Guaranteed to blow your mind away. Into most trips. RAP to me about yours. Your fantasy or real life scene is probably mine. PO Box 421, Palm Beach, FL 33480-0421. Travel U.S. It's dick drippin' time, buddy.

PRIVATE LEATHERMEN'S CLUB

Cell Block 28, 28 9th Avenue, New York City, NY 10014. Downstairs Meets every Wednesday 8 PM-2 AM. Doors close 1 AM. Free soda bar & clothes check. BYOB. Admission \$6. Bring in this ad for a free membership. For more information, stop by or phone (212) 367-7484. Leave message on machine.

LEATHER BONDAGE SLAVE

seeks hot Master to expand limits and fantasies: leather/rubber gear, hoods, straitjackets, mummification, kidnapping/dungeon/hospital scenes, shaving, piercing, animal/slave training, exhibitionism and safe sex. No drugs. Slave: good-looking GWM, 45, 5'10" 179 lbs. Box 6289LF

SM REALITY

Not fantasy. Very experienced masochist, 38, 5'10", 170, well developed, seeks experienced sane sadist for pushing of exceptional pain level. Restrain my power, clamp my 3/4" protruding tits, stimulate my pain level with your leather and SM equipment. Send description of yourself and experiences, phone. Travel frequently to Calif. and Illinois. Box 5444

SADIST 42

seeks personal full-service toilet into pain, humiliation, abuse, exhibitionism for use as ashtray (cigar butts), asswipe, punch-kick bag. Masochist/slave will not be permitted to come while serving Sadist. Applicants shall strip, kneel and write groveling, humiliating letter. State qualifications, etc. Photo appreciated. Box 6287

SPECIAL BOTTOM

WM, 31, 6'2", br/blue, good-looking, seeks long-term relationship with top into W/S, exhibitionism, SS, cuddling, and 501s and leather (piercing). If understanding your partner is what you're about, send photo, phone. Box 6428

GANG RAPE

WM, 37, 5'9" asspussy needs rough assplowing and mouthstuffing rape, piss, V/A, spit by cops, uniforms, frats, street gangs, rough tops. Healthy and expect same. Also into tough topman domination, armpits, foreskin, B/D. Bluecollar, hung, noisy roughfuckers a plus. Detailed action, photo to Box 6427LF

KINKY SLAVE EATS SHITS

(& serves you totally, too). GWM, 33, good-looking, seeks dom top for very kinky multifaceted relationship. We can have real fun getting into: instant rimming any place, anytime; regular scat meals, munching, & snacks; tongue toiletpaper service; head stuck-locked down bowl at ur whim; drinking toiletbowl & tongue cleaning it on command; heavy/long-term bondage at your pleasure (leather, rope, steel, straitjacket); stockade and pillory; confinement & cages; boots & sneakers; being butt of endless practical jokes & frat-hazing; enforced chastity; uniforms & rubber; public humiliation; houseboy/servant role & lifestyle; doing dishes & washing & waxing floors; extreme respect & obedience training; paddling & punching; exhibition of & discipline on my black & blue marks; barking like a dog & braying loudly like a jackass; WS; publicly pissed pants & bladder control. I can be as submissive as you can be creative, kinky, & abusive. I have lots of toys & a filthy original mind, too. Monogamy has kept me healthy until now, & until the health crisis is over, it's necessary to be owned by one sadist or a small group, but that's no barrier to the unusual. I realize that some people were meant to "give shit," & some were meant to receive it, & I know for sure that I am one of the latter. Am seeking more than a purely sexual relationship. Am intelligent, mature, masculine, good company. Wish to find same in others. Box 349, 70A Greenwich Ave., New York, NY 10011. (LF6290)

RAUNCH ANYONE?

WM, 28, 5'10, 150, masculine, wants to see your shit dumped, steaming piss and lick that smelly asshole. Also enjoy verbal abuse and dirty talk. Latins especially welcome. Let's hear your ideas. Phone/photo to Box 6267

POLICE OFFICER'S SHIT

Uncut, scorio toilet stud wants to worship hard, smelly turds from big MACHO COPS, construction workers, gas station attendants. All bluecollar type workers welcome. I'm straight acting, well built, 28 y.o., 6', 170 lbs., blond hair, moustache, blue eyes. Like to get down on my knees to clean shitty straight butts, smell thick, hot manturds, drink piss from big uncut dicks. Looks and attitude important. Billy (718) 849-1270. J/O calls OK between 9PM and midnight. Box 6265

WRESTLING

Take on a Brooklyn bruiser. Man-to-man action. Call (718) 492-0940

LEATHER BUDDY

Hot 6', 175, 40, in-shape needs real man, 30-50, for imaginative scenes. Big guys, leather, muscles, hairy chests, beards, moustaches, uniforms, piercings are turn-ons. Heavy into nipples. Let's explore police, bikers, workouts, etc. Be men together, act safe and let our fantasies go. Box 6248LF

NORTH CAROLINA

PRIVATE VIDEO MAKERS

GWM, 34, 5'11", 160 lbs., wants to be violently beaten and brutally gang-raped on camera. No limits. Am discreet, well-insured and will sign any necessary releases. I would like a copy of the edited tape for myself, what you do with the video after that is your business. Box 6343LF

UNCUT REAL MAN WANTED

by WM, 40, 5'10", 145 lbs., HIV Want to chew your hairy tits and cock. Age looks unimportant. Uncut, lots of skin a plus. No feds, drugs, scat. If you can give it, I'll take it. Limits respected. Box 6387

COASTAL CAROLINAS

Crystal Coast to Grand Strand. White male 30 interested in contacting (meeting?) others along the North and South Carolina Coasts. Top, Bottom, Experienced or novice, into Leather, Bondage, Bikes or general rough stuff, if you're reading this I want to hear from you. Inland responses welcomed. Box 5979LF

NORTH DAKOTA

SUGAR DADDY WANTED

You: into leather, S&M, bondage, able to support lover, dark hair, aggressive top. Fuck hard, into toys, must be serious. Me, 27, 5'11", WM blond, bottom, country boy, wants leather Daddy or Daddies for lifetime relationship, hard fun. I will relocate. GHW, Box 2, Deering, ND 58731

OHIO

DADDY WANTS SON

Good-looking GWM, 43, 200 lbs., 6'3", beard, seeks obedient submissive son needing love and discipline administered by an affectionate, heavy-handed, masculine daddy. Daddy is hairy top looking for Gr/P Son into B&D, CB/T, TT, and shaving. Letter with photo to PO Box 970, Westerville, OH 43081. (LF6063)

DADDY/MASTERS NEEDED

GWM, 35, 185 lbs., 5'11", beard, brown hair, green eyes, 7" cut, A/Fr, P/Gr, submissive. Seeking hot, hung, muscled hairy tops. 25-45, for SM, BD, WS, TT, C/BT, FF, shaving, enemas. Expand my limits, while I worship your body, Sir, and fulfill your leather fantasies. Dayton/Cincinnati, OH Box 5514LF

MORE FUN, MORE LEATHER, MORE SEX — DEAR SIR

CENTRAL OHIO DISCIPLINARIAN
Good-looking, experienced, slender, 40s B&D master accepting respectful applications. On call or permanent, moderate to heavy training, safe, healthy, limits respected. Details to 791 Wedgewood Dr., Apt. #8, Columbus, OH 43228.

HUNG COUPLE

mid-30s, seeks other handsome guy(s) for hot, safe scenes. Reply with photo. Box 6373

ULTIMATE SUBMISSIVE

Hot GWM, 30s, into ass, bondage, humiliation, FF, raunch, caviar—seek man 40+ who likes service. Photo & letter get same. Box 6413

SLAVE/SON AKRON AREA

Healthy slave/son, 18-30 yrs. must desire training, ownership, B/D in or out of Levis. Must send photo, phone, reason you should be selected to wear my collar, cuffs. Box 6403

OREGON

PORTLAND

40-year-old, working man wants to meet other masculine men who like beating off with other guys. I'm hairy and bearded, 5'6", 130 lbs. Box 4455LF

LET'S DISCOVER LEATHER SEX TOGETHER

If you're new at it, so am I. Let's initiate each other into being belted, fucked, sucked and pissed on. Top/bottom, I can be both gentle and strong. Handsome, 6'4", 210, 29. Into working out and staying in shape and want someone else who is too. Send photo/letter to PO Box 40540, Portland OR 97240-0740. (LF5747)



ARE YOU A SLAVE?

inexperienced, but feeling a commitment and need to serve a dependable, imaginative Master? White-collar Master will allow a large measure of independence while enforcing discipline and control. Progressive limit increase training. Must relocate in Salem, Oregon, without delay. Describe interests, photo, phone for reply. Box 5954LF

TRAINER NEEDED

by masculine middle-aged man. Make my good body really great by discipline, pain, TT. Photo, training ideas to Novice, Box 14221, PDX 97214.

PENNSYLVANIA

BASIC TRAINING

Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by military Drill instructor. DI is looking for "A Few Good Men" who need to be "squared away" for the first time or who wish to relive their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRD-PHL, Box 242, Penndel, PA 19047-0848. All responses acknowledged, but those with photo/phone answered first. (LF4257)

SM TOPMAN

Well-built, quality topman into hot, heavy but safe and sane kink-sex; 38, 5'10", 44" ch, 32" w; seeking submissive, level-headed bottom-men for play times in S&M, B&D, CBT, etc. No raunch—am into responsible hot sex based on trust and man-to-man respect. Photo & phone to Box 6100LF

PHILADELPHIA TOILET MOUTH

Slim, attractive wants to recycle safe masters—couples to 45. Box 6293

LEATHER/BOOTMAN

looking for young slim submissive cocksuckers that need to have their face plowed. If you need long rough sessions, verbal abuse, and having a man hold you on while you service him, get off your ass and write. Leatherman is 45, 5'11", 160 and healthy. Photo and phone a must. Box 4840LF

SON SEEKS DADDY UP TO 45

Pittsburgh GWM, 32, ex-college football jock, bearded, hairy, stocky and muscular seeks dominate bearded/hairy, cigar smoking, beer drinking, beer belly a plus, Dad. Into safe sex, light S/M, tit work, toys and more. Photos appreciated! PO Box, 309 Glenshaw, PA 15116

BIG BLACK COCK

or big white dick wanted, by bottom GWM, 39, 6'4", 200 lbs., S/M novice, TT, CBT, G/S. Please, Sir, let me tongue your body! PO Box 25036, Philadelphia, PA 19147-0236

MASTER WANTED

by 25-yr., 6'2", 185, bodybuilder slave. Will do anything you ask. Love boots, feet, pits, eating ass, BD, WS, etc. Write with photo to JB, 319 W County Line Rd., Hatboro, PA 19040.

RHODE ISLAND

FAT MEN

Over 250, any age. Let me lick your ass. Send photo. Box 6311

MASTER/DAD NEEDED

Master/Top needed by WM submissive. Need training in SM. Please, Sir, use my hot masculine muscular body for your pleasure. Interest: bondage, tit/cock play, obeying, pleasing demanding Master. Sir, I need teacher; to be naked; expand my limits, train me. Hard-working, good-looking. Box 6342LF

TENNESSEE

NIPPLES BECOME ERECTILE

More than yesterday's torture, less than tomorrow's. When will it end? Will you collapse before your 41-yr.-old GWM Daddy gives you the final rubdown with hot oil and commands, "You passed, son. Cum." Send age, height, weight, and best and worst scenes endured to date—be candid—to this ruthless 6'4" 205-pounder at Box 5034LF.

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Hot, horny hole needs large tool, hands, toys. GWM, 32, seeks above. Nude photo gets response. Member Leather Fraternity. Box 5459LF

AUSTIN LEATHERMASTER

38, 6'2", 185, brown/blue, bearded, intelligent professional, monogamous, seeks ownership of inexperienced Austin slave, 30-40, professional, under 6', sexually uninhibited, masculine, trim. Smoker preferred. Photo, letter revealing your slave attitude and kind of MASTER you need to serve. Safe/Sane. Be one with ME. Box 6112LF

LUBBOCK

Highly versatile and very horny WM, 34, 5'9", 165, 7½ cut, HIV-, into CBT, TT, leather, wants to meet other MEN for intense but safe scenes. Muscletuds, cops, military are special turn-ons. Will consider many types of scenes with really hot men. Letter, photo & phone to Box 6269LF

KINKY CC LEATHERTOP

Latino, 6'2", 44, 190 lbs., sweaty, stinky, uncut seeks monogamous (safe sex) relationship. Bottom must crave cleaning my greasy/diesel smelling black engineer boots at least twice a day and must crave worship of leatherclad top from head to toe. Bottom must crave Top dressed in greasy Levis and greasy gloves for TT, light to heavy S/M, BD. Top can handle any scene. Recent photo/phone gets response. Get on your knees and drop me a line, my boots need immediate attention. Would like to hear from tops into same scene. Box 6338

DISOBEDIENT BOYS

Hung Houston Daddy, 42, 6', 165 lbs., disciplines good-looking deserving boys, 21-34, until they cry, then satisfies them with heavy Greek action and tender care. Box 6333

TOILET WIMP

Late 20s, boyish, slim build, wants to sniff your masculine asshole. PO Box 980562, Houston, TX 77098-0562

LOOKING FOR DADDY/MASTER

GWM, 26, 5'10", 163, brown hair/blue-grey eyes, moustache, submissive and obedient, looking for Drummer Daddy/Master (30 to 45) to help me expand my limits. Will travel/possible relocation. Sir, please reply to Box 5265LF.

LARGE MISBEHAVING COCKS

Well-endowed males with lowhangers wanted to receive light/med. CBT, teasing, bondage, etc. on weekends. Only requirement, large genitals. No alcohol/drugs. I'm Houston novice but sincere. Letter to Box 6405

BONDAGE ENTHUSIAST

(Houston) needs dominant males to humiliate and discipline me. Please. Box 6375

AMUSE YOURSELF, KID

Masculine, healthy, good-looking WM, 30, 5'10", 140, would like wiseguy, smartass younger brother (or son) for games where you humiliate, abuse, and laugh at your BIG brother, while you drink his beer. Come on, go for it kid! You nasty little punk! Austin area, Box 6409

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late 20's, boyish, slim build, wants to sniff your masculine asshole. PO Box 980562, Houston, TX 77098

VERMONT

HOT VERMONT BOTTOM

Tim of Long Island, no longer have use of phone. Would like to hear from you. Need full-time leather Master, know you are it, Sir. Wayne D. Bannister, RD #2, Rt. 30, Box 2102, Middlebury, VT 05753. (LF5750)

VIRGINIA

BB SLAVE

Very attractive, successful, 31, 5'5", 140 lbs., 7", bubble butt, big chest/arms seeks master(s) or master with slave(s) to submit to mind control, SM, BD, toys, shaving, leather/levi, etc. needs. You: under 40, hung and in good shape. Willing to relocate. Travel. Photo. Phone. Mike, Box 6206LF

DEAR SIR CLASSIFIEDS

BOTTOM TRAINING SOUGHT

Bi/W/male, 34, seeks training by experienced top into BD, light SM, watersports, toys and mind control. Me: Br hair, hazel eyes, 220, football player's build. You: 24-35, experienced, good build, clean-shaven, into safe sex. Thanks. Box 6414LF

WASHINGTON

SEATTLE FF BOTTOM

WM, 41, 6'4", 195, cut, moustache, brown hair. Have lover and looking for weekday activities. Some experience. Need to explore and expand limits. Hairy tops a plus. Box 6116LF

BOTTOM WITH KS

seeks Top with same for mutual encounter of the flesh. Into FF, recycled beer, uncut/cheese, ass rimming or whatever feels right. Letter receives same. PO Box 75524, Seattle, WA 98125.

HOUSTON DADDY

seeks sons needing discipline. Beginners welcome. Submit. Write NOW! Box 6374

BROWNNOSERS

Dallas-based Top of German descent, 32, 5'10", 145, br/gr, with oversize dick and dirty asshole travels frequently. I am looking for other young, good-looking men (like myself) who are into raunch or scat. In-shape brown-nosers contact Box 6223LF

READY TO SERVE

WM, 35, 5'8" seeks Master to serve. Interests include bootlicking, cock worship, C/B torture, dildoes, B&D, rubber, light S&M, TT, and toys. I am well-built, good-looking GWM. Write with photo, get same. Box 6227

WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER

Hot, muscular jock WM, 5'8", 160, 34 yrs. enjoys heavy restraint, bondage, wrestling, forced safe sex or no sex, but lots of tying and gagging. Mostly bottom but can be versatile. Novice in TT and CBT but eager to expand limits. Discreet and safe, expect same. Box 6158LF



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Son wanted: 5'6" or less, trim, cute, submissive, industrious, quiet, affectionate, sexual. Daddy: tender, tough, loving, 35, 6'3", lean, beard, mustache. Monogamous relationship. Photo. Seattle. Box 6416

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by hung top, 39, into boots, country, levis, CBT/T. Photo, phone, letter. No overweights. Box 6390

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GERMAN MUSCULAR SLAVE

Healthy, hot, 39, 5'8", 140 lbs., gym body, needs heavy master for bondage, discipline, J/O, TT, safe sex. Will come to the USA this summer. Your photo gets mine. Box 6355

BIG GAME HUNTER

looking for bear, and other hairy-chested wild animals who know they are as tough as they look. BMW biker, rastler, and leatherman stationed in West Germany being reassigned to Huntsville, Alabama late 1988. Moustache a must, with age and a beard a big plus. Box 6410LF

CANADA

DR. SOUGHT

Good-looking, 33, 6'3", 210, dark hair/beard, seeks "doctor" to give me a complete naked physical examination, paying particular attention to cock, balls and ass. Looking for a scene that's as realistic as possible. Photo/phone preferred. Vancouver. Box 5658LF

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Meet your match in a 6' blond living in London. Am into bondage, FF, body shaving and a desire to turn you into a slave. You, any nationality with a strong desire to serve. Get writing, cocksucker. Box 5829

PAIN SLAVE

Begs to enter total service of heavy Master. Mustached masochist, 38, hot, craves intense bondage, heavy whipping, unlimited TT/CBT. Teach me to serve and worship your boots and asshole humbly and totally. Slave need it bad, Sir. Box 5869LF

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32 yrs., fair hair, blue eyes, 6'2", muscular, 177 lbs., 9" uncut. Versatile FF, CBT, TT, into safe sex with lots of imagination and men who like to give and receive. Have good collection leather and rubber. Write explicit letter with photo or phone. London 767-3954. Box 6241LF

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Bottom, GWM, 38, 5'11", 180. Seeking to correspond with others into hot, long-term bondage, hoods, gags, TT, CB/T, dildos in a safe-sex context. Kidnaping, hostage scenes really turn me on. Pic gets mine. Travel to the U.S. once or twice each year. Box 6073LF

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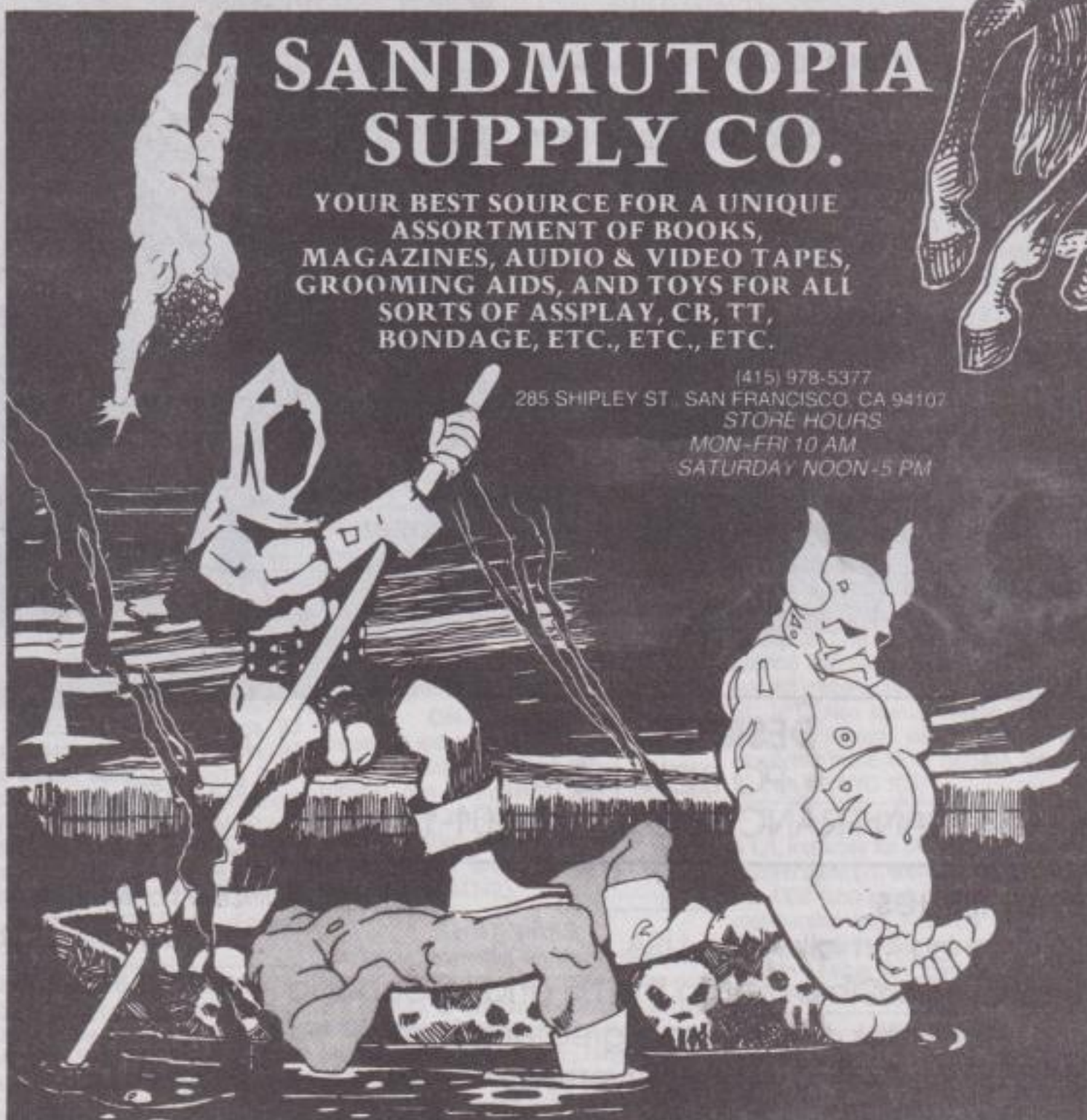


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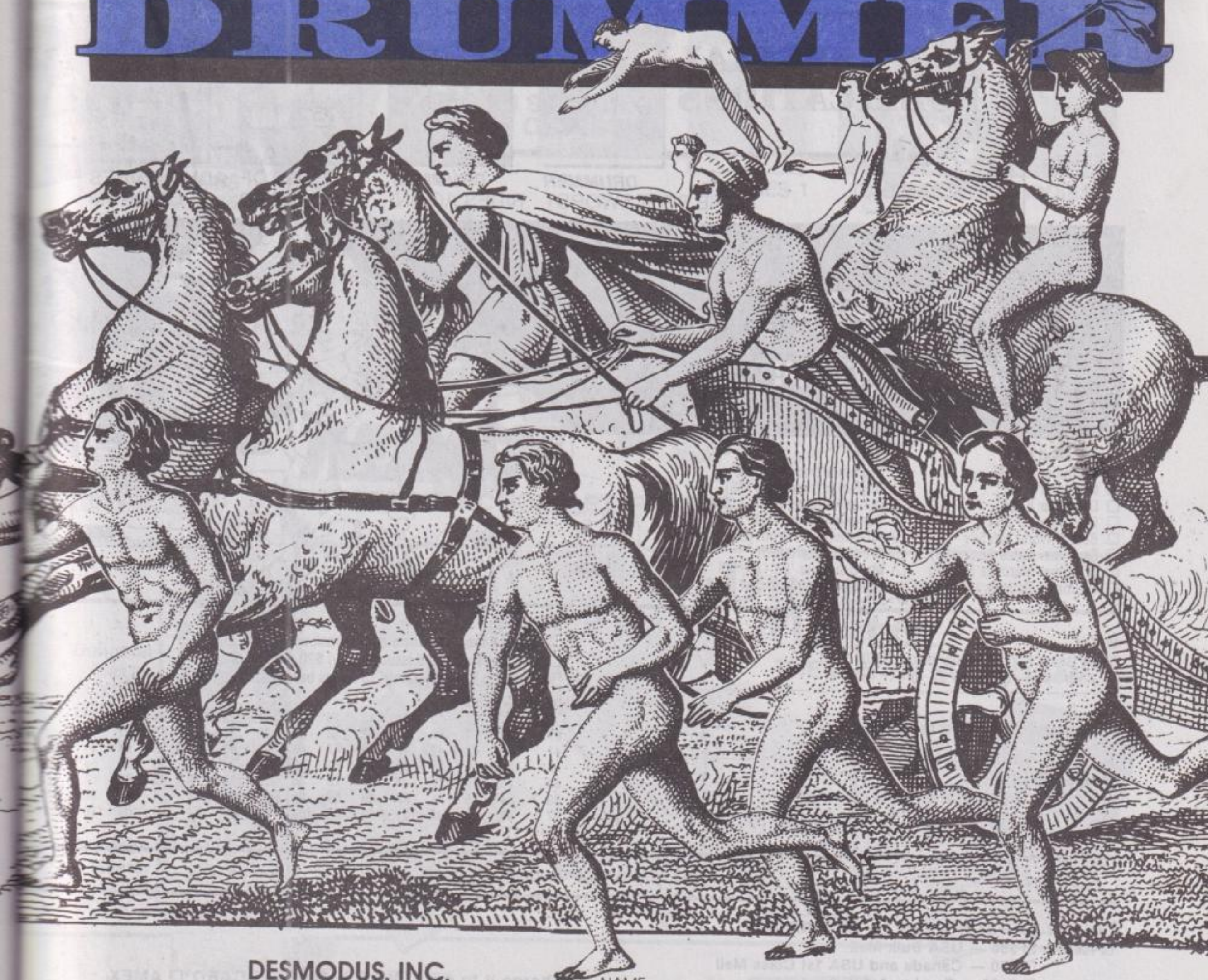
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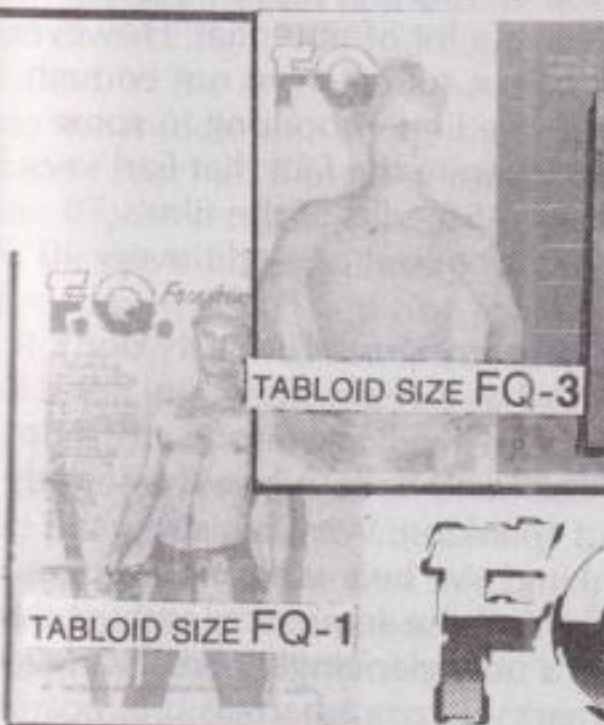


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PICTURES FROM THE BLACK DANCE AUGURS A NEW ERA IN S/M FLICKS

A new, authentic S/M film has just been released by Marathon Films. It is *Pictures from the Black Dance*, part one of an S/M trilogy called *The Dungeons of Europe*. I recommend you see it first, but you may very well want to buy it. (It is available by mail order only.)

Footage for the trilogy was shot entirely in Europe in 1987 by director Roger Earl and producer Terry LeGrand, the men who created *Born to Raise Hell*, which many consider the seminal S/M flick to date. Earl took the title for the first film of the new trilogy from a poem by *Drummer's* own "Ties that Bind" columnist, Guy Baldwin: "You are the canvas/I am the paint/Together we make/Pictures from the black dance."

The next two installments of this project, *Like Moths to a Flame* and *Men with No Name*, will be released in approximately six months and a year, respectively, according to Roger Earl, who took these last two titles from his own poems. Judging by the reactions of a recent preview audience, Earl should expect that more than a few eager patrons will be stamping and snorting in anticipation of both sequels.

Having made my pitch, however, I will tell you that *Pictures from the Black Dance* is far from perfect. The first hour of this 78-minute film drags. Earl shot this segment with four Tops and three bottoms in a large basement dungeon in London. The actors are split up in three pairs, with the fourth Top playing the role of "Overlord," sort of a glorified Dungeon Master. The three couples each create their own "scene," and Earl cuts back and forth between them.

The first "scene" features a young man standing spreadeagled and shackled to a frame. His Top seems to use him as a punching bag, although not very convincingly. I found this pair the least interesting, and Earl spends a lot of footage on them. Earl commented later that he hoped to have something for everyone in the *Dungeons of Europe* trilogy. His instincts may be better than mine: one member of the preview audience told me this first tableau was his favorite of the film.

The second "scene" is centered around a beautiful, well-built blond in a head cage and fetters. Although it looks most promising, Earl only includes a few tease shots. He says the actor, unfortunately, was not promising,



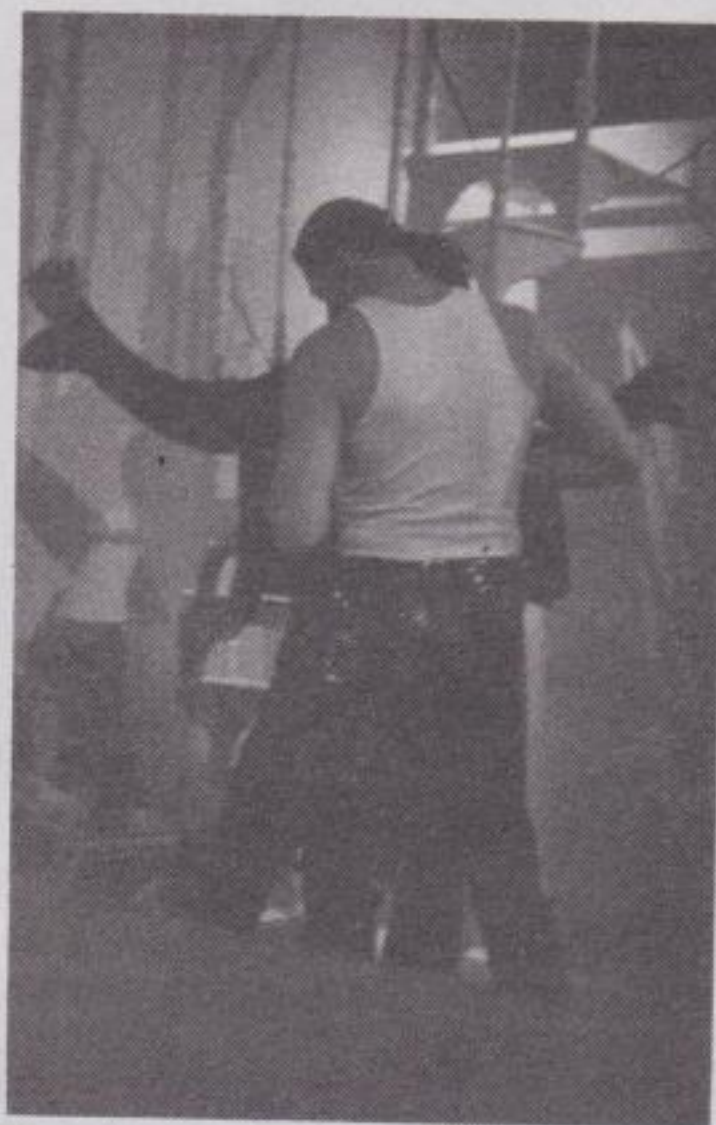
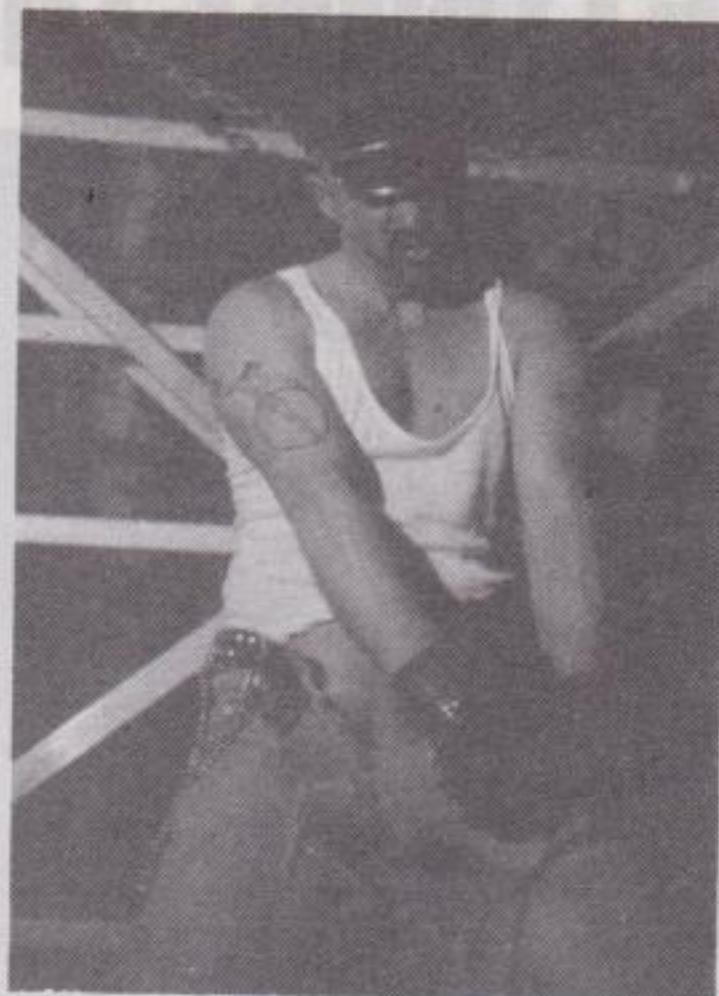
For my money, the most erotic shots in this first part of the film are from the third "scene." A leatherclad young man (Mark Adams) is strapped to a dentist's chair. He is slapped and cropped with authority by his Top (Dick Johnson). Unfortunately, the impact of these shots is diluted by repetitious angles and by action that doesn't progress.

At one point the "Overlord" (played with some melodrama by Tony Starr) enters the fray, and moves from one group to the next, supplying a few gratuitous slaps to the three bottoms. He is meant to provide some dramatic action, and to be a visual link between the three scenes. But, despite his unique and intricate road warrior harness, I found him tiresome. He never really

contributes any serious blows or serious . . . anything. He simply seems contrived.

I believe this first part of the film does have a lot of potential. However, the final cut suffers from not enough editing. We linger too long in some places (despite the fact that Earl says there are 450 edits in the film's 78 minutes, or about one edit every 10 seconds).

Also, many shots curiously don't reveal what is really going on. For instance, we will see a long close-up of a cock and balls, when the sounds are of spanking. Why not show the spanking? We hear whipping sounds throughout the sequence, and yet the camera only glancingly reveals a few red marks across a bare ass.



Comments from the preview audience indicate that Earl might have been better served to set up the action with an exploration of the basement, and then bring in his characters slowly. Instead, in the first frame, he plunges into the middle of a scene that has already reached a peak of emotional intensity. As a result, there is no place left for the excitement to go. "Christopher Rage it isn't," said one guest.

But wait! Stick around, because I still think you will want to see this film for the last 20-minute segment. The preview audience I sat with, which had been talking and whispering through much of the first hour, became absolutely hushed when this sequence began. It involves Dick Johnson and Mark Adams, the two

actors from the dentist's chair scene in the film's first hour. The segment begins with Johnson leading Adams by a chain down the stairs into a basement. Adams is bound in a leather straight jacket, pants, boots and a fabulous hood that laces on the sides.

Johnson suspends his boy upside down and torments him for 15 or 20 minutes. After he releases Adams, Johnson picks him up off the ground with one arm and spanks him on his ass and crotch with the other, right through the closing credits. This is compelling S/M cinema, and, Lord knows, there's been precious little good stuff made, at least for gay audiences. You may want to have this film just for this last sequence alone.

You also will not want to miss the

previews of the next two films, which Earl has edited in after the end of *Pictures from the Black Dance*. The lengthy teasers for these two films, which as yet only exist in rough-cut form, contain some very hot, imaginative footage from dungeons in Frankfurt, Amsterdam, and London. Both sequels appear to be chock full of suspension, whipping, paddling, piercing and waxing scenes involving some very hunky men, who look like serious players indeed.

Earl explains that he intends *Pictures from the Black Dance* to be something like an appetite whetter for the next two films. "I wanted to build up the action throughout the trilogy," he said after the preview for *Pictures*. "The activity in the first film is definitely lighter than the other two, and that's by design."

Earl has made a number of well-regarded gay sex films, including *Chain Reactions*, *Men of the Midway* and *Gayracula*. Nevertheless, many of the shots in this film miss the mark; they feel as though they could have been so poetic. Earl says he went to pains to film it as it happened. He did not reshoot many scenes, hoping to catch the spontaneity of his actors in "doing their thing." (By the way, a man named Kevin Wolf was director of photography, but he's not me.)

I will say that the sound is quite good. Earl explains that he made a concerted effort to get a solid, live soundtrack of the action and to synch it with the film. There's no overdubbed, out-of-tune grunts and groans in this film, as in so many sex flicks.

The music, pseudonymously contributed by VAP, is also very satisfying. Synthesized sounds and notes seem to grow out of, subside into and weave through the cracking of slaps and whips, the clinking of chains and moans and cries. Post-production director Pat Mayino undoubtedly should be credited for some of the quality sound work.

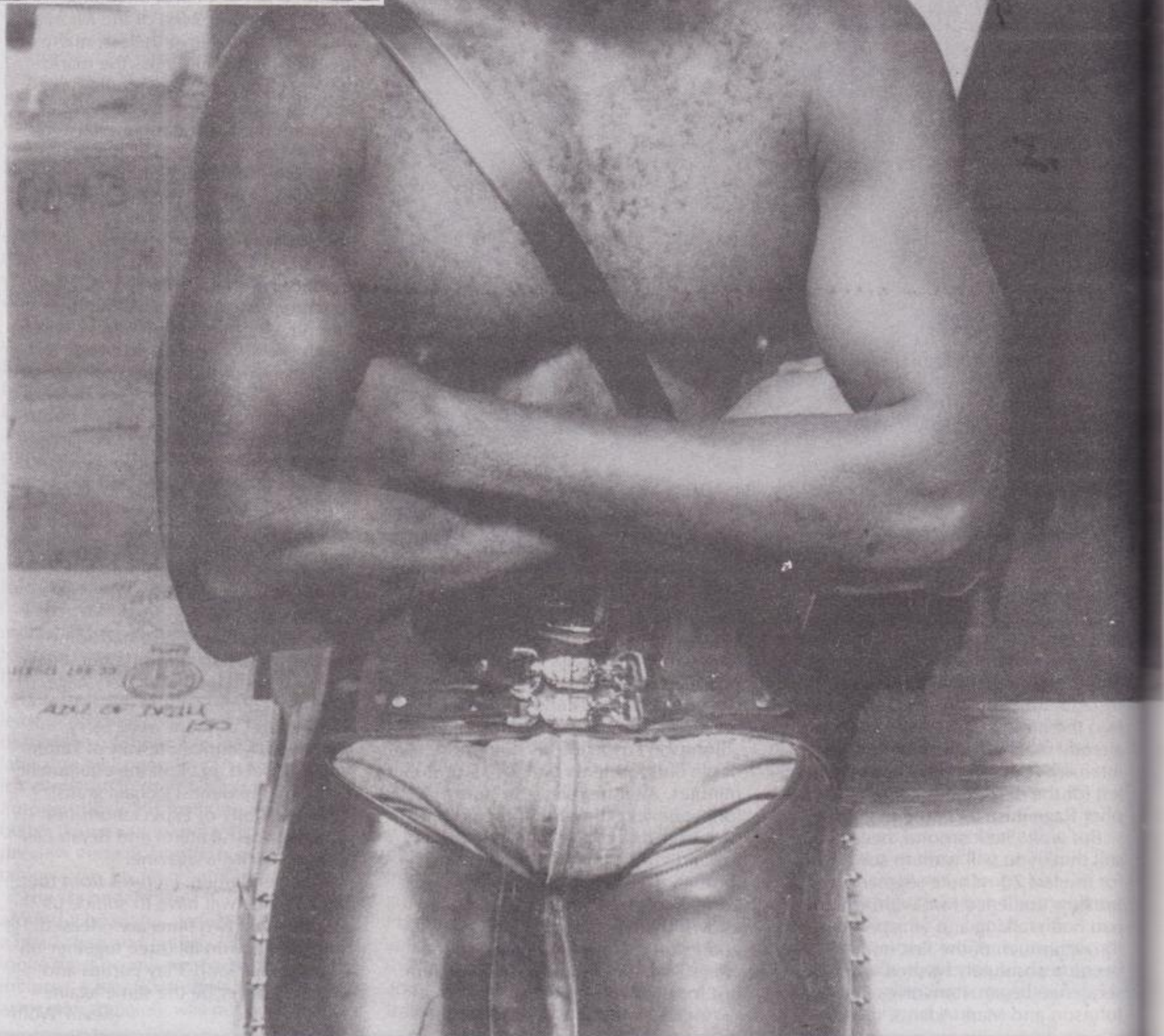
Earl and LeGrand also had some very kind assistance from a number of people who helped organize, stage, costume, equip and film this trilogy. Not the least of these were Larry Townsend, Maurice Stewart of Fetters (who provided much of the equipment, including the dentist's chair, gratis), Steve and Tony of Expectations (for some wonderful attire) and Bryan Derbyshire of HIM Magazine.

Well, gentlemen. *Pictures from the Black Dance* will have to suffice us until the next two films are released. Then we can run all three together on a continuous loop. Play parties and runs may never be the same again.

—Kevin Wolff

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**Mr. Drummer Profile: Mitch Davis,
Mr. New England Drummer 1987**

"... A black dude sitting alone in a bubbling pool. He looked imperial. Like some dark African prince. His svelte muscular arms were spread wide on the pool edge. His big black dick bobbed heads-up to the surface of the water... The dude was cool. His eyes looked straight ahead. He was ready for what he knew he wanted, and Ryan knew he wanted to take that big, black shaft deep down his throat."

Jack Fritscher, "Black on Blond," from
Stand By Your Man, Leyland Publications

Thanks, Jack. I couldn't have said it better myself. So lemme tell ya all the story of how I became the proud owner of Mitch Davis's boxer shorts.

Surely mine is not the only amusing anecdote about a bagful of sweaty, ripening jockstraps, T-shirts and white cotton jockeys (in fact, a friend of mine who labored in the erotic cinema trade routinely inherited many used Jocks of the Stars, but I digress...), but it is authentic, and I'm not ashamed to share it.

Believe me, if I were a bona fide collector of men's underwear, celebrity or otherwise, I would never admit it in print or in public. Besides, as a wise woman once said, "My men wear English Leather, or they wear nothing at all." But, Mitch is pretty special, and... THESE ARE NOT JUST ANY BOXER SHORTS, THESE ARE AN AUTHENTIC, FULL-CUT PAIR OF CANDY-APPLE-RED POLYESTER JOCK-FOR-DAYS SHORTS WITH THE MAN'S AUTOGRAPH, THANK YOU VERY MUCH! I mean, Jim Palmer Get Back!

It was a hot night last June when Mitch Davis competed as Mr. New England Drummer at the Mr. Drummer '87 Finals and before the night was over, everyone was taking off their clothes. A veritable pantheon of pornstars, titleholders and just plain Hot Stuff strutted same and peeled off a Hefty (and I do mean hefty) bag full of autographed T-shirts and more intimate celebrity apparel to be auctioned off for charity.

At the last minute, the T-shirt Auction had to be postponed, and the following day the aforementioned Hefty bag was tossed in a corner of the old *Drummer* offices on Harriet Street, where they... fermented... Alone in the office on a slow, calm-after-the-storm Saturday, I decided to have a look. Now to some, this would have been merely a bag of dirty laundry, but to me it was like cleaning up the locker room at Mount Olympus. Among the treasures, I quickly came across 'em: Those who have seen the MEN videotape of the '87 Drummer Finals may remember big Mitch stripping off his red boxers. My copy of that tape is worn rather thin from slow motion and freeze frame—so sue me, I'm a fan!

Fortunately, before they could fossilize, the underwear was turned over to that magician, Alan Selby of Mr. S Leathers. Alan saw to it that they were auctioned off for the benefit of the AIDS Emergency Fund at last year's Leather Daddy Contest at the SF Eagle. I made a point of attending, and feeling like Cary Grant in "North by Northwest," I valiantly bid for, and claimed, my prize. And, yes—I admit it—I held them up to my nose and inhaled deeply. But only once, and later—after I got home and no one was looking.

If you met Mitch, I'm sure you'd understand. The Mr. Drummer video gives a good look at him. Not only is the man the Brick Shithouse of the Year, but his entire presentation was distinguished by his serious, intelligent and meticulously planned approach. To those who think that only an empty-headed vanity tripper would compete for one of these titles, let me explain why I'm glad to have met Mitch and am respectful of his accomplishment.

"Sure, sex is alright, but it ain't nothing compared with havin' somebody put a crown on your head! Or shopping!"

Suzanne Sugarbaker, the former Miss Georgia World on TV's *Designing Women*

The veteran beauty pageant winner mindlessly pounding the runway with a frozen smile is one of our society's most risible stereotypes, but in the Eighties we live in a world of stereotypes, cliches, snap judgments, prejudices, and bigotry. Looking imperial and, yes, like a dark African prince, Mitch Davis stands up and reminds us to look beyond stereotypes. And he can talk, too.

"... Even some of my closest friends were somewhat surprised that I was Mr. New England Drummer. To many of them, I did not fit their stereotype of leatherman. Even a minority within a minority has to deal with stereotypes. I'm not middle-aged, bearded, white or have a beer gut. I'm in my twenties, athletic and black."

Mitch Davis

I think being a Drummerman is all about guts and brains and health, and that Mitch displays these qualities in abundance. Among his hobbies he lists testing stunt kites and windsurfing, both of which are to me very exciting images, manly, and need I say more?

"I have had to review some of my personal priorities since winning this title. I have had the good fortune to be asked by many organizations to participate in a variety of events for the gay and leather communities. I'm very grateful that the notoriety I have received has resulted in these opportunities... I hope to continue to use this notoriety, combined with my natural gifts of good communication skills and good humor, to continue to help the causes of the gay community and the leather brotherhood..."

Mitch Davis

Among his activities, Mitch appeared at the Boston Gay Men's Chorus as a Leather Santa complete with handcuffs! Yeah, Santa Baby, put your lump of coal in my stocking!

For those readers who are contemplating entering a Mr. Drummer contest (or any other), I think there is much to be learned from Mitch's class act. He arrived at the finals with his entire fantasy presentation mapped out down to the last detail, showing a choreographic eye worthy of Bob Fosse. Since this is the contestant's best opportunity to steal the show, I cannot stress enough the advantage of preparedness. In addition, after placing third in the Mr. Drummer finals, Mitch didn't disappear. He turned around and entered other contests, finishing second to another contest veteran, Ken Savage (Mr. SE Drummer 1984) in this year's Mr. New York Leather contest. In January, he won the title of Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather, and will compete in the other big one—the International Mr. Leather contest in Chicago in May, proving the truth of another cliché: If at first you don't succeed, don't give up!

Drummer would like to thank the HarborMasters of Portland, Maine for sending Mitch to us. Incidentally, this year's Mr. New England Drummer contest will be sponsored by the Underground and Rumors, Inc. of Portland, and is scheduled for July 24. (For the complete scoop on all the late-breaking news regarding Mr. Drummer preliminaries and regional finals, see the listing elsewhere in this issue.)

Mitch's hard work and creativity paid off big and, combined with his willingness to make something of his title, enriched his life.

And certainly mine. I'm proud as hell to have his shorts. Good luck in Chicago, Buddy.

—Ken Lackey

REGIONAL REPORTS:

Mr. New England Drummer:

The Underground, the Portland ME bar where previous Mr. New England Drummer contests have been held, will sponsor the contest again this year. Be there on July 24 to root for your favorite to travel to San Francisco.

Mr. Northeast Drummer:

Shaftway Productions is sponsoring the first Mr. Northeast Drummer Contest, which will be held at Tracks in New York City on July 25.

Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer:

Robert Sheets of Queen City Coordinators, Charlotte, NC, will be hosting this contest over the July 4 weekend. The tentative schedule includes a Drummerboy contest on July 1, a preliminary judging on July 2, and the Regional Finals on July 3, followed by a *Mandance* lasting until "dawn's early light."

Mr. Dixie Drummer:

The Eagle, Atlanta's newest leather bar, will host the first Mr. Dixie Drummer contest on June 19. The Eagle is at 309 Ponce de Leon Ave. NE, 30306.

Mr. Southeast Drummer:

By the time you read this, Mr. Southeast Drummer will have been selected at Tacky's in Ft. Lauderdale on April 16. But as I am writing it (on Tax Day) we do not yet know who will be the winner. Look for his picture in the next issue.

Mr. Midwest Drummer:

This Regional contest will again be sponsored by Spurs and held at the Dock in Cincinnati, OH, sometime in August.

Mr. Great Lakes Drummer:

A new regional title serving the upper Midwest/Great Lakes region will be sponsored by the new Detroit Eagle. Contact the Eagle for information.



Mr. Great Plains Drummer:

Another new title serving the plains and prairie states will be sponsored by the Dixie Bell Saloon in Kansas City. The date has not yet been set.

Mr. Southwest Drummer:

Chutes and Falcon Leather in Houston will again sponsor this regional contest over the 4th of July weekend. The Regional Finals Contest itself will be held at Chutes on July 3rd. Several other events are being planned for the weekend. There will be a \$200 cash prize for the winner in addition to the trip to San Francisco for the finals.

Area contests scheduled so far include preliminaries at The Trestle in Dallas on June 18 and at Chain Drive in Austin.

Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer:

Galerie Leon will sponsor the Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer contest in Denver in late June.

Mr. S. California Drummer:

Mr. S. California Drummer will also have been selected by the time you read this, but as of its writing is still unknown. We should have his photo for you for the next issue.

Mr. N. California Drummer:

Up Your Alley Productions will sponsor this contest to be held at the San Francisco Eagle on June 10. Mr. San Jose

Drummer was selected on Club St. John on March 27. The winner was Mike, who was featured in a photo spread and on the cover of *Drummer 111*. You can look forward to seeing more of him in *Drummer* and on stage at the June 10 N. California regional contest.

Mr. Northwest Drummer:

This year Mr. Northwest is moving even further north, to Vancouver BC, where Mack's Leathers is sponsoring the regional finals to be held at Celebrities on Sunday, September 4. Preliminary contests are scheduled for Vancouver, Seattle, and Portland.

Mr. East Canada Drummer:

MC Faucon will sponsor the first Mr. East Canada Drummer contest in Montreal. More information will follow.

Mr. Europe Drummer:

The Regional Finals are sponsored by The Eagle Bar in Amsterdam and will be held in August at a large hall near the bar. We will provide more information on this and on area contests around Europe as we are notified.

Mr. Australia Drummer:

No contest currently scheduled. Come on, you Aussie Leathermen! Celebrate your bicentennial by sending a Leather Hunk to represent Godsone in San Francisco in September.

MR. DRUMMER 1988 Contest Finals and Show SEPTEMBER 25, 1988

At least 15 of the hottest leathermen in the world will enact their hottest fantasies for you on the stage of San Francisco's huge Galleria. The show is being produced by Up Your Alley Productions and proceeds will be split among several gay charities around the country. Reserved seating, great entertainment, and acres of black leather and male flesh! BE THERE!

Leather Pride Weekend

The Mr. Drummer Finals mark the apex of a full weekend of leather activity that will start with a party at the San Francisco Eagle on Wednesday Sept. 21. On Thursday night Mr. S. Alan Selby, will host another of his infamous Fetish and Fantasy parties at the Powerhouse. In previous years virtually all of the S/m clubs in the Bay area, male and female, gay, straight and

bisexual, have contributed segments to an entertaining and often riotous program for this fundraiser for the AIDS Emergency Fund. Up Your Alley is organizing a major Leather Pride Party for Friday night. And on Sunday thousands of Leather men and women will come to their street for the annual Folsom Street Fair. All in all, it's a great way to wind up the summer.

Various packages, with and without lodging and/or transportation, are currently being organized. Come to San Francisco to cheer on your Mr. Drummer regional winner and join in one of the biggest Leather parties going. For more information contact Up Your Alley Productions, 584 Castro St. #504, San Francisco, CA 94114 or phone Jerry Vallarie at 415-864-6435. □

USA/CANADA CLUB LISTINGS

Club names marked with an asterisk (*) are new to this listing or have an address change or correction. Club names listed in regular type, not bold face, have had mail returned from the address listed; if you can provide a correction, please do so.

(S/M) indicates a men's club with a primary interest in S/M; (W) indicates a women's leather-S/M club; (Mixed S/M) indicates an S/M club that includes men and women, hetero-, homo- and bi-sexual; (JO) indicates men's jerk-off or masturbation clubs; (F) indicates a special interest (or fetish) club, such as ones specializing in fisting, uniforms, bondage, wrestling, mud, etc.; (FN) is used for clubs that are primarily national or international, whose main activity is publishing ads or a roster—they may or may not have periodic meetings; (FL) is used for clubs that primarily meet locally for active sessions, even though they may have a national or international membership. The nature of the special interest is usually evident in the name. No special indication is placed beside men's Leather-Levi-motorcycle or social clubs; (X) indicates those organizations that we want to list, yet which do not fit into any of the above categories.

If any club wishes to change its listing, please let us know. Send new listings or updates to Club Lists, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101. Notifications of incorrect addresses or defunct organizations will be appreciated.

Academy Uniform Club (FL)
1044 23rd St.
San Diego, CA 92102

Ace (W)
PO Box 261
Annex Station
Providence, RI 02901

Adventurers—Suncoast MC
PO Box 8043
St. Petersburg, FL 33738

American Leather Federation
PO Box 5079
Phoenix, AZ 85010-5079

American Uniform Association (FN)
PO Box 1037
Bowling Green Station
New York, NY 10274

American Uniform Association (FL)
PO Box 86086
N. Vancouver, BC
V7L 4J5 Canada

Argonauts MC
PO Box 3331
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Argonauts of Wisconsin
PO Box 1285
Green Bay, WI 54305

Arizona Rangers MC
PO Box 13074
Phoenix, AZ 85002

***A.S.M.C.**
PO Box 2705
Boston, MA 02105

Atlanta S&M Solidarity (A.S.S.) (SM)
PO Box 56074
Atlanta, GA 30343-0074

***Atlantic Motorcycle Coordinating Council**
160 Overlook Ave.
The Devonshire, #3A
Hackensack, NJ 07601

Atlantis MC
PO Box 54748
Atlanta, GA 30308

Atoms of Minneapolis
PO Box 2032
Dodge Center, MI 55402

Avatar (S/M)
7869 Santa Monica Blvd. #316
Los Angeles, CA 90046
818-A-IN-LINE

Ball Club (FN)
PO Box 1501
Pomona, CA 91769

Barbary Coasters MC
PO Box 14251 Station 6
San Francisco, CA 94114

Basic Training
120 S. Pinecrest
Bolingbrook, IL 60439

Baton Rouge/New Orleans Wrestling Club (FL)
840 Hearstone Dr.
Baton Rouge, LA 70806

***Battalion MC**
PO Box 561212
Dallas, TX 75235

Beer Town Badgers
PO Box 166
Milwaukee, WI 53201

B.G. Wrestling Club (FL)
B.G. Enterprise
PO Box 5291
Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5291

Black Fire (S/M)
Box 354 Univer. Sta.
Syracuse, NY 13210

Black Guard
PO Box 8989
Minneapolis, MN 55418

Blackhawk MC
1025 12th St.
Rock Island, IL 61201

Black Star MC
c/o The Loading Dock
3400 S. Orange Blossom Tr.
Orlando, FL 32809

Blazers Leather/Levi Association
PO Box 3166
Venice, FL 34293

Blue Max Cycle Club
PO Box 233 Main Station
St. Louis, MO 63166

Blue Max MC
PO Box 39522
Los Angeles, CA 90039

Boots (FN)
PO Box 48577
Bentall #3
595 Burrard St.
Vancouver, BC
V7X 1A3 Canada

Border Riders MC
PO Box 21152
Seattle, WA 98111

Bound & Determined (W)
PO Box 602
Hadley, MA 01035

Branding Iron Club
PO Box 190471
Dallas, TX 75219

Briar Rose (W)
PO Box 44
Westerville, OH 43081

The Brotherhood
PO Box 1346
Tucson, AZ 85702

The Brotherhood
PO Box 29345
Los Angeles, CA 90029

Brotherhood of Man MC
PO Box 57
Hollywood, FL 33022

Brothers MC
484 May Street
Jacksonville, FL 32204

Buccaneers MC
1901 Waters Edge Dr.
Cartier, MS 39553

Bucks MC
PO Box 99
Buckingham, PA 18912

Button Up (FN)
(501 Levis Club)
PO Box 65643
Los Angeles, CA 90065

California Cyclemen MC
3143 33rd St.
San Diego, CA 92104

California Eagles MC
PO Box 14665
San Francisco, CA 94114-0665

California Motor Club
Box 981
San Francisco, CA 94101

Castaways MC
PO Box 1697
Milwaukee, WI 54305

Centaur MC
PO Box 912
Harrisburg, PA 17108-0912

Centurions II MC
c/o Tradewinds
717 Franklin Rd.
Roanoke, VA 24061

Centurions of Columbus *
PO 09208
Columbus, OH 43209

Cheaters MC
130 Hancock St.
San Francisco, CA 94114

Chicago Cossacks
PO Box 2512
Chicago, IL 60690

Chicago Hellfire Club (S/M)
(Windy City Hellfire Club, Inc.)
PO Box 5426
Chicago, IL 60680

BIKES!BIKES!BIKES!

The very first Harley-Davidson was built in 1903 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. That first prototype would be unrecognizable to most bike enthusiasts today; it was a single cylinder engine with a direct belt drive fitted to a bicycle frame. Bikes and bikers have come a long way. One of the very first bike runs ever held was organized in 1913. The British Cycle and Motorcycle Manufacturers and Trader's Union decided to offer the International Motorcycle Federation a trophy to be awarded to the winner of an important bike competition designed to test the strength and endurance of not only the entered bikes but the bikers as well. The very first bike runs were adventurous confrontations with rough terrain, holes, jumps, and gradients. Today gay bike clubs keep the adventure—and the fun (remember fun?)—alive. Today Harley-Davidson builds 1350cc monster machines (which are no longer connected to bicycle frames) and the technically indefatigable Japanese make biking as exciting an enterprise as it ever was. It's that time of year again. Pull it out of the garage. Tune it up. Change the oil. Check the tires. Get your hands greasy. Polish that baby till it shines. It's time to forget all about winter—there's open road out there. And clubs everywhere are gearing up for what looks like an exciting summer of club runs. Put on your leather. Feel some power between your legs, the wind in your face. It's time to run . . .

(The fully illustrated *100 Years of Motorcycles* can be ordered through Sandmutopia Supply Co. PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. Everything you ever wanted to know about bikes and then some . . . \$19.95 plus \$3 for shipping/handling.)

HARLEY-STROKERS MC

Harley-Strokers is a gay "Harley-Owners" only group which will stage their first annual run in the Reno/Lake Tahoe area this summer. The Strokers invite all other gay owners of "Milwaukee Iron" to join them in the woods for fun and games. Details: SASE to Harley Strokers c/o PO Box 06706 Portland, OR 97206.

IRON TIGERS

The Iron Tigers are also gay "Harley-Owners" only. No meetings. No dues. No officers. No bullshit. Their new address for the International Headquarters is Iron Tigers MC, PO Box 7091, Burbank, CA 91510.

WASATCH LEATHERMEN MC

Falcon Flight '88, high in the mountains of Utah, will hold its fourth annual bike celebration August 4-7. Special Leatherplay tents, entertainment, hot men, awards. Contact: Wasatch Leathermen MC, PO Box 1311, Salt Lake City, UT 84118-1311.

THUNDERBOLTS

The famous T-Bolts will be holdings runs this summer June 19 in West Point, NY; July 12 in Tanglewood, MA; August 14 in Windsor Locks, CT at the New England Air Museum; September 17 in Philadelphia at The Bike Stop Bar; and October 8 in Whitcomb's Summit, MA for their Fall Foliage Ride.

ROCKY MOUNTAINEERS MC

This Colorado MC kicks off its Fourth of July Golden Fleece Run June 30th. The run site is located on a secluded campsite in the Pike National Forest and all gay MC enthusiasts are invited. Contact: RMMC, PO Box 2629 Denver, CO 80201.

BLACKSTAR MC

Florida sets the stage for this "summer daze" bike run June 17-19 at the Parliament House (410 N. Orange Blossom Trail) in Orlando. Slave auctions, awards, mystery games, swap meets. Write: Blackstar MC 822 Kenilworth Ter. Orlando, FL 32803.

HARTFORD COLTS

"Round Up '88" will be held June 17-19. Contact: Hartford Colts MC, Blue Hills Station, PO Box 12201, Hartford, CT 06112.

TEXAS RIDERS MC

Texas is a state that knows how to party. 20th anniversary run will be held September 2-5 at Buzzard's Peak 140 miles from Houston. Contact: Rick Holman, President Texas Riders, 22010 Trail Tree Lane, Kingwood, TX 77339.

ROCHESTER RAMS MC

This New York club will be holding its TRI/RAM run August 26-28 and can be contacted: PO Box 1727, Rochester, NY 14603.

TWO WHEELERS OF OMAHA MC, THE CORNHAULERS, L&L CLUB

Joint sponsorship is putting together a Midlands Thanksgiving run in Des Moines, Iowa June 10-12. Write: T.W.O. MC PO Box 3216, Omaha, NE 68103.

CLUB LISTINGS

Cigar Studs (FN)
PO Box 14344
San Antonio, TX 78212

Cin City Cycle Club
PO Box 1151
Cincinnati, OH 45202

City Bikers MC
PO Box 9816
Denver, CO 80209

The Club (S/M)
PO Box 1292
Omaha, NE 68101-1292

Club Mud (FN)
Box 277
Rio Nido, CA 95471

***C.M.S.**
2635 Collier
San Diego, CA 92116

Cocksuckers Club of America (FN)
PO Box 723
Sun Valley, CA 91353-0723

Colorado MC
441 Knox Ct.
Denver, CO 80204

Colt 45s
PO Box 66804
Houston, TX 77006

Committee to Preserve our Sexual & Civil Liberties (X)
PO Box 1592
San Francisco, CA 94101

***Companions Club**
PO Box 2301
Philadelphia, PA 19103

Conductors Leather Levi
PO Box 40261
Nashville, TN 37204

Conquistadors MC Inc.
PO Box 5591
Orlando, FL 32805

Constantines MC
PO Box 4964
San Francisco, CA 94101

Copperstate Leathermen's Association
PO Box 44051
Phoenix, AZ 85064

Cornhaulers
416 1/2 E. 5th St.
Des Moines, IA 50309

Corps of Rangers
PO Box 1952
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Corpus Christi MC
PO Box 3532
Corpus Christi, TX 78404

Country Men
PO Box 1362
Dearborn, MI 48126

C.S.C.M.S.
1320 N. Stanley
Los Angeles, CA 90046

D.A.D.S. (FN)
PO Box 573
Winfield, IL 60190

Dallas MC
PO Box 19525
Dallas, TX 75219

DC Wrestling Club (FL)
PO Box 1205
Washington, DC 20013

de Sade and Men
PO Box 71426
New Orleans, LA 70172

Desert Leathermen
PO Box 1586
Tucson, AZ 85702

Diablo Deviates (S/M)
PO Box 27672
Concord, CA 94527

Disciples of de Sade (S/M)
3920 Cedar Springs
Dallas, TX 75219

Disciples of De Sade (S/M)
3121 Hamilton Way
Los Angeles, CA 90026

Dreizehn (S/M)
PO Box 1486
Boston, MA 02117

Eagle MC
3311 Liddy Ave.
West Palm Beach, FL 33316

Empire City MC
PO Box 2543
New York, NY 10001

Entre Nous MC
PO Box 2063
Boston, MA 02106

E.N.I.G.M.A. (FN)
2329 N. Leavitt
Chicago, IL 60647

The Eulenspiegel Society (Mixed S/M)
PO Box 2783
Grand Central Station
New York, NY 10163

Excelsior MC
PO Box 1386
New York, NY 10274-1130

Falcons MC
PO Box 23023
Kansas City, MO 64141

Fall Festival Association, Miami Chapter (FL)
PO Box 500
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33302

FFA, Tampa Bay (FL)
1230 East Mohawk Ave.
Tampa, FL 33604

FFA, Washington DC (FL)
PO Box 461
Washington, DC 20044

Falcon MC
C.P. 833 Station A
Montreal, P.Q.
H3C 2V5 Canada

The 15 Association (S/M)
PO Box 421302
San Francisco, CA 94142

Firedancers LCC
5214 Fleetwood Oaks, #206
Dallas, TX 75235

The Foot Fraternity (FN)
PO Box 24102
Cleveland, OH 44124

Footmates (FN)
c/o RS Enterprises
496A Hudson #H24
New York, NY 10014

Gateway MC
PO Box 14055
St. Louis, MO 63178

Gladiator MC
PO Box 2194
Toluca Lake, CA 91602

GMSMA (S/M)
Mail: 132 West 24th St.
New York, NY 10011
Meetings: 208 W. 13 St.

Gauche MC
3219B W. Obispo St.
Tampa, FL 33609

Golden Gate Wrestling Club (FL)
63 Whitney St.
San Francisco, CA 94131-2742

Golden State Gay Rodeo Association, Inc. (X)
PO Box 90873
Long Beach, CA 90809

Griffins MC
214 N. Market
Wilmington, DE

GSA (Golden Showers Association) (FL)
132 W. 24th St. Box 112-DMS
New York, NY 10011

Harbor Masters, Inc.
PO Box 4044
Portland, ME 04101

Harley Stokers MC (FN)
(Harley-Davidson Owners)
c/o Barry's
PO Box 06706
Portland, OR 97206



Photo by Don Walker

GIVE TILL IT HURTS

Proceeds from the 1988 Washington State Mr. Leather Slave Auction (recently held in Seattle) were presented to Larry Larson (representing the Seattle AIDS Support Group) by Washington State Mr. Leather 1987, Evon Lozon.

EROTIC PHOTO SHOW!

SF photographers Mark I. Chester and Michael Rosen have announced sponsorship of a photosexshow exhibition. Open to all Bay Area photographers, the exhibit will focus on outrageous erotica with an opening reception June 4, 2-6pm at 1229 Folsom St. SF. Submissions must be original photos (model releases required) and can be submitted for acceptance May 15, 2-6pm or May 17, 5-7pm.

HELLFIRE!

The Windy City strikes again. Chicago Hellfire Club will be sponsoring their infamous Inferno this year with a change in dates. Still scheduled for the weekend after Labor Day, INFERNO XVII will kick off on Thursday evening and close on Sunday noon the weekend of September 8-11. Those who plan to attend must be sponsored. For more info: Windy City Hellfire Club, PO Box 5426, Chicago, IL 60680.

LEATHER LOVERS

The Hartford Colts MC in Hartford, CT recently held a successful Leather Lovers Night complete with bondage demonstration. The Colts would like to thank everyone (including Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather and Mr. New England Drummer, Mitch Davis) who traveled from Boston and New York to make this such an eventful time.

1988 BIG APPLE LEATHER UNIFORM DADDIES CONTEST

Last year's contest raised \$4,000 for the Children with AIDS work of GMHC. This year's contest will be held Sunday June 5, 8pm at Tracks, 531 West 19th Street, New

York City. Advanced sale tickets are \$15 and at the door will be \$20. To enter the contest a man must be at least 37 years old, live within a 325-mile radius of the event, and present a positive image of a leatherman for the gay community. Judges will be leathermen under the age of 37. For additional information, advance tickets, contest entry forms, judges applications write: Shaftway Productions, 183 Christopher Street, New York, NY 10014. SASE with check or money order at \$15 per ticket to The People With AIDS Coalition before May 20.

AVATAR EXPLORATORIUM

It's time for action July 27 with AVATAR, men who work for a better understanding of SM experiences. Join them as they skin back the leather curtain of hot kinky scenes. Hot wax, bondage, whipping, rituals . . . and more. Leave your cameras at home. 7869 Santa Monica Blvd., #316, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

ALGOLAGNIC ATELIER III

Thirty-three men gathered for this SM-oriented group's recent Michigan event featuring demonstrations in piercing, full plaster mummification, and electricity. From reports, there seems to have been a lot of shaving cream involved as well. Awards were given to outstanding dungeon demonstrations. The No. 6 Traveling Dungeon has plans to appear at Trident's 15th Anniversary Run June 3-5 at the Detroit Lealand Hotel. More information on AA4 and the Traveling Dungeon can be secured by writing FPN6D, PO Box 50014, Novi, MI 48050-5014. For information on the



SERVE

Bill Jefferson (left), 1987 Seattle Mr. Leather, served as a judge at the successful Washington slave auction. The boy on his right served Bill Jefferson.

Trident 15th Anniversary run, write: Trident Detroit, PO Box 1073, Lincoln Park, MI 48146.

BOOTS!

In case you happen to be in Antwerp, Belgium on the first Saturday of any given month you might want to check out the European version of a Golden Shower Evening. Every third Saturday is jeans/leather/uniform/rubber night. The Boots can be found at Van Aerdtstraat 22.

DISCIPLES DISCIPLINE

After sponsoring their acclaimed LIGHTNING STRIKES gallery of erotic bondage in Dallas, the Disciples of De Sade will be hosting their annual anniversary dungeon celebration, DISCIPLINE IV, November 4-6. Contact: Disciples of De Sade, 3920 Cedar Springs, Dallas, TX 75219.

DIGNITY DISCOVERS LEATHER

According to *Bridges* (the official publication of SF Dignity), Leatherman Bruce Edwards has founded THE DEFENDERS, a leather and levi fellowship group for SF leathermen who might not otherwise see themselves involved with a gay Catholic organization.

ELECTIONS

The Gay-Male-S/M Activists will be holding their annual election of officers June 8. Meetings are held on the second and fourth Wednesdays of the month (except July and August) at 8:30pm in New York's Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center, 208 West 13th Street, First Floor.

CHURCH OF PHALLIC SCIENCE

Only in Los Angeles. Rites of spring. The Church of Phallic Science presents May Day rites May 28. Phallic-celebration. \$10. 1765 N. Highland, Hollywood, CA 90028.

BRANDING IRON CLUB

For those cowboys into branding wild critters, this Dallas-based organization will hold its 10th anniversary celebration July 15-17 and may be contacted at: PO Box 190471, Dallas, TX 75219.

NEW WORLD RUBBER MEN

The weekend of March 5th saw the annual gathering of the New World Rubbe Men (NWRM) in San Diego with participation by thirty-five serious men into serious rubber. During the middle of the weekend, rubber men invaded Wolf's, one of the most active bars in San Diego. It seems that the regulars of Wolf's were somewhat surprised to see so many men dressed in everything from Firemen's turnout to full latex body suits. NWRM members have expressed considerable interest in *Drummer's* upcoming rubber fetish issue (#118) which we hope will spread some understanding of this most exciting scene. For more information regarding New World Rubber Men contact: Bill Bailey, 1044 W. 23rd Street, San Diego, CA 94102.

NY BONDAGE CLUB

The New York Bondage Club has a new basement dungeon which it would like to see broken in. The dungeon is used on the first and third Wednesday of the month in their Manhattan headquarters. Doors close at 8pm. Guests are \$7. NY Bondage Club: PO Box 204, NY, NY 10028.

CLUB LISTINGS

Hartford Colts MC
Blue Hills Station
PO Box 12201
Hartford, CT 06112

Hearts of the West MC
PO Box 674
Santa Fe, NM 87504-0674

Hijos del Sol
3014 Truman N6
Albuquerque, NM 87110

Hot Ash (FN)
AWS
PO Box 20147
London Terrace Station
New York, NY 10011

Houston MC
c/o Mary's Lounge
1022 Westheimer Rd.
Houston, TX 77006

Illustrated Men (FL)
Box 7091
Burbank, CA 91510

Interchain (FN)
132 West 24th St. Box 410
New York, NY 10011

International Mr. Leather, Inc.
5025 N. Clark St. (X)
Chicago, IL 60640

International Ms Leather, Inc.
PO Box 146504 (X)
San Francisco, CA 94114

International Roadmasters
3146 Grayson
Ferndale, MI 48220

Iron Cross MC
PO Box 1721, Station A
Montreal, Quebec
H3C 3A5 Canada

Iron Guard NYC
PO Box 291 Village Station
New York, NY 10014

***Iron Tigers MC (FN)**
(Harley-Davidson Owners)
International Headquarters &
California Chapter
PO Box 7091
Burbank, CA 91510

***Iron Tigers MC (FL)**
Ohio Chapter
PO Box 572
Worthington, OH 43085

Iron Tigers MC (FL)
c/o Speed
1406 E. Brill
Phoenix, AZ 85006

It's 'Bout Time
616 N. 4th Ave.
Tucson, AZ 85702

***Joint Venture (FN)**
(Prisoner Contacts)
PO Box 26-8680
Chicago, IL 60626

Kansas City Pioneers
PO Box 23025
Kansas City, MO 64141

Kingmasters MC
PO Box 236
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Knights D'Orleans
PO Box 50812
New Orleans, LA 70150

Knights of Leather (W)
PO Box 10601
Minneapolis, MN 55458

Knights of Malta MC
737 N. Edinburgh Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90046

Knights of Malta MC
Central Valley Chapter
PO Box 4162
Fresno, CA 93744

Knights of Malta MC
Pony Express
1818 P St. #12
Sacramento, CA 95814

Knights of Malta MC
Stockmen Chapter
PO Box 9386
Denver, CO 80209

Knights of Malta MC
PO Box 7726
Reno, NV 89502

Knights of Malta MC
Cascade Chapter
PO Box 8375
Portland, OR 97205

Knights of Malta MC
Jet Chapter
PO Box 21052
Seattle, WA 98111

Knights of the Second Liberty
(S/M)
12226 Victory Blvd., #137
North Hollywood, CA 91606

***Knights Templar (S/M)**
PO Box 14383
San Francisco, CA 94114

Knights Wrestling Club (FL)
PO Box 161
Jackson Heights, NY 11372

Lancers MC
PO Box 51475
New Orleans, LA 70151

***Lashmates (FN)**
c/o RS Enterprises
496A Hudson #H24
New York, NY 10014

The Leather Guild (FL)
219 Guerrero
San Francisco, CA 94103

***Leather and Lace (W)**
PO Box 13467
Denver, CO 80218

Leather and Lace (W)
PO Box 54646
Los Angeles, CA 90054

***The Leather Fraternity (FN)**
Desmodus, Inc.
PO Box 11314
San Francisco, CA 94101

***The Leathermen**
PO Box 8595
Atlanta, GA 30306

Der Ledermeister (S/M)
PO Box 263
Downtown Station
Syracuse, NY 13201

LFPT (W)
PO Box 21542
Washington, DC 20009

Lion Regiment
PO Box 44123
Boise, ID 83711

LL Steelworkers
PO Box 40065
Nashville, TN 37204

Loboc MC
PO Box 833
Long Beach, CA 90801-0833

Long Island Spuds MC
PO Box 26
Massapequa Park, NY 11762

LSM (W)
PO Box 993
Murray Hill Station
New York, NY 10156

As you can see, the CLUBLISTS continue to grow and grow! Beginning in this issue, we will have to split the US & Canada list into two parts: A-L are in this issue and M-Z will be in #117. The overseas list will be in #118. Then we will rotate through all three list sections again.

LEATHER CALENDAR



If you'd like your organization's events listed here, send us the appropriate information at least two months in advance.

MAY

- 1 •Mr./Ms NLA Contest—NLA; Seattle; Seattle.
•Philadelphia Mr. Leather 1988 Contest; Bike Stop.
- 2 •"Cure Your Masochism"—Eulenspiegel; NYC.
- 4 •Show & Tell—NY Bondage Club; NYC.
- 6-8 •Riverside IV—Copperstate Leathermen; Phoenix, AZ.
- 7 •Leatherfest—Tracks; NYC.
•Rites of Spring Costume Ball—Eulenspiegel; NYC.
- 8 •M.A.F.I.A. Social; Chicago.
- 9 •Pain/Stress/Challenge/Pleasure—SigMa; Washington, DC.
•Service—Eulenspiegel; NYC.
- 11 •Meeting—Dreizehn; Boston.
•Bondage Fantasies/Bondage Realities—GMSMA; at Paddles, NYC.
•Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.
- 12-15 •Maitreffen—SLC Stuttgart; Stuttgart.
- 13 •The Golden Celebration of Wally Wallace—Paddles; NYC.
•Basic Bondage Workshop—GMSMA; NYC.
•Dutch Night—Rubber Men's Club; London.
- 13-15 •Hell on Heels '88: Anything Goes—Satyricons MC; Las Vegas.
•Trademark 2—Tradesmen; Charlotte, NC.
•Sex Magic Faeries Circle—SM Faeries; Pollock, LA.
- 14 •Advanced Bondage Workshop—GMSMA; NYC.
•Lightning Strikes II: A Gallery of Erotic Bondage—Disciples of de Sade; Trestle, Dallas.
•Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.
•Inferno Night—Chicago Hellfire Club; Chicago.
•Social—M.A.F.I.A.; Chicago.
- 15 •20th Annual Poker Run & BBQ—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.
•Potluck—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
•Ride: US Coast Guard Academy—Thunderbolts MC; Groton, CT.
•Mr. Metroplex Leather Contest—Trestle; Dallas.
- 16 •Dominant Men/Submissive Women—Eulenspiegel; NYC.
- 18 •Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll—SM Gays; London.
•Meeting, Theme TBA—NY Bondage Club; NYC.
- 20-22 •Warehouse Party—MSC Belgium; Brussels.
•Run—Trident International; Detroit.
•10th Anniversary—CCMC; at Wolf's, San Diego.
- 20-23 •Zurich International—Loge 70; Zurich.
•10th Birthday Party—The London Blues; London.

- 21 •Whip & Flog Party—The 15; SF.
•Mud Olympics II—Club Mud; Rio Nido, CA.
- 21-22 •13th Anniv.—Excelsior MC; NYC.
- 22 •Blacksmith Trip—GMSMA; NYC.
- 23 •Rope Bondage—Eulenspiegel; NYC.
- 25 •Novices—GMSMA; NYC.
•Another Night at the Movies—Avatar; LA.
- 26-30 •International Mr. Leather Contest & Show—Chicago.
- 27 •Bondage party—Chicago Hellfire Club; Chicago.
- 27-29 •16th Anniversary—Iron Cross; Montreal.
•20th Anniversary Whitewater Rafting & Banquet—Spartan MC; Washington, DC.
•13th Anniversary: Adolescent Leather—ASMF Paris; Paris.
- 27-30 •Lonestar 7—Texas Conference of Clubs; Cameron County, TX.
•Grand Canyon Run—The Sons of Apollo.
•Dogwood '88—Atlantis MC; Decatur, GA.
•Club Trip to Amsterdam—Rubber Men's Club; London.
- 28 •Party—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
•Rites of Spring Mass Meeting—Church of Phallic Science; Los Angeles.
- 30 •Corporal Punishment Panel—Eulenspiegel; NYC.

JUNE

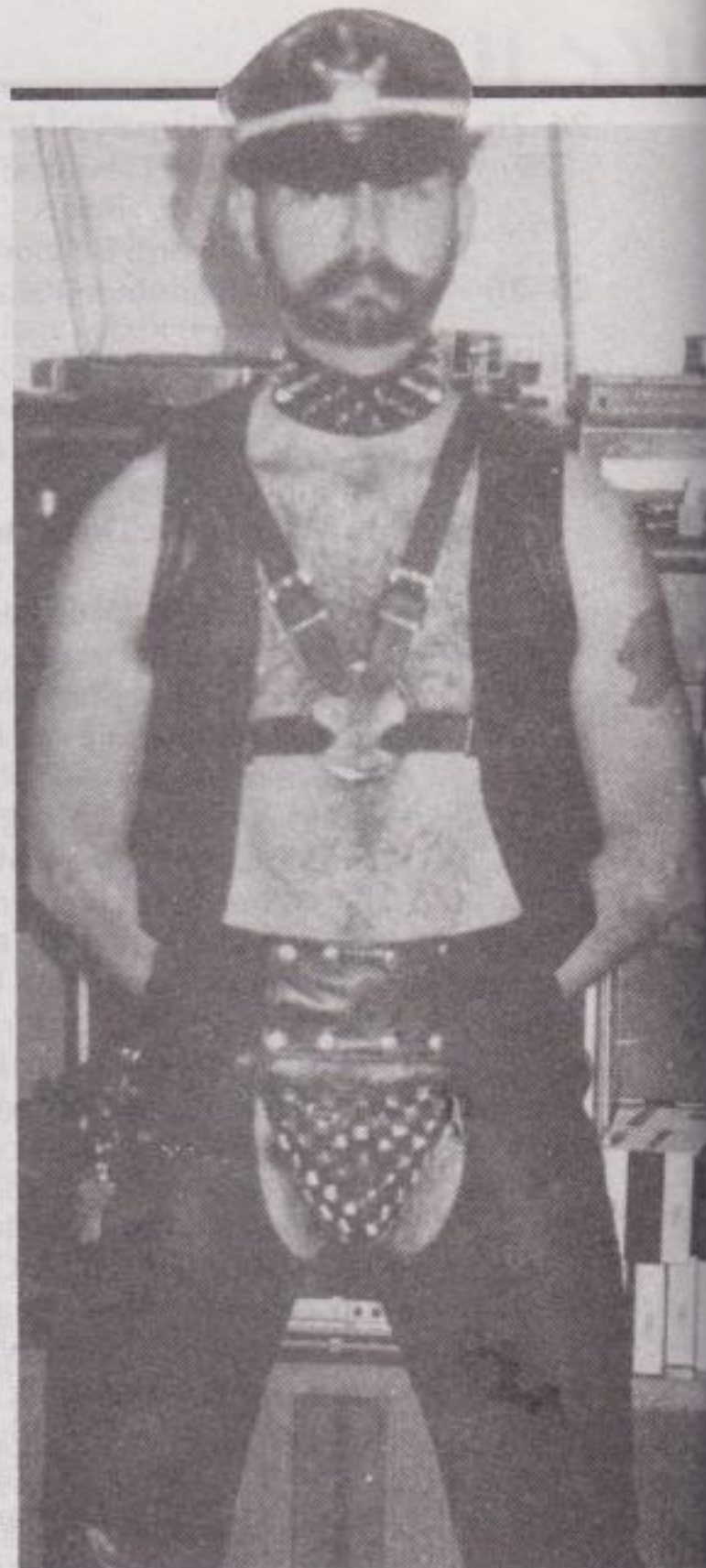
- 1 •Gay Men's SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.
- 3-5 •Where Eagles Dare III—California Eagles MC.
•DeSade in Oz I—Pegasus MC; Wichita, KS.
•15th Anniversary—Trident; Detroit; Detroit.
- 4 •Rubber Night in Hamburg—RMC/London & GLSM/Hamburg.
- 4-30 •Erotic Photo Show—Mark I. Chester & Michael Rosen; 1229 Folsom, SF.
- 5 •Big Apple Leather & Uniform Daddies Contest—Tracks; NYC.
- 8-9 •6th Anniversary—Bike Stop; Philadelphia.
- 10 •**Mr. N. California Drummer Contest**—The SF Eagle, San Francisco.
- 10-12 •A Midlands Thanksgiving—Two-Wheelers of Omaha MC & Corn Haulers LL Club; Omaha, NE.
•Baltic Battle—SLM Stockholm; Sweden.
- 11 •M.A.F.I.A. Party; Chicago.
•Party—Knights Templar; SF.
- 11-12 •1st Anniv. Party—Firedancers; Dallas.
- 12 •Potluck—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
- 15 •Uniforms—SM Gays; London.
•Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.
- 16-19 •Journey to the Center of the Earth—MSC Iceland.
- 17-19 •Round-up '88—Hartford Colts; Hartford, CT.
•Summer Daze—Black Star MC; Orlando, FL.
•CBT Torture Party—The 15 Assoc.; SF.
- 18 •**Mr. Dallas Drummer Contest**—The Trestle; Dallas.
- 19 •**Mr. Dixie Drummer Contest**—The Eagle; Atlanta.
•4th Mr. Arizona Leather Daddy Contest—Copperstate Leathermen; The Bum Steer, Phoenix.
- 17th Anniv. Picnic & Ride—Thunderbolts MC; West Point, NY.
- 22 •Tit Torture: An Art Form?—GMSMA; NYC.
•Women into S/M—Avatar and Leather & Lace; Los Angeles.

24-26	ECMC Summerparty—SLM Arhus; Denmark.	17	•Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.
25	•Party—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.	20	•Torture Party—The 15; SF.
	•5th Anniv./Mr. Boots '88 Contest—Boots Club; Antwerp, Belgium.		•Sleezball V—Copperstate Leathermen; Bum Steer, Phoenix.
25-26	•Gay & Lesbian Pride Parades & festivals; USA.	20-26	•New England Tour—Spartan MC; Washington, DC.
JULY		26-28	•Tri/Ram '88—Rochester Rams; Rochester, NY.
1-4	•Golden Fleece Run: Jason Gets Drafted—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver & the Mountains.		•Grill Party am Rhein—Black Angels Koln; Cologne.
	• Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer Contest ; Charlotte, NC.	27	•Party—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
	• Mr. Southwest Drummer Contest ; Chutes, Houston.		•International Mud—Club Mud; Rio Nido, CA.
	•Pow-Wow '88—Bucks MC; Pocono Mountains of PA.	SEPTEMBER	
6	•Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.	1-5	•Ft. Waldorf IV—Copperstate Leathermen; Phoenix, AZ.
8	•M.A.F.I.A. Social; Chicago.	2-3	•M.A.F.I.A. 10th AMG; Chicago.
8-10	•Leather Connection—MSC Barcelona; Barcelona.	2-5	•20th Anniversary Run—The Texas Riders; Buzzards Peak.
	•International Cologne Leathermeeting, Panther on Tour—MS Panther Koln; Cologne.		•Firedance II—Firedancers; Dallas.
	•ECMC Bike Run—SNC London; London.	4	• Mr. Northwest Drummer Contest —Mack's Leathers; Vancouver, BC.
9	•Annual Picnic—GMSMA; Hauska House, Pocono Mts., PA.	7	•Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.
	•Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.	8	•M.A.F.I.A. Social; Chicago.
10	•Potluck—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.	8-11	•INFERNO XVII—Chicago Hellfire Club; Douglas, MI.
12	•Ride—Thunderbolts MC; Tanglewood, MA.	10	•Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.
15-17	•Run Around New England—Brotherhood Alliance; Springfield, MA.	11	•Potluck—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
	•Tenth Anniv.—Branding Iron Club; Dallas.	16-18	•Kumpeltreffen—LFRR Essen; Essen.
16	•Bondage Party—The 15; SF.		•18th Birthday Party—MS Amsterdam; Amsterdam.
16-17	•Odyssey 2000—FLC Frankfurt; Frankfurt.	17	•Spank, Belt, Strap & Paddle—The 15; SF.
	•Brunch & Run—Spartan MC; Washington, DC.	17-18	•Ride/Bar Night—Thunderbolts MC; Bike Stop, Philadelphia.
17	•Alferd Packer Run—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.	21-25	•Leather Pride Weekend; San Francisco.
20	•Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.	22	•Fetish & Fantasy Party—various clubs; The Powerhouse, SF.
	•7th Birthday—SM Gays; London.	23-26	•Oktoberfesttreffen—MLC Munchen; Munich.
22-24	•Gopher 8—Atons; Minneapolis.	24	• Mr. Drummer '88 Contest Finals ; The Galleria, SF.
	•Kirmessparty—LM Dusseldorf; Dusseldorf.		•Party—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
23	•Party—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.	25	•Folsom Street Fair; SF.
24	• Mr. New England Drummer Contest ; The Underground, Portland, ME.		•19th Annual Aspen Run—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.
25	• Mr. Northeast Drummer Contest ; Tracks, NYC.	30-2	•14th Anniv.—Knights d'Orleans; New Orleans.
27	•Exploratorium: S/M Walk-Through—Avatar; LA.	OCTOBER	
29-31	•Kirmessparty—LM Dusseldorf; Dusseldorf.	7-10	•Living In Leather III—National Leather Association; Seattle.
	•Copperstate Jamboree—Copperstate Leathermen; Phoenix, AZ.		•Annual Review—American Uniform Association; Atlanta.
30	•Mr. & Ms Vancouver Leather Contests—NLA:BC; Vancouver.	8	•Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.
AUGUST		8-9	•Fall Foliage Ride—Thunderbolts MC; Whitcomb's Summit, MA.
3	•Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.	9	•Potluck—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
4-7	•Falcon Flight '88—Wasatch Leathermen MC; Uinta Mts. of Utah.	14-16	•Birthday Event—MSC London; London.
5-7	•Finlandization 1988—MSC Finland; Helsinki.	15	•Mad Doctors Party—The 15; SF.
	•ECMC Bike Run—SNC London; London.	17-23	•20th Anniversary—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.
12-14	•Europe's Leatherparty—MSC Hamburg; Hamburg.	22	•Party—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
13	•M.A.F.I.A. Party; Chicago.	NOVEMBER	
	•Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.	4-6	•Discipline IV—Disciples of de Sade; Dallas.
	•Molly Brown Run—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.		•Fox Hunt—The Rurals MC; Roermond, The Netherlands.
14	•Potluck—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.	11-13	•ECMC AGM—LM Dusseldorf; Dusseldorf.
	•Ride: New England Air Museum—Thunderbolts MC; Windsor Locks, CT.	12	•Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.
		19	•Jail House Party—The 15; SF.
		DECEMBER	
		9-11	•Christkindelsmarkt—NLC Franken; Nuremburg.
		10	•Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.
		11	•Christmas Party—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.

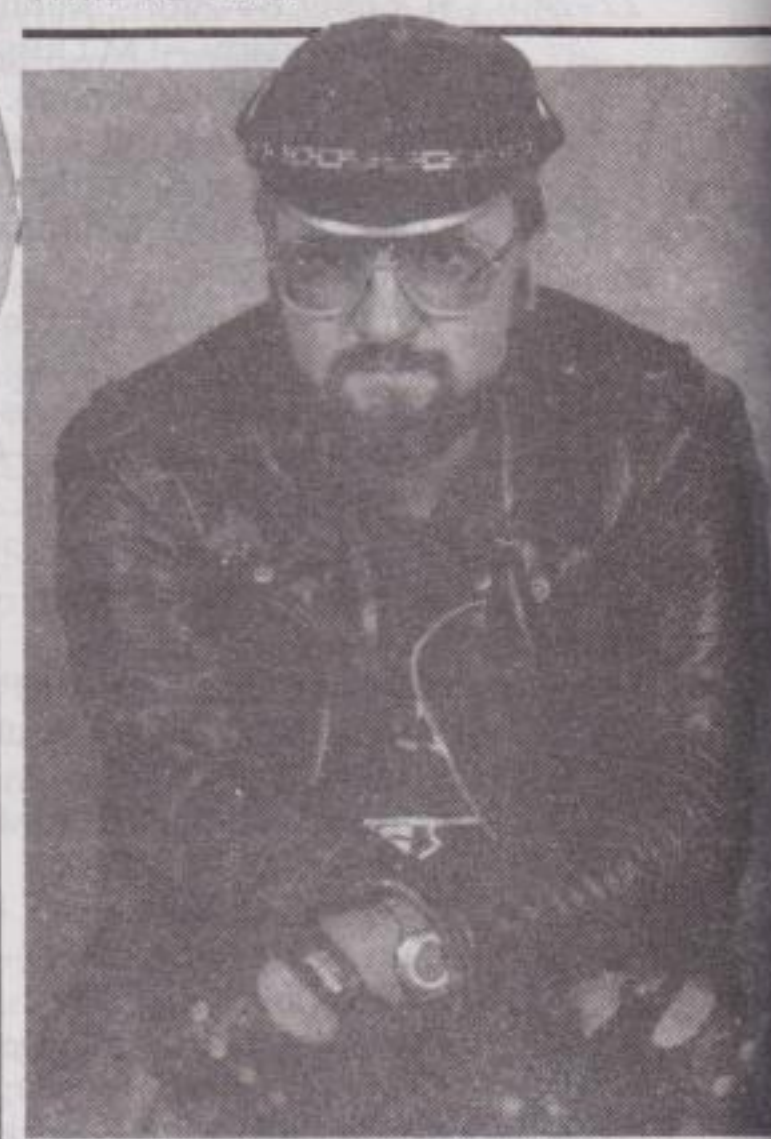
TOUGH CUSTOMERS



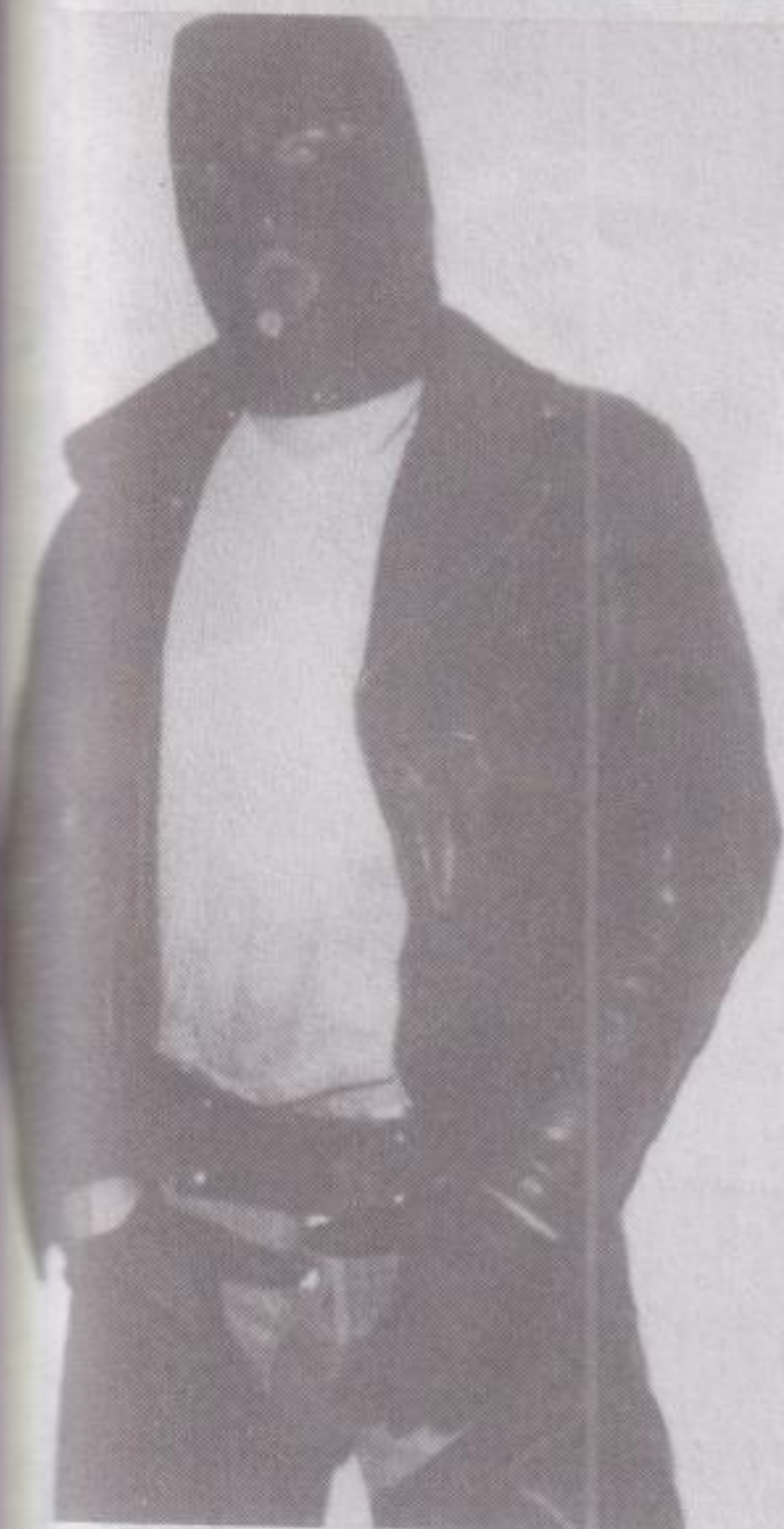
PUT A CHAIN AROUND MY NECK: When the need arises this masculine Top can also be a Teddy Bear. If you can handle it, you can lead him anywhere you like. Lists bondage, spanking, C&B torture, TT, hot wax, and electricity as pastimes. Plug this Teddy Bear in and turn him on. Write to TC 1279.



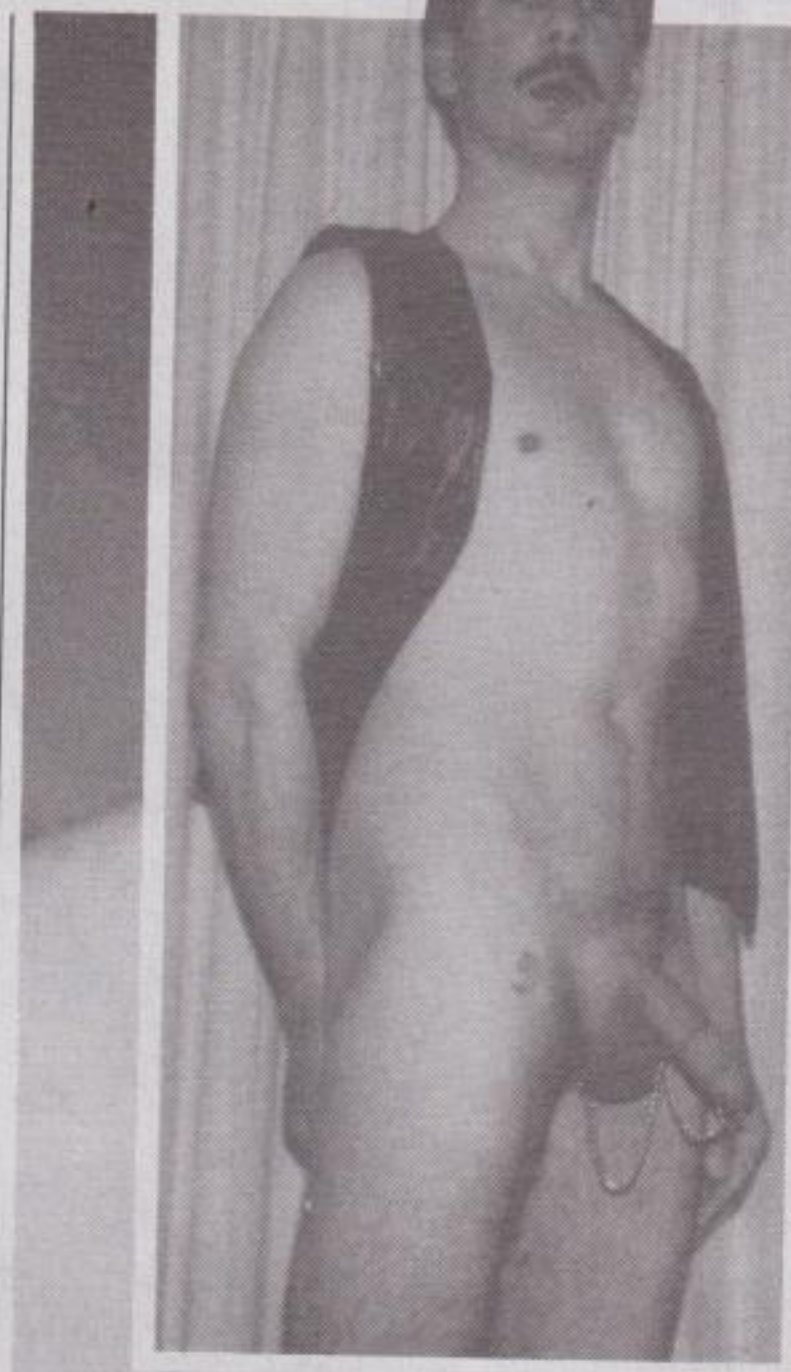
TOESUCKER SEEKS TOES: This 5'7", 135 lb. Florida uniformboy lusts for domination. Make him suck your feet. Write TC 1270.



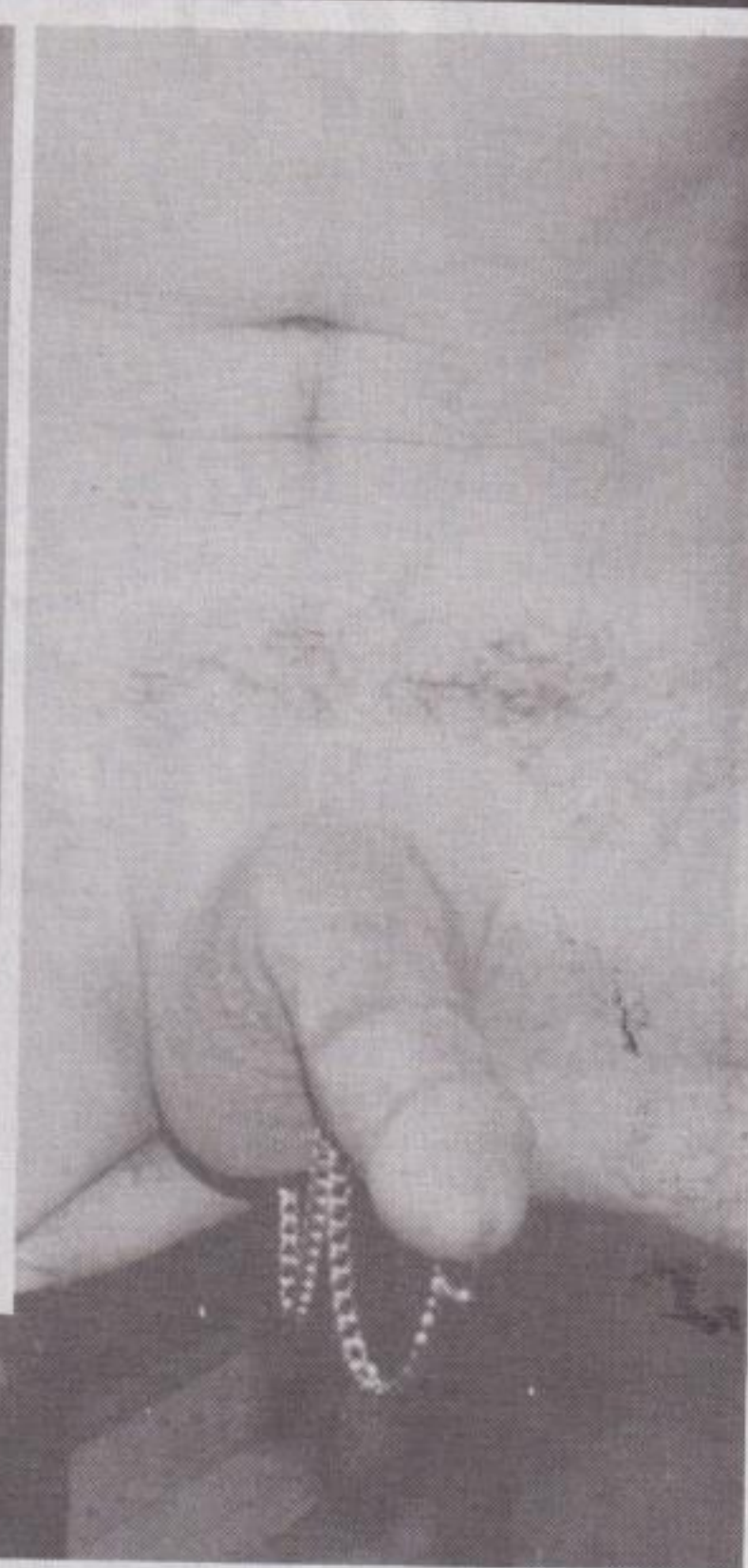
GAY AND TO THE POINT: Leather-daddy sends us his photo with one word on it—BOOTS! Lace 'em tight, boy, then write TC 1278.



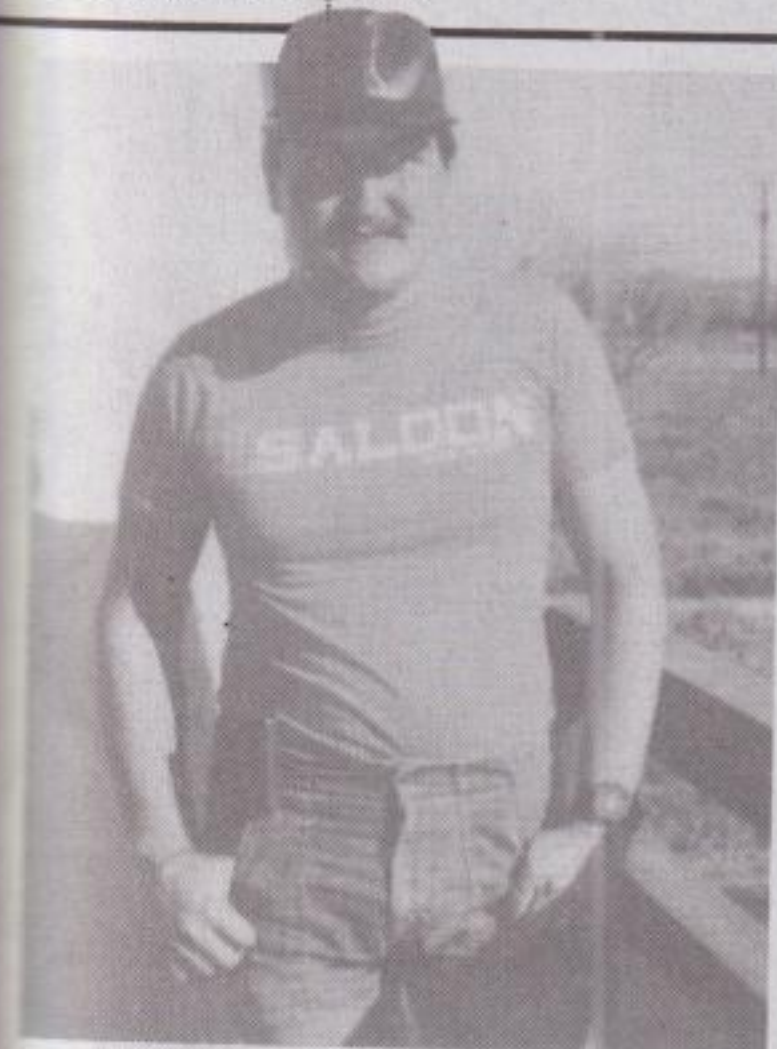
BLOW SMOKE IN MY FACE: 24-year-old copboy/slave is searching the nooks and crannies of New York for a mercenary cigar-smoking Top. Arrest this copboy's needs. Write TC 1271.



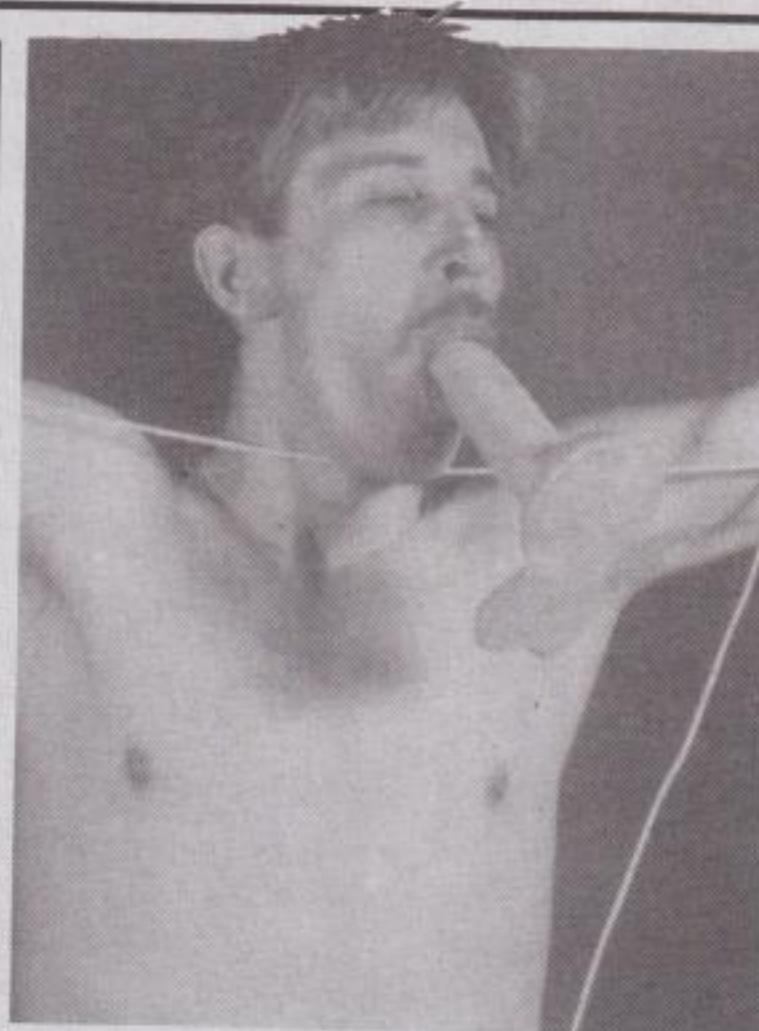
ELECTROLOVER: Wisconsin bottom and Top are looking for playmates. Turned on by heavy CBT—electrogeni-



torture, B/D, shaving, piercing, TT, and tattoos. 37, 5'10", 160 lbs. Contact TC 1281.



TEXAS BOYTOY: This Texas boytoy is on the lookout for a wayward Daddy. We hear that there are a lot of wayward Daddies in the State of Texas. Tame this TC at your own risk. If you're man enough, TC 1280.



ADOPTION: Pigdoggy slaveboy thirsts for humiliation, pain, diapers. Wants to grovel. Wants to beg. 5'7", 130 lbs. Has boypussy. We think this one is in DIRE need of Daddy. Adopt this pigdoggy and make him yours. TC 1276.

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Dr. Morin covers such forbidden topics as anal self-exploration, locating and exercising anal and pelvic muscles, stress and tension release through anal stimulation, proper douching and lubrication techniques, physiological aspects of "fisting," confronting the taboos concerning feces, homophobia and masculine/feminine roles, oral-anal stimulation (rimming) and even suggestions on finding a sympathetic physician.

Now in its second edition, *Anal Pleasure & Health* contains full research data, bibliography, and an entirely new section on common medical problems of the anus and rectum which includes a comprehensive discourse on AIDS and coping with the crisis. Dr. Morin's research has shown that both anal pleasure and health are not particularly difficult for most people to attain when they are given adequate information, a sequence of simple recommendations and a little encouragement—all of which can be found in *Anal Pleasure & Health*.

Anal Pleasure & Health

by Jack Morin, Ph.D.

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